ACKIE COOGAN AND THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS: A Study in Riches

Liberty

JULY 9,
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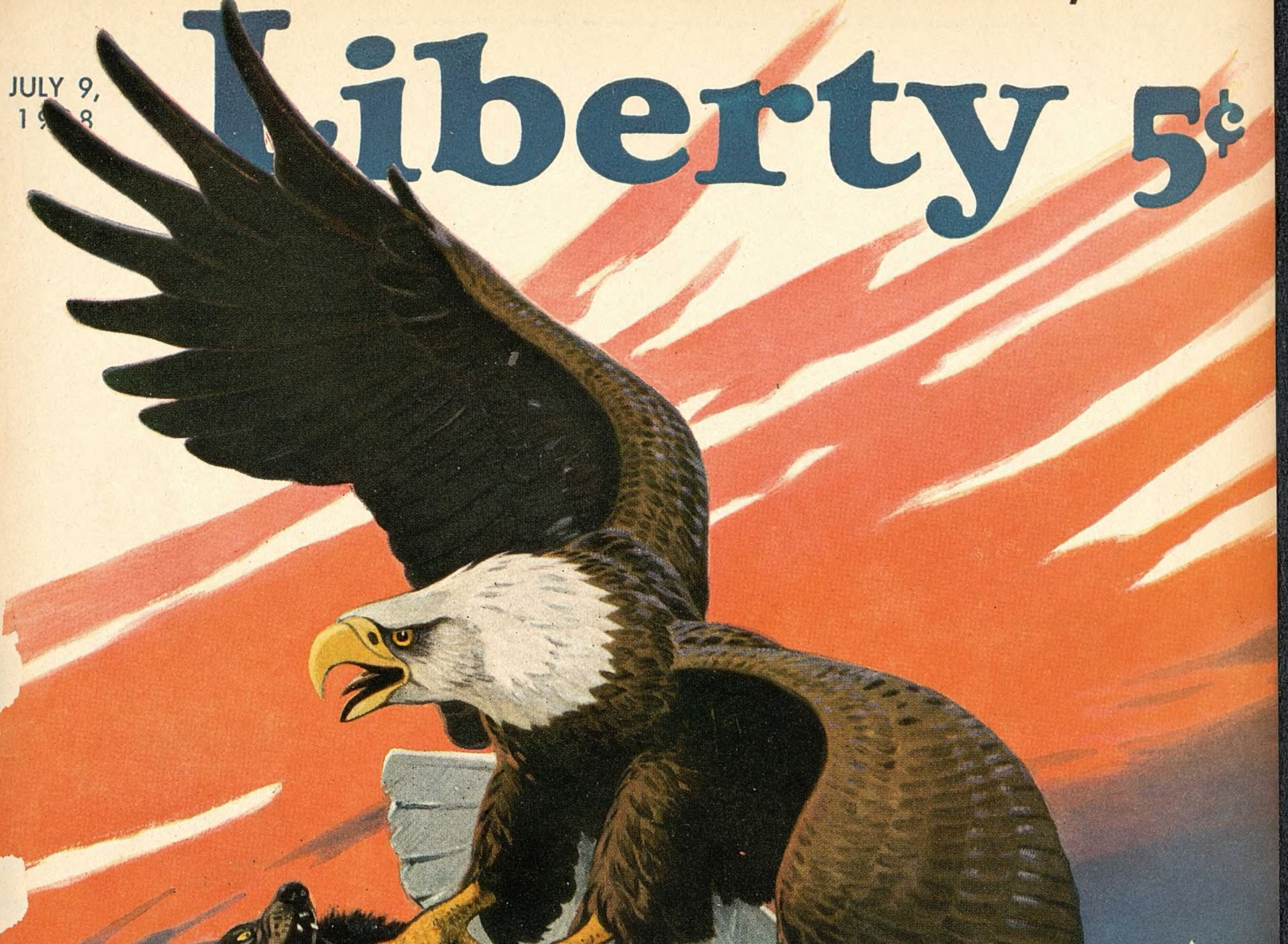
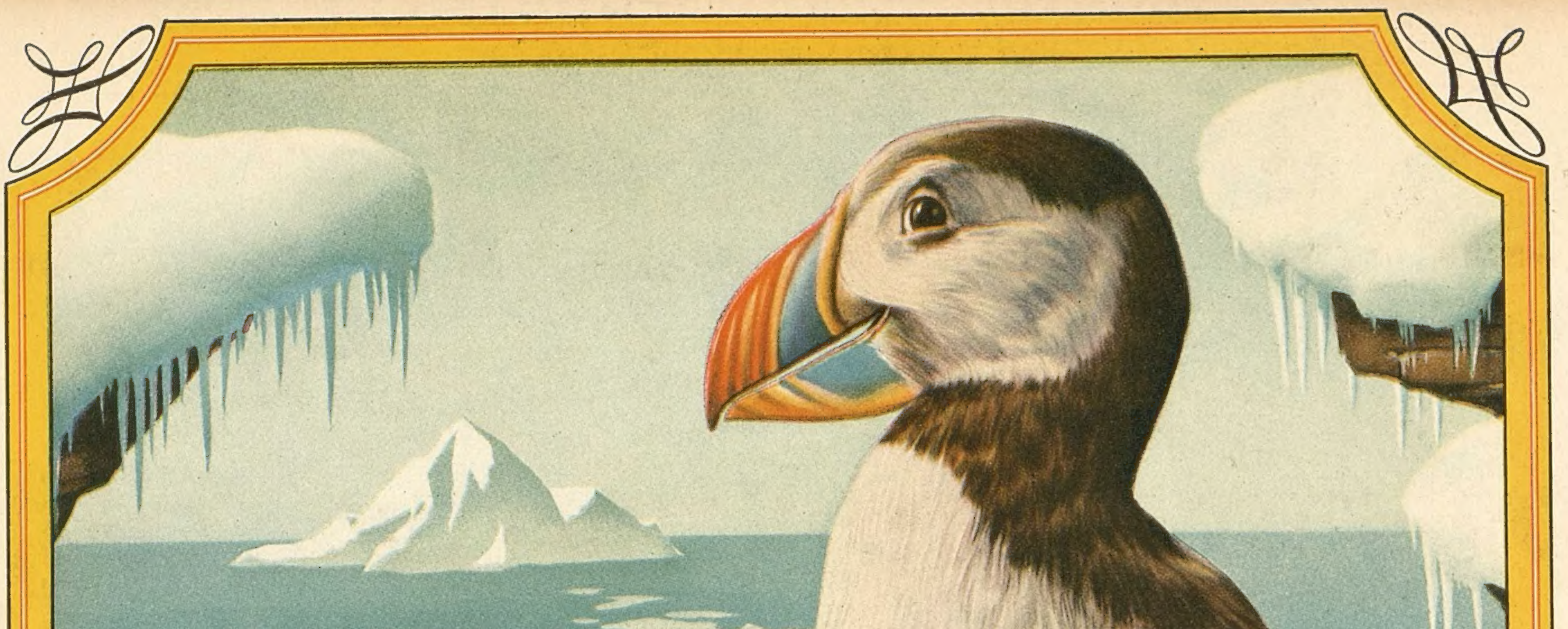

INTOLERANCE
BIGOTRY
LYNN BOGUE HUNT

HOW IT FEELS TO BE A NEGRO by Walter White

A LITTLE CHILD BRINGING BACK MAX BAER? by Jack Dempsey

ORE THINGS I FORGOT TO TELL by Former Governor Hoffman



The Puffin laughs because he knows
He can't get hot in arctic snows;
You, too, can laugh at summer heat
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COOL OFF WITH A CALVERT COLLINS!

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CUT OUT THIS RECIPE:

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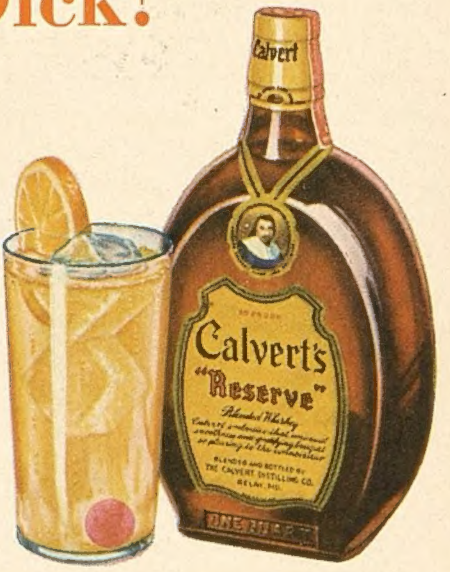
Juice of 1 lemon or a ½ lemon and a ½ lime
2 teaspoons sugar
Shake well—strain into tall glass adding club soda and plenty of ice. Decorate with fruit if you wish.

BLENDED FOR BETTER TASTE



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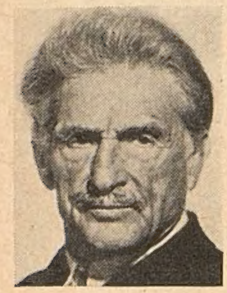
PRIMING THE PUMP—PROSPERITY BY INCREASING TAXES



BERNARR MACFADDEN

We have had many crackbrained schemes foisted upon us by the Brain Trusters of the present administration. Pump priming was a new theory. Spending yourself into prosperity is an alluring slogan, but the money has to come from somewhere . . . that is the main difficulty.

The first pump-priming efforts were erroneously credited by the administration with helping us out of the original depression, but it was an artificial stimulant, like a shot in the arm. There was nothing dependable about it. And the partial withdrawal of these funds has been blamed for the present depression, when in reality the cause is due entirely to the continuance of the antagonistic attitude toward business by the administration.

We will never get out of the present depression until the investors who control billions of idle money can be induced to invest in private securities in preference to government bonds.

Business is scared, and it will continue in this same attitude as long as the government supports socialistic legislation that denies business leaders their rights as American citizens.

We had the NRA, which originally promised to put five million people to work in a few months, but this proved to be little more than a fanciful dream. There were many other wild, fantastic plans for bringing artificial prosperity, but about the most crackbrained of all was the idea that you can bring prosperity by increasing taxes.

Doubtless no one will maintain that such a miracle can be accomplished, but the money spent in pump priming is simply an attempt to bring prosperity by increasing taxes.

Every dollar spent in this manner has to be paid out sometime by increasing taxes. Governmental indebtedness cannot be paid in any other way. And identically the same statement can be made of all experimental governmental expenditures.

There may be emergencies when such expenditures are desirable, but the necessity of assuming the associated liabilities and of ultimately paying the debts that must be incurred should be recognized.

When taxes are increased they add materially to the cost of living. Every business and every home must assume the added expense. Such expenses are often referred to by merchants as overhead, and must be added to their selling price.

And don't forget when prices increase we can always depend upon a general decrease in demand. It cannot be repeated too often that higher prices always mean slower sales. There is no argument about this. Everybody will admit the accuracy of this conclusion. Higher taxes, therefore, slow up business and add to the unemployment evil.

The cost of government represents simply a heavy load on the community, and the lighter it is the less interference there is in the activities of the citizens.

Any substantial business becomes a building, developing force. It is the origin of buying and selling and it is a source of wages. Therefore it is to the advantage of every wage earner to encourage business and business leaders. When business interests are extended and developed, more employees are required, and they add to the prosperity of their community.

But the ordinary routine expense of government adds nothing. It is simply a weight, an expenditure that gets us nowhere.

To be sure, road and bridge building, improvements of various kinds represent capital investment, but expenditures that simply represent wages paid to government employees cannot be classed as investments. They absorb the energy of a community without giving anything in return except ordinary governmental supervision.

In the first part of this century the expenses of our federal government were less than half a billion annually. Now they are between eight and ten billion, and we had a better government during the former period than we have at this time.

The idea that we can spend ourselves into prosperity with government funds that must be paid by increased taxes is the extreme height of damned foolishness.

Bernarr Macfadden

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Jackie Coogan and the

A STUDY IN RICHES

To whom belong the rewards of infant industry in these astonishing times? A Liberty scribe ponders the problem

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

DEAR BOSS:

Please be a little lenient with me. I'm going screwy again, I guess, with Quins fever. Complicated with a touch of Cooganitis. I can't concentrate. I keep thinking this isn't the twentieth century. It's the children's hour. And I keep making up nursery rhymes. Like this:

Jingle, jingle, little star;
Make some dough for pa and ma.

The news that the Dionne quintuplets are going home touched me off. They're going back to pa and ma and the seven brothers and sisters, and live with them from then on. Or so the papers say. But there's nothing in the papers about Jackie Coogan and his wife going back to Mama Coogan Bernstein and Step-papa Bernstein. Not a word.

The papers say that Papa Dionne and the board of guardians of the quintuplets got together and decided on the new move for the five little ladies. The girls are to pool some of their earnings and buy a nice big house for papa and mama and all their brothers and sisters; but the house will be built in such a way that it can be halved "to isolate the quins in the event of illness."

That's what the papers say. But I imagine it happened like this.

I imagine the little girls got together one day and made their plans. I imagine them all in a huddle, and Cécile, say, speaking through a corner of her adorable little mouth, asking, "How long are we in for? Does anybody know?"

"Life, I guess," one of her sisters answered.

"I'm getting jittery," another said. "Everybody coming to look at us! Everybody gurgling at us! They make me sick. What do they think this is? The zoo?"

"Well," proposed Marie—or was it Yvonne? It's hard to tell—"let's get out of here."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," Emilie protested. "We're getting by. We're making plenty jack. And it isn't such a hard life, is it?"

Four little noses went up in the air at that.

"Jack!" cried Annette (or Cécile or Yvonne or Marie). "Do we spend it? Do we even handle it? And will it be in the old sock when we need it? How do we know? Look at Jackie Coogan!"

"All right," the other little quin gave in. "Let's go home, then, to papa and mama and our brothers and sisters."

So they began to concentrate on plans for a new house. Then one of them got a bright idea.

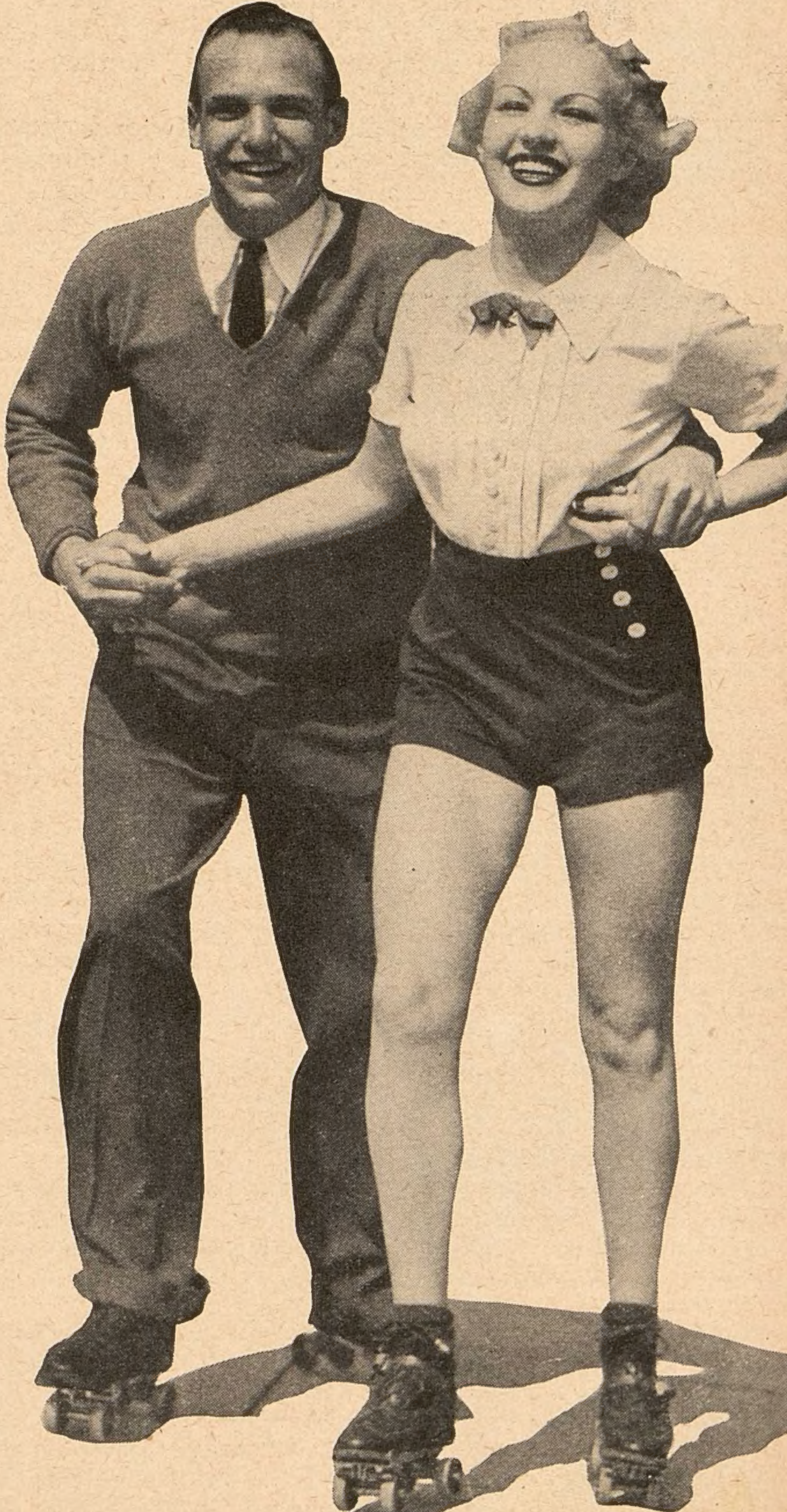
"Listen, sisters," she said. "We've been away from our relatives all our lives. We like them, and they like us. But we've been raised differently from them. Maybe we won't like their ways when we get to know them better; and maybe they won't like our ways. I've heard some funny things about family life. It isn't all it's cracked up to be, sometimes. So suppose we keep part of that house for ourselves."

"In case we get sick again, let's say," one of the others agreed, with the most charming of winks. "We can call it a potential isolation ward. We can get by with that and not hurt anybody's feelings."

"All in favor of putting this storm cellar in the new house say 'Aye'!" a third shouted.

There were five ayes and the motion carried. And so the new house is to be erected. It will occupy a pretty site in Corbeil, five miles north of the present house and nursery at Callander, and should be ready sometime in September.

Maybe it didn't happen that way. Maybe the quins had nothing at all to say about the new house. But they



Jackie Coogan and his wife. His mother claims his cash.

Dionne Quintuplets

World copyright, 1938, NEA

Just by being five of a kind, they have provided amply for the future.

can't put me in jail for imagining things, can they?

I wonder how those five little strangers are going to fit into the Dionne family after four years of comparative exile. I wonder how they're going to get along with their brothers and sisters, and with their parents.

They haven't had any family life. Through necessity, they were removed from their overcrowded home in the first days of their lives. They have been kept away from that home—and all that a home means—for over four years.

The quins were, to all intents and purposes, the same as orphans. They had no need of their parents, evidently. If they had little woes, little heartaches, little fears, there was no mother or father close by to pick them up and kiss them—and cover them with germs. If they were naughty, there was no father near to scold them, no mother to spank them. Are they better off? Or have they missed a lot?

And now they're going home!

Strange, isn't it, to have a family so divided against itself? To have a part of it ordinary and obscure and not at all rich, and the other part rich and famous and adored? To have seven children raised in the old-fashioned way, and five who come to it with their own suite of attendants and their own peculiar background of scientific training?

Will the seven leaven the five—or the five the seven?

Suppose the five fight with some of their brothers and sisters—as children sometimes do. What will happen? Will papa or mama settle the disputes? Or will the matter be taken under advisement by the guardians of the quintuplets?

Can the Dionnes ever be one happy family? Or will the quintuplets always be a unit, a five-cornered bloc, a separate and unique part of the family?

Do Mr. and Mrs. Dionne love the quins just as much as they love the other children? Or more? Will they treat all the children the same?

I doubt it. Can you see Cécile, Marie, Annette, Yvonne, or Emilie helping with the dishes, minding the babies, pitching in to get dinner ready before papa comes home, or running errands?

The quins are the breadwinners, the stars, of the family. They aren't ordinary kids. Ordinary kids are investments, maybe, but the quins are gilt-edged assets. And speaking of assets, here's another cockeyed situation.

In the case of the quintuplets, most of the money—the millions of dollars that have come in and will continue to come in—goes, or will go, to the children. Comparatively little has been, or will be, spent on the parents who gave those children life.

Maybe that's right; and maybe it isn't.

But it's different from the Jackie Coogan story. In that case Jackie gets the glory, and mama gets the mazuma. Maybe that's right too; and maybe it isn't.

Maybe there's some middle ground, some way of splitting the earnings of children so the whole family benefits and nobody feels hurt or aggrieved.

In Canada the parents get nothing. In the United States, it seems, they get everything.

At any rate, Jackie isn't starving. Not now. The publicity raised by his suit against his mother has put him back in the spotlight. He's in vaudeville with Bob Hope, splitting $8,000 a week.

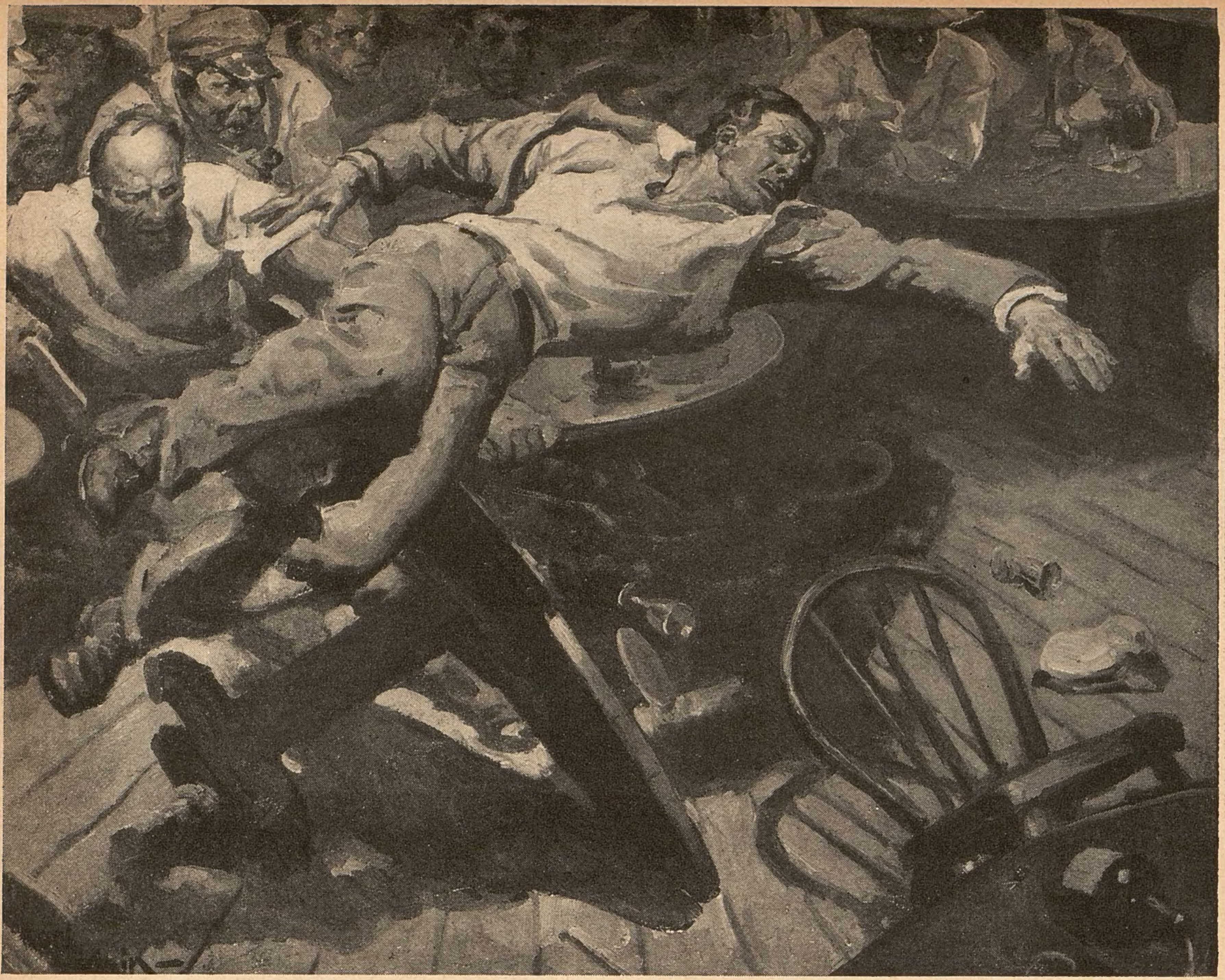
Maybe it's a good thing for Jackie that he has to work for a living. It may revivify his talents, put new pep into him. And four thousand a week—even if you get it only for a few weeks—isn't such bad pay as it seems.

There's a thought. How would it be for the quins if everything went to papa and mama, and they had to get out and work, when the time came, in order to get by? Would it be good for them? Or would it be disastrous?

As I said before, Boss, don't mind me. If you get a chance, maybe you can answer some of these questions. And if you do, maybe I can sleep nights—and maybe I can quit wondering what I'd do if my kids turned out to be stars, like Jackie Coogan was and the quins are. And maybe I'll quit thinking that modern civilization is paying too much attention to the nursery. And maybe I'll quit thinking up silly rhymes like—

Jingle, jingle, little star;
Mama needs a new town car.

As ever, E. D.



Barlow tossed him in an arc. The flying man crashed down a table, rolled over several chairs.

THE stingaree is a flat fish, roughly diamond-shaped, with a hide of coarse sandpaper and a serrated whiplike tail bearing a poisoned barb near the root. It is invariably good-natured, indolent, peaceful, and bothers no one, save perhaps the little crabs and mollusks on which it feeds. On occasion, however, when some hungry and unwitting creature threatens it, the most surprising things can happen. The stingaree becomes a haze in the water. The whiplike tail threshes so fast the eye cannot follow, and the intruder is more or less fricasseed. The poison barb plunges home, and that, usually, is the end. Which may give you a clue as to Captain Jack Barlow.

He got his nickname in Macassar, in Dutch Pete's bar, soon after the great hurricane that swept the Straits and wrecked half the island shipping. He was a plump-looking man, well above medium height but seeming rather short because of his extraordinary breadth of shoulders and that plumpness. A lot of people took it for soft fat, and a lot of people were wrong. He had very pale blue eyes and a layer of dark sandy hair that always seemed wet and plastered down and which no amount of exertion seemed able to ruffle. He had a broken nose, squashed in, but it somehow added to the friendly homeliness of his face, with its full lips and the lazy, easy smile. He was admittedly and frankly averse to effort, and his main characteristic seemed to be chronic indolence.

On this particular evening he sat in Dutch Pete's bar peacefully minding his own business, which at the moment concerned a bottle of gin and some languid conversation with the young supercargo of the Ainault, a big three-master just in from Batavia. He was smoking a cigar, dropping the ashes down his white drill jacket, and in the sticky heat of the place the sweat beads glistened on the corded throat his open shirt exposed.

Dutch Pete's was crowded as usual, somebody playing a concertina, a few native and half-caste girls serving the drinks, and the hot night wind coming through the curtained doorways and windows. All color and noise and smell.

Big Bill Gunther, the same who owned the great shipping firm of Gunther & Gotch, was sitting at a table near the wall, looking over some masters' reports and waiting for a friend to show up; and Dutch Pete himself was hovering at his elbow, stirring a vicious drink the islands knew as a twister. The drink ready, Dutch Pete set it down and then touched Gunther's arm.

"Look," was all he said. Gunther lifted his head and stared. Shouldering in from the front veranda was Sam Moss of the bark Carrie, stooping his six feet five of bull muscle to avoid hitting the top of the door. He had his mate with him and two of his crew, hard-eyed surly men, already half drunk, swaggering in the shadow of their master's reputation. The noise in Dutch Pete's softened.

"Half drunk and looking for trouble as usual," said Gunther dryly.

Pete swore.

"Some day some one will settle him," he rapped. "I'd like to see it."

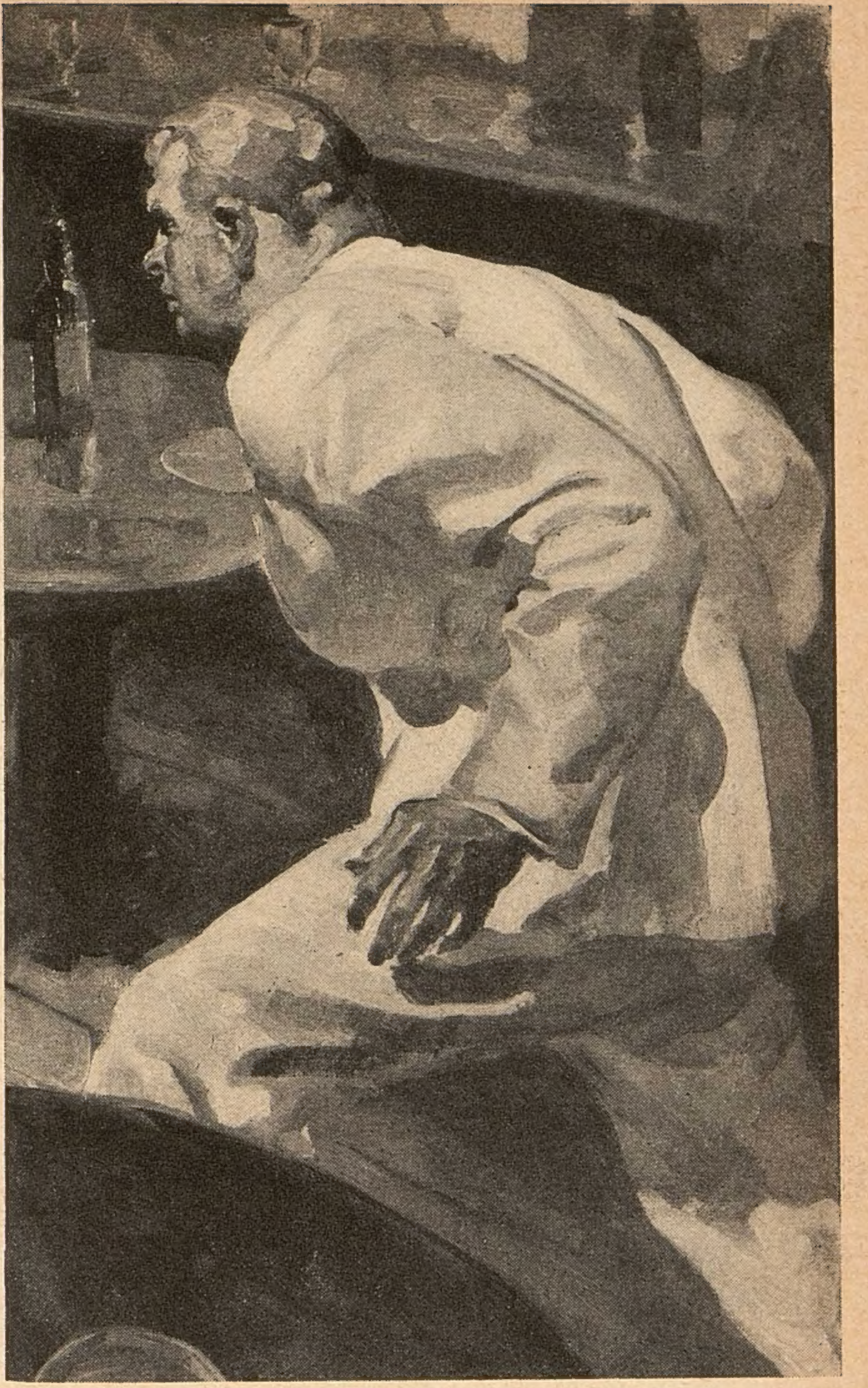
Gunther grunted and turned to his reports again, while Sam Moss elbowed roughly forward, looking for an empty table and finding none. Chance led him to Barlow's table, READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

Stingaree Jack

A vivid tale from "somewhere east of Suez"—of a mild and sleepy Samson and the grim terror behind his smile

BY ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN

ILLUSTRATED BY KARL GODWIN



" I said I wouldn't try things again if I were you."

and conveniently close to the platform where the girls sometimes danced or sang.

" I'll take this," said Moss, hitting the table with a fist like a mallet. The young supercargo from the Ainault looked up, went pale, and hurriedly rose.

" That's all right, captain," he said with a forced laugh. And to Barlow, " We can go down to the Russian joint. It won't be so crowded anyway."

Barlow looked up with some wonderment and stared at Sam Moss towering above him, the pock-marked brutal face beaded with liquor sweat.

" But I like it here," said Barlow mildly. " Ask the gentleman to sit down if he wants to."

" Come on," muttered the supercargo nervously. " You don't argue with Captain Moss."

Barlow inspected his cigar and yawned.

" But this is my table," he protested sleepily. " Surely the captain can sit down with me, or wait."

" Get up and get out! " shouted Moss, leaning forward.

Conversation suddenly died. Gunther beckoned Dutch Pete.

" Better tell that fat fellow to go easy," he cautioned. " He doesn't know Moss apparently. Who is he? "

" Some new man, down from the China Seas, I think. He lost his schooner in the hurricane, and he's waiting around for something to turn up. But I'll tell him."

Dutch Pete hurried forward, sweating, and tapped Barlow's arm, but Barlow paid no attention.

" There's plenty of room," he was saying gently. " Sit down, all of you. I don't feel like moving, myself."

Moss was taken aback for a moment. No one ever questioned him. And then with a jerk he pulled the chair from under Barlow and kicked him as he hit the floor.

The mate and the two seamen grinned and started to seat themselves. Barlow got up slowly, brushed himself, dropped his cigar to the floor, and looked thoughtful.

" I wouldn't try that again if I were you," he said.

You could have heard a pin drop by that time. Moss went purple.

" You wouldn't . . . what? " he roared, and he slapped Barlow's cheek so hard the man staggered. Moss was the strongest man in the islands.

Barlow became something of a blur. He hit Moss on the jaw a crack that was heard clear out on the veranda, and for the first time in his life Moss went down. The onlookers drew in hard breaths. Moss had killed three men with his bare hands, crippled others. He was up with a heave, choking, astonished, foaming, and he bored in with his great fists swinging. He never touched Barlow. A driving blow hit him in the stomach and made him gag; another caught him under the heart and took his breath. His mouth was split, one eye closed. In less than a minute he was staggering and weaving like a drunken man. The power behind the blows was incredible, and more incredible was Barlow's speed.

As a finish, Barlow closed, grunted, lifted Moss's three hundred-odd pounds and tossed him in an arc through the air. The flying man crashed down a table, rolled over several chairs, and brought up groaning and half unconscious a full twenty feet away.

" I said," said Barlow in a tired sort of voice—" I said I wouldn't try things again if I were you."

He was hardly out of breath; his plastered hair was unruffled. He brushed his hands together, straightened his jacket, groped for a new cigar, and had started to light it in the deathly, awed silence when Moss's mate came out of his stupor, choked an oath, and charged, the two seamen behind him. Gunther kicked over his own chair and started forward. But he was not needed.

Almost monotonously could be heard the steady smack, smack, smack! One man pulled a knife. Barlow caught the arm, heaved, and the breaking of the bone was clear. The mate got up, streaming blood, and went for his gun. Barlow's fist came from the floor, it seemed, and the mate went back and fell over the groaning Moss. When they picked him up they found his neck was broken. Moss had three cracked ribs, half his teeth gone, and a bruise on his stomach you couldn't have covered with a saucer. Barlow retrieved his chair, straightened his table, sat down, and called mildly for another bottle of gin. And a faint awed sigh went round the long room.

"A stingaree," Gunther breathed. "Just like an infernal stingaree. I can use that man."

He dropped unasked to a chair beside Barlow and introduced himself.

As the schooner Clifton Girl came up to Tait Island, Captain Benson crossed the poop to where Barlow was sprawled in a deck chair, apparently sleeping.

"There she is," said Captain Benson, waving his binoculars. "Tait Island. Aren't you interested enough to look?"

Barlow opened one eye and shut it again.

"Why bother? If I've got to spend six months there, I'll see enough of it. Let my assistant, Ames, look."

The tall bronzed young man leaning on the rail turned and laughed.

"It's the same as ever. I served my first term as a planter here. Just before Lassan came." He considered a moment. "Don't think it'll be easy, Stingaree. Lassan's bad. Gunther's sent four men at different times to relieve him, and none of them stuck. One was killed . . . natives, Lassan said, though they're supposed to be friendly and peaceful here. The other three were so badly beaten up they came back on board before the Clifton Girl had finished loading."

Stingaree took a long drink and sighed.

"Lassan must consider he's got a life job," he murmured. Captain Benson nodded.

"He does," he said grimly. "At least he'll make it so if he can. Gunther knows he's been robbing him blind for the past two years, selling half the copra to a Singapore ship that happens here a month or so before this packet does. But Gunther can't prove it. He wants Lassan kicked out, but Lassan's got a three-year contract and won't tear it up."

Stingaree yawned, without interest.

The Clifton Girl came to anchor and dropped her whaleboat, and with a resigned grunt Stingaree climbed out of his deck chair, amiably checked over his baggage, and went ashore alone. A giant Kanaka carried him pickaback through the surf, and a thin wizened little white man with a tobacco-stained yellow mustache met him as he landed.

"What, another one?" he said maliciously. "Gunther must keep a supply of you optimists on hand. My name's Callon," he introduced himself. Stingaree straightened his white pants and jacket, adjusted his sun helmet, and stared sleepily at the palms backing the dazzling sand, at the little blue bay, at the neat white bungalow and store sheds half hidden in trees.

"Nice place," he observed, lighting a cigar. "My name's Barlow or, more recently, Stingaree Jack." He seemed rather pleased with the name.

"We'll attend to the sting," Callon observed dryly. "But if you'll take a friendly tip, you'll go back on board while you still feel well. The island isn't healthy."

"So they say," Stingaree agreed. "But I never get fever."

Callon shot him a quick look and frowned. They plodded together toward the bungalow. Stingaree paused after a while and looked back.

"Don't you ever send houseboys down to pick up a man's gear?" he inquired mildly. Callon spat.

"What's the use? You're not staying long."

Stingaree blinked but said nothing until they were on the bungalow veranda. A man rose from the depths of a cane chair. He was short, squat, enormously broad; a stumpy gorilla. Black-bearded, small-eyed, his grin showing yellow teeth. He extended a thick hand covered with hair. He did not come much above Stingaree's shoulder but he emanated brute strength that was impressive.

"I take it you're to relieve me," said the gorilla heartily. "Well, well! My name is Lassan. And you're . . ."

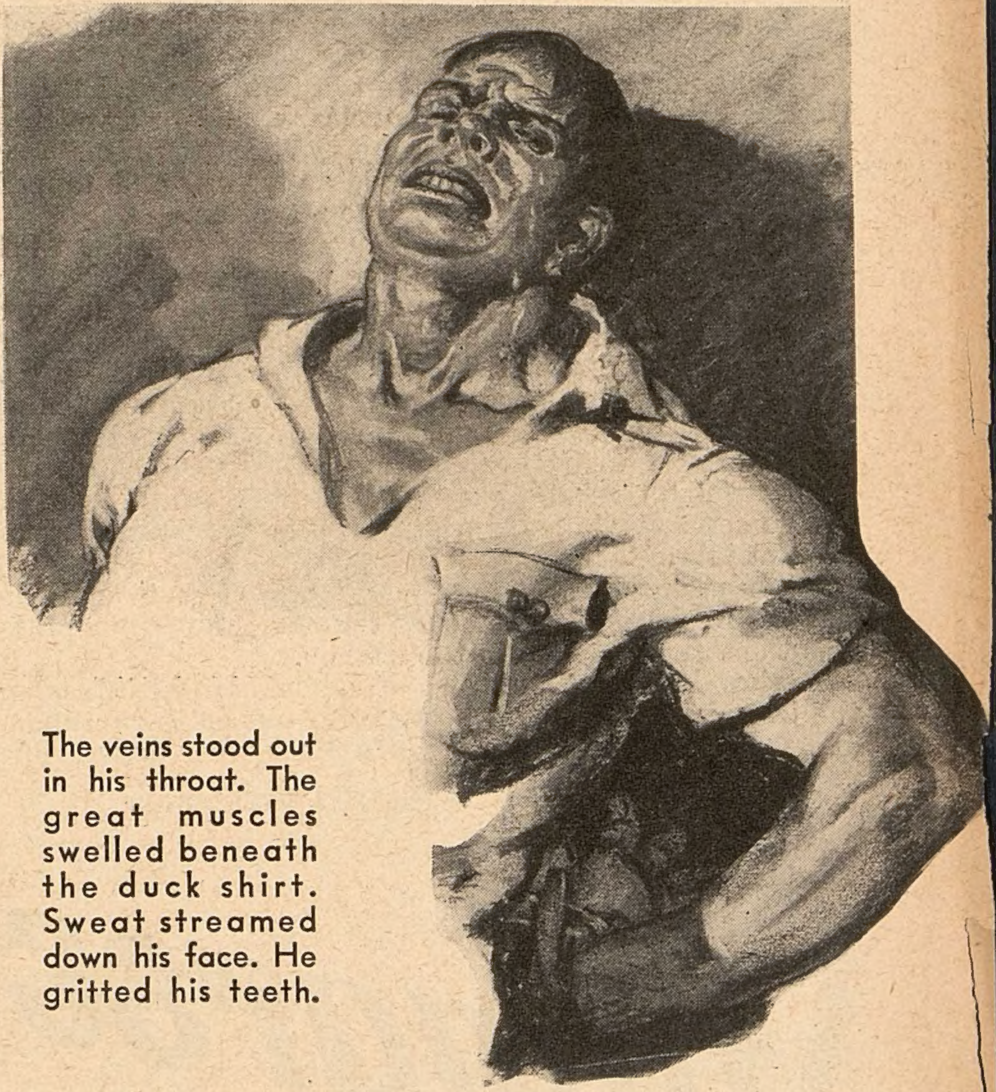
"Stingaree Jack," said Barlow, smiling. He put his hand in Lassan's. Callon watched with gleaming excited eyes. For Lassan's hand had closed, closed hard, and was crushing Stingaree's. In its time that grip had sent men screaming to their knees. But Stingaree merely blinked. The cords stood out in Lassan's throat and his smile became curiously strained.

"This is quite a welcome," Stingaree ventured amiably, and almost imperceptibly his arm muscles swelled. He looked at Lassan and smiled, and then stepped back, drawing his hand clear. Heavy sweat was on Lassan's forehead. He looked at his hand, working the crushed fingers.

"That's quite a trick you've got," he managed at last, still smiling. Callon's eyes were popping out.

Unasked, Stingaree found a chair and sank down with a sigh, while Lassan, fighting for control, hoarsely called a houseboy to bring more gin and glasses.

"Yes, I'm here to relieve you," Stingaree admitted when he was comfortable. "But there's no hurry about packing. The Clifton Girl is making a run over to Neville's Cove on some business. She won't be back until tomorrow."



The veins stood out in his throat. The great muscles swelled beneath the duck shirt. Sweat streamed down his face. He gritted his teeth.

Lassan laughed.

"That's good. It'll give me time to show you the plantation. Was there any message from Gunther?"

"Nothing much. He just said he was tired of you robbing him and it was high time you got out. But there seems some bother about a contract."

"A three-year contract," Lassan purred. "And I'm sticking. I suppose you know the other men Gunther sent had rather a bad time."

"So I gathered," Stingaree agreed. "Too bad."

"Much too bad," said Lassan. "And that remark about my robbing Gunther makes me annoyed. Has he any proof? Of course not. He shouldn't make such statements." He turned to Callon. "Take this gentleman around a bit, Callon. I'll get the books ready for inspection . . . if it comes to that." He laughed, mocking.

Callon got up with alacrity, but Stingaree grumbled, "There's plenty of time."

"Not too much if the Clifton Girl returns tomorrow," Lassan pointed out. "I wouldn't want you to go into a thing without seeing clearly just what it was."

"All right," said Stingaree reluctantly, and got up, reaching for his sun helmet. Lassan watched him as he followed Callon away from the bungalow.

"I'll teach him," he muttered. "I'll teach him!"

Behind the bungalow, Callon called to a massive half-caste who was directing twenty or thirty Kanakas at work. A bush knife was stuck in the waistband of his ragged duck pants.

"This is Mutan, our foreman," Callon said, smirking. "He'll come with us in case there are any . . . er . . . snakes or things."

Stingaree puffed on his cigar and nodded, strolling easily with the others. He talked casually while he absently stared around. He lagged quite a bit, always letting the others precede him.

"I see you don't carry a gun," Callon observed after a while. They were passing down rows of coco palms, Mutan the foreman kicking fallen nuts aside as if to make walking easier.

"No," Stingaree agreed. "I never carry one. They're too heavy, too uncomfortable. Unless, of course, you have to cruise around where the natives are bad. But they tell me the Tait Island boys are quite peaceful."

"Oh, quite," Callon agreed. They were well away from the bungalow and the shore. No one was in sight. Callon took off his sun helmet and mopped his forehead.

"I think I'll pop across to the native village for a moment," he said. "Won't be long. Got to see the chief about some more hands for tomorrow."

"Don't mind me," Stingaree yawned. "I'll wait here."

He darted off and was soon lost to sight. Stingaree stared up at the palm crests, then stared at Mutan and threw his cigar away. Mutan was grinning at him, running a heavy tongue over thick lips.

"You not like Tait Island," he said. "Maybe better you go back when the ship come again."

"And just what," asked Stingaree thoughtfully, "does that mean?" He teetered back and forth on his heels, his thumbs in his belt. He smiled amiably.

"This!" snarled Mutan, and sprang, his hands hooked for gripping. Stingaree sighed and took his thumbs from his belt.

"WELL," Lassan said, grinning, "one more taken care of."

Callon sat on the veranda rail.

"Mutan's never failed us," he admitted. "But this Stingaree worries me. Gunther's got something up his sleeve."

"Why worry?" Lassan grunted. He stretched himself out in his cane chair. "Gunther will come himself some day, I suppose, but by that time we'll have cleaned up and left."

"It'd better be soon," Callon muttered. "I'm getting fed up, stuck in this hole when we've a fat balance in the Singapore bank, all waiting to be spent."

"More days, more dollars." Lassan chuckled. "And from now on we'll ship two thirds instead of half the crop. Tell Gunther some disease got into the palms."

"I doubt if he'd believe that," drawled Stingaree, and Callon almost fell off the veranda rail. Lassan twisted with an oath. Stingaree was leaning in the doorway of the bungalow, idly digging at the lintel with a bush knife —Mutan's bush knife.

"I waited quite a while, Callon," he said amiably, "but you didn't come back. Your . . . er . . . foreman had an accident. I think it was a collision. You know, when the irresistible force meets the immovable object. . . . How about a drink?"

He lounged over to the table and helped himself. Callon gaped at Lassan and Lassan clawed at his beard.

"Is . . . is Mutan badly hurt?" Lassan managed.

"About all there is, Lassan." Stingaree drank, looking Lassan in the eye, and he added gently, "I'm afraid we'll have to get another foreman. Mutan must have been one of those bad natives you told Gunther mishandled the other planters who came to relieve you."

Callon let out a deep breath.

"To think of that!" he declared. "Mutan running amuck, eh? I always said there was a bad streak in the man somewhere. Well, I'm glad you weren't hurt."

"Thanks," said Stingaree and dropped to a chair. He still held the bush knife. "I don't like such things," he observed. He snapped the blade in two and tossed the parts over the veranda rail.

"Why, you . . ." Lassan started. Then he reached for the gin again. "Well, it's about time for grub. Wake those houseboys up, Callon." Callon went inside.

Stingaree yawned.

"By the way, the reason I came through the bungalow from the back was because I wanted to look the place over." He drank, and added after a pause, "I don't like guns or knives. So I gathered up all I could find and stuck them away."

Lassan's face grew crimson and a great vein pulsed in his forehead.

"Don't you think you've got the devil's own nerve?"

"Oh, I don't know. Those things are the company's property, and I'm in charge now. But let's talk of something else."

"Yes," agreed Lassan heavily. "We'd better."

They had a silent meal on the veranda that evening, silent, that is, on the part of Callon and Lassan. Stingaree talked agreeably all the time, drank half a bottle of gin and ate enough for two men. He smoked a cigar after that with evident enjoyment, and then, yawning again, got up.

"I'll turn in, I guess. You won't mind my taking your room, Lassan? It seems the most comfortable, and as the new manager I'd like to get used to it."

No one spoke, but Lassan's eyes were murderous.

"By the way, I'm a light sleeper," Stingaree added, "and I'm very bad-tempered if I'm awakened unexpectedly." He smiled pleasantly and went inside.

Lassan gritted his teeth and looked at Callon. There was a long silence and then they both smiled too.

Stingaree barricaded his door and fastened the shutter across the window. He had a moment's annoyance when he remembered his pajamas were in his baggage, still waiting on the beach. But he removed his shoes and lay down. He did not intend to sleep much anyway. But there was one thing Stingaree had overlooked. The medicine chest.

STINGAREE woke up with a racking headache and an ugly taste in his mouth, the morning sun shining on his face. He shook his head and slowly opened his eyes. He felt stiff, cramped, and it slowly dawned on him that he was tied hand and foot. Lassan stood by the bed looking down at him and smiling genially. Callon leaned on the end bedrail and sneered. Stingaree tried several times before he could swallow, his throat was so dry.

"Mind if I have a drink?" he inquired. "The way I feel, you must have drugged my gin. My error."

"Get him a drink," said Lassan. "It may be the last he'll need," he added grimly. Callon went out and came back with a pannikin of gin and water and held it to Stingaree's lips. He felt better.

"And what is the program now?" he inquired.

Callon tapped his foot with the iron bar.

"You're getting a few swipes with this, clever. And then you'll be dropped into the salt-water creek down the bay a ways."

Lassan nodded and laughed.

"The crocodiles are always hungry and they leave no trace. The second man Gunther sent was like you. Too tough, except he used guns and not his hands. The others just wanted to quit after Mutan had finished with them . . . or after I'd handled them."

Stingaree blinked, and Lassan went on:

"We went through your pockets and found you had a fat cash balance with the Asiatic Trust in Hong Kong," he purred. "Suppose you sign a draft over to us. Then maybe we could be more reasonable."

"I imagine," said Stingaree. "But suppose we wait until the Clifton Girl comes back. I'll sign the draft as soon as I'm on board her again. I give you my word."

"You'll sign before that," Lassan assured him. "Once you're on board you might change your mind. Think it over. The Clifton Girl should be in around four this afternoon, I guess. We want that draft by noon. Otherwise I've some houseboys here who can think up the most surprising ways of persuasion."

Lassan laughed and stalked out, Callon chuckling at his heels. As Callon passed Stingaree he slapped the iron bar lightly across the helpless man's forehead, turning him giddy for a moment. Stingaree heard Lassan say as he closed the door, "We'll be back. Think fast." And then he was alone.

Stingaree shook his head to clear it again and then sighed. "This," he complained, "is a mess."

He wriggled to the bed edge and swung his legs over so he could sit upright. After a while he managed to stand. His hands were lashed behind him with light but strong line, and his ankles were similarly fastened. He tested the wrist bonds carefully, and then put all his strength into an effort to break them. They stretched. He worked his hands round so that, instead of his wrists being pressed together, his thumbs and the sides of his hands met, giving him some leverage.

He rested awhile and got his breath. It was hard for him to put forth all his power while trying to balance on his lashed feet, so he shuffled over to the wall and leaned against it. Then the veins stood out in his throat and the great muscles swelled beneath the thin duck shirt. Sweat streamed down his face and he gritted his teeth. The line gave more so it was loose on his wrists, but not loose enough for his hands to slip free. He looked around, and then grunted with some satisfaction. In one wall were embedded or screwed blunt-topped stout iron angles, in pairs, which had held rifles before Stingaree had disposed of them. The lower angles he could just reach with his wrists, and over one he worried the line.

He could brace the back of his feet against the solid wall now, holding the line on one corner of the iron, which was too blunt for any cutting but gave him a point upon which to concentrate all his force. He thrust with his legs, leaned his weight forward and heaved on his wrists. There was an ominous cracking of the thick wall and for a moment Stingaree was afraid the angle would tear clean out. But it must have been bolted on the other side to prevent any stealing of both angles and rifles, the latter being, in islands where the natives were notorious thieves, chained and locked to the irons. Stingaree cursed through his teeth and his whole body was an arc of tight muscle. The line broke so suddenly Stingaree went plunging forward and, save for the bed, would have crashed into the opposite wall. As it was, he lay face down, panting for a full minute. His wrists were bloody and torn and the iron angle was almost straightened out. He scowled and released his feet, then crossed to the open window.

ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN

born in London of a seafaring family, ran away to sea himself at fourteen. During the war he served in the British Marines and in the army. He says he learned all he knows from knocking around the world, and started to write because he had "a dislike for work."

"HE'LL sign all right," Stingaree heard Lassan saying. "We'll give him another half hour to think about it and then the Kanakas can go in. We'll tell Captain Benson the natives got him. Benson won't believe it, of course, and that don't matter much. But, this being the second killing, Gunther is likely to start a fuss. So we'll clear out as soon as Watson blows in again from Singapore. This time it'll be a clean sweep, with Stingaree's draft to sweeten things."

"Easy money," chuckled Callon. He still held the iron bar. "And maybe we . . ." He stopped and his jaw dropped.

Lassan turned. Stingaree was standing at the foot of the veranda steps, blinking a little and looking serious.

"I was getting thirsty," he explained. "so I thought I'd join you."

He came up the steps, reached for the gin bottle on the table, and took a long one.

"You know," said Stingaree, watching the motionless Lassan, "I had a bet with Gunther. Sort of a bonus affair. We bet on how long it would be before you'd quit. I stuck out for fifteen minutes, but"—he ran sleepy eyes up and down the other's bulk and shook his head—"I was hedging too much. Ten minutes will be plenty."

"Ah," Lassan breathed. "You think so?" He rose. He was deathly calm now. He took a slow pace forward, jerked the table aside and sent it crashing over.

He lunged, and Stingaree sighed as he slipped clear and hit the other man hard beneath the temple. Lassan choked with the pain, almost fell, recovered, and turned like a cat. He was foaming now, his eyes bulging and bloodshot, and curses spitting endlessly from his mouth. He swung two low blows that might have felled an ox, and then a fierce white pain stabbed him under the heart as Stingaree got home.

"Come in," he choked. "Come in and fight like a man!" He spread his arms and stumbled forward. Stingaree turned a little, was almost clear—and then his foot caught on a leg of the overturned table and he stumbled. Lassan had him then.

"Now!" he panted. And his great arms locked around Stingaree. He started to bend the other's back, and Callon yelped while the eager quivering faces of three houseboys appeared in the doorway to watch.

"This is unexpected," Stingaree said painfully, and he took hold of Lassan's ears and drew the man's head back with a slow steadiness that gave no indication of the terrific power behind the movement. Lassan choked as his face came clear of Stingaree's chest. His tongue came lolling between his yellow teeth, his throat stretched back and back, and then, with the swiftness of a striking snake, Stingaree let go with his right hand and brought it clenched against the other's jaw.

Lassan's arms slid away from their grip, his knees buckled and he dropped on them, swaying. Stingaree stepped back, breathing hard but with his plastered hair undisturbed. "I don't like being pawed," he observed. "Get up!"

Lassan tried, and Stingaree helped him by heaving on his beard. Then he hit him again, and Lassan collapsed.

With a scream, and swinging the length of iron bar, Callon rushed in, at the same time calling aside to the houseboys. They swarmed on the veranda and closed. Callon found himself picked up like a feather, the iron bar torn away from him, and his own body used as a club. Two of the Kanakas went down. The remaining one reached Stingaree's throat and then doubled, as a knee took him in the stomach and flung him sick and fainting against the bungalow wall. That done, Stingaree tossed Callon over the veranda rail, kicked one houseboy clean back into the bungalow and threw another after him. The other houseboy staggered away.

Stingaree straightened his ducks, examined a split knuckle, and went amiably into the house. Two serious drinks, which he assured himself he needed, then he felt hungry and opened a can of corned beef.

Lassan was on his feet and clawing his way to a chair when Stingaree came on the veranda again. Callon was limping up the steps. Stingaree picked up the iron bar and wagged it as a teacher might wag a stick.

"Now I think we understand each other," he remarked. "You boys go bring my baggage up."

"I'm no cursed Kanaka!" Lassan managed. His eyes were venomous. "I'll get you for this! I'll . . ."

"Get the baggage," said Stingaree wearily. "Go on."

He prodded Lassan with the bar, and Lassan cursed him. Stingaree threw him down the steps. Callon went by himself.

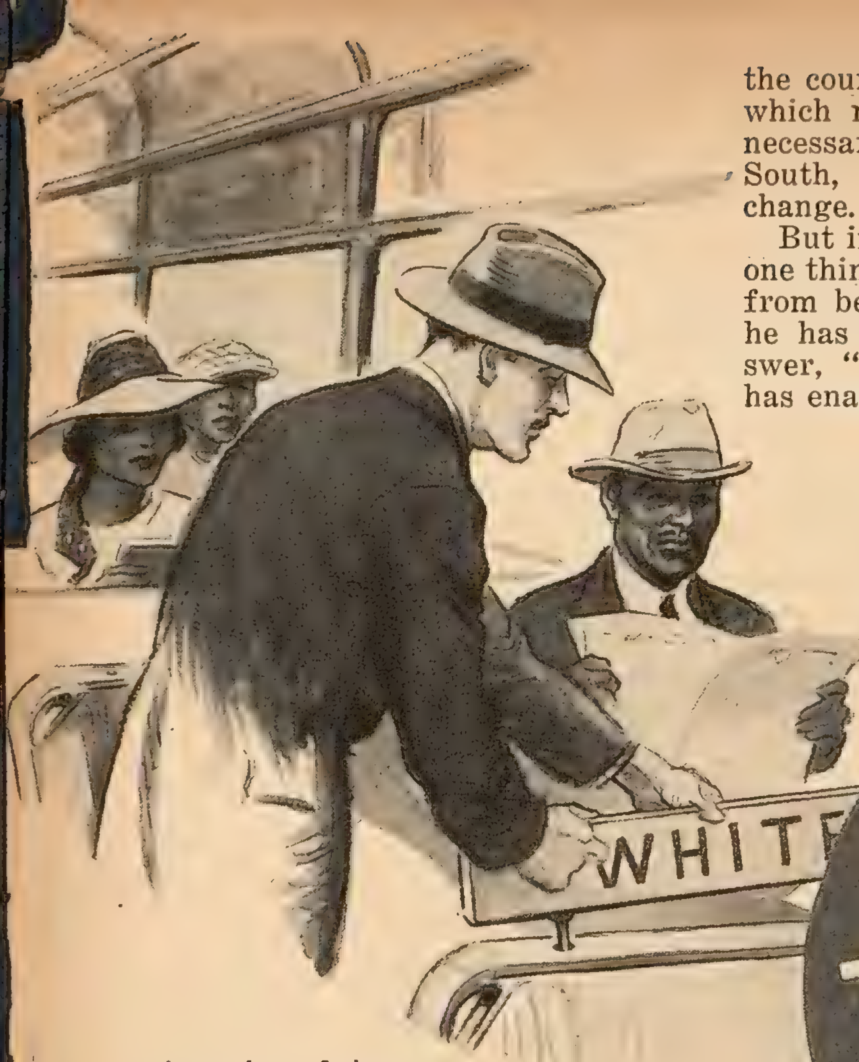
Four hours later, the Clifton Girl came into the bay and dropped anchor. From his chair, Stingaree waved indolently to Lassan and Callon.

"All right, boys. Good-by and good luck. Just tell Ames to come ashore. I'm too tired to meet him." He yawned.

"If you think you're going to get away with this," said Lassan through his teeth, "you're mistaken. I'll be back . . ." He stopped and his fascinated eyes looked where Callon was looking. Then he turned away and picked up his bags, his face gray.

Absently and methodically, quite unaware of what he was doing, Stingaree was doubling and straightening the iron bar.

THE END



The value of that board has never been questioned.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY H. A. BURNE

HOW IT FEELS TO BE A *Negro*

BY WALTER WHITE

READING TIME
9 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

Outspoken, revealing!—An eminent member of his race challenges America!

IF you are a member of the white race, have you ever wondered what it would be like to have a skin which was not white? Have you ever dreamed how it would feel to experience the countless problems which pigmentation brings in earning a living or getting an education or even obtaining a cooling drink on a hot day when one is away from the areas where members of one's race live?

Liberty's editor has asked me to attempt to tell what goes on in the minds of Negro Americans who must face such problems because of race prejudice. It is not an easy assignment. The three hundred and more years we have been in this country have taught us many things—not least among them being that it is not always conducive to safety or longevity to reveal too much of what we are thinking or feeling. We have learned that it pays to keep our mouths shut when words of protest burn to be uttered. Some of us have gone even farther by developing a technique of flattery of white folks as a means of securing what we want. We have learned that the judicious use of complimentary titles like "Cap'n," "Colonel," "Boss"—accompanied by the right kind and amount of laughter—can frequently extract what we want, or extricate us from predicaments.

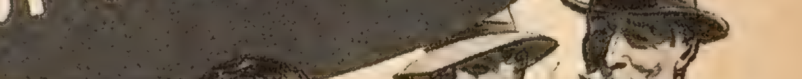
Dishonesty and charlatanism? Perhaps. But in certain sections of the country such survival technique, which many of us loathe, has been necessary. Fortunately, even in the South, the scene is beginning to change.

But if I were asked to mention the one thing which has saved the Negro from being crushed by the hard lot he has met, I should probably answer, "His sense of humor." This has enabled him to laugh not only at his own imperfections and failures, but even more, when he is away from white eyes and ears, at some of the pretensions of superiority of white folks.

Many years ago, in the Southern town where I was born and raised, I heard a conversation between my father and a Negro barber who worked in a shop patronized by the more affluent white people. "I wouldn't mind white folks always talking about how superior they are," the barber said to him, "if they'd only *be* superior."

That remark has often come to mind during the years since I heard it.

We are asked, for example, sometimes by implication and sometimes directly, to believe that the morals of white folks are superior to ours. But you seem to forget that we have worked in your homes as servants, in your hotels as maids and waiters and bellboys; that we read your newspapers with all their juicy scandals ranging from nine-year-old child brides in the Tennessee mountains through the peccadilloes of Park Avenue and Palm Beach and Hollywood; that we see your moving pictures and read your novels and see your plays, which seem increasingly to center around the theme of sex. Do you blame us if we have difficulty in not snickering when we listen to or read of impassioned defenses of "the purity of womanhood" by defenders of lynching or by such Americans as a Kleagle of the Ku Klux Klan who is serving a life sentence in a Middle Western state for the rape and murder of a young white girl?



We have learned to flatter white folks.

And we chuckle at the inconsistencies of Mr. Jim Crow. In a Louisiana city, white folks feel it necessary to assert their superiority by separating white and Negro streetcar riders by means of a six-inch-high movable board on the back of the seats. When a white person boards a car and finds no vacant "white" seats but only seats back of the sign, he is required by law to move the sign back a seat before sitting down. The value of that ludicrously small board as a protection from "contamination" seems never to have been questioned.

We Negroes have to listen interminably to stories of how great and superior to all other races of mankind is the white race. But, even after allowance is made for the understandable human trait of looking out for one's own before extending decent treatment to others, we often wonder why white folks don't take time to consider the price they and we are having to pay for our prejudices toward each other.

Take, for example, the dollars-and-cents cost *to white America* of the subnormal economic status of a very large percentage of the twelve million Negroes in the United States. Miserable housing, inadequate and improper food, insufficient clothing, deficient medical care and hospitalization—all these, born of starvation wages and proscription, are costing American taxpayers, white as well as Negro, a staggering sum annually.

One twenty-one-acre slum area in Cleveland, Ohio, in which Negroes are forced by color prejudice to live, cost that city, according to a recent survey, $1,131,953 in a year after deducting all taxes assessed for the area, while private welfare agencies spent on the same area $490,846. A region covering fifty blocks in Detroit, according to a survey of the Housing Commission, produced crime 7½ times the city average, juvenile delinquency 10.4 times the city average, tuberculosis 6½ times, pneumonia 8 times, infant mortality 1½ times that of the city as a whole. Taxes were delinquent 327 per cent, 92 per cent of the property being in tax arrears for from three to four years. *But* the average family income for that area had dropped in four years from $1,193 annually to $300! The vast majority of such jobs as had been made available by a slowly returning recovery had been given to whites. We Negroes can only wonder why the white man cannot for his own sake realize the ghastly cost of continued impoverishment of a tenth of the population because of race prejudice.

IN a Midwestern industrial city recently a group of business men who had begun vaguely to comprehend where such a course was leading them invited an intelligent Negro to meet with them to discuss the local situation. The Negro asked, "How many of you go down to the post office on payday?"

His auditors looked puzzled.

"You should," the Negro told them. "You'd see there long lines of your employees buying money orders to Germany, Italy, Czechoslovakia, Poland. Some of your workers are citizens—many of them are not. All the Negroes who live in your city are American born. Don't you see that if you put aside some of your prejudices against dark skins and gave employment to some of the skilled Negro workers here, those Negroes would be spending their wages for food, clothing, medicine, and other necessities here with your own merchants instead of sending out of the country and *out of your city* millions of dollars annually, as is now the case?"

The Negro wonders—and so do I—whether his logical appeal to enlightened selfishness will have any effect. And we wonder just what America thinks—if it does think—goes on inside when at infinite cost we try to secure an education and to make something of ourselves.

As I write I have before me a moving letter from a young Negro who in the face of poverty and discouragement has attained a master's degree in psychology from Columbia University in New York City. He writes me to ask for help in securing opportunity to work, if necessary without pay, and thus gain experience and data necessary for his doctorate and to qualify for a state position as psychologist. But wherever he has turned to gain such experience, he has found the door shut tight in his face. The chief psychologist of one of the largest municipal hospitals (supported, incidentally, by taxes paid by Negroes as well as whites) told him brutally that "the field is not one for a Negro."

Walter White, Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, is an authority on conditions among American Negroes. He has written novels, many articles, and Rope and Faggot — A Biography of Judge Lynch.

Do you ever wonder why "agitators" and "preachers of subversive doctrines" have been busy in Negro neighborhoods throughout the United States these last few years? Perhaps it is timidity—perhaps a faith in the American ideal of government—perhaps a fear to flee from evils we know to evils we know not of—perhaps the "purges" now going on in Russia, Germany—perhaps it is a combination of all of these which has kept the American Negro relatively immune to movements designed to change our form of government.

Even more inexplicable than the shortsightedness of the native white American stock is that of other minority groups in this United States.

A few years ago I encountered a striking example of this attitude. A group of Catholic, Jewish, and liberal Protestant Americans asked me to do what I could to induce Negro track stars on the 1936 Olympics team to boycott the games if held in Nazi Germany, because, they argued eloquently, "we minority groups must unite in opposing oppression." I am sure they thought me a most flippant person when I told them that I wasn't certain it was a smart idea to boycott the games, because it might be a helpful thing to let the world and particularly the Germans see Jesse Owens and other dark-skinned Americans run the legs off Hitler's "Aryan" athletes.

I reminded them also that a decade ago, when a wave of agitation was sweeping the country in the form of city ordinances, restrictive covenants, and mob violence to herd all Negroes in ghettos, an attempt had been made to acquaint other minorities of the danger to them inherent in such efforts. Instead of taking heed, some of the groups so approached indicated rather clearly resentment at the implication that there was then anything in common between their own groups and the Negro.

PERHAPS it was none too Christian to dig up the past in this fashion. But it is not amiss to remind other Americans as well as those belonging to minority groups of the dangers of such shortsightedness.

We are living today in a sorely disordered world. Grave and complex are the dangers which threaten us if war comes. Almost as grave are those ahead of us even if we as a nation are able to stay out of war. In either event, our safety and well-being depend upon the morale of all the diverse elements which make up our national population. Is it healthy for us as a nation to have one tenth of our people impoverished, broken in spirit, resentful at the heaping up of injustice and denial even of rudimentary opportunity to live normal lives?

We Negroes want to love America and be proud of her. We want to live in peace with our neighbors, to respect them and be respected by them. We want to give freely of our labor, our songs, our skill in every field of activity where we have skill to contribute, without having doors of opportunity slammed tight in our faces whenever we seek to rise above the lowest levels of life. We want white folks—and black and brown and yellow ones too—to be superior by reason of achievement and ethics, and not chiefly because of a fantastic and dangerous racialism theory.

We don't object to your lecturing us on morals, but we could listen with greater attention did we not know of the frequency with which our critics strayed from the codes they recommended. You laugh in superior fashion at the gaudy colors Negroes sometimes wear—but did it ever occur to you that we too laugh when we see the members of some of your fraternal orders, dressed in clashing colors and proudly bearing titles which even Octavus Roy Cohen's Florian Slappey could not match?

If only white folks *were* superior!

THE END

MORE THINGS I FORGOT TO TELL

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 9 SECONDS

By Former Governor HAROLD G. HOFFMAN of New Jersey

New light on a famous rejected alibi and a question for the FBI—Another arresting look at the Lindbergh case

MOST of the wonderful accounting for the state, as to the Lindbergh ransom money and what became of it, had been performed by Special Agents William Frank and Frank J. Wilson of the United States Treasury Department.

As evidence of what I consider to be questionable practice by the state to unfairly prejudice the minds of the jurors, may I quote from the record a question asked by Lloyd Fisher, of the defense counsel, and the answer given thereto by Special Agent Wilson:

MR. FISHER: Now, Mr. Wilson, where was the first ransom bill passed after the money was turned over to the suspected person—suspected of procuring the money from Condon—where was the first ransom bill picked up?

MR. WILSON: The first bill that we know was passed was located in a bank on Broadway not far from Seventy-second Street, I believe, or *near the Majestic Apartments.*

Hauptmann had worked, according to evidence previously submitted, at the Majestic Apartments, and Agent Wilson had gratuitously mentioned that the ransom bill had been picked up near the Majestic Apartments.

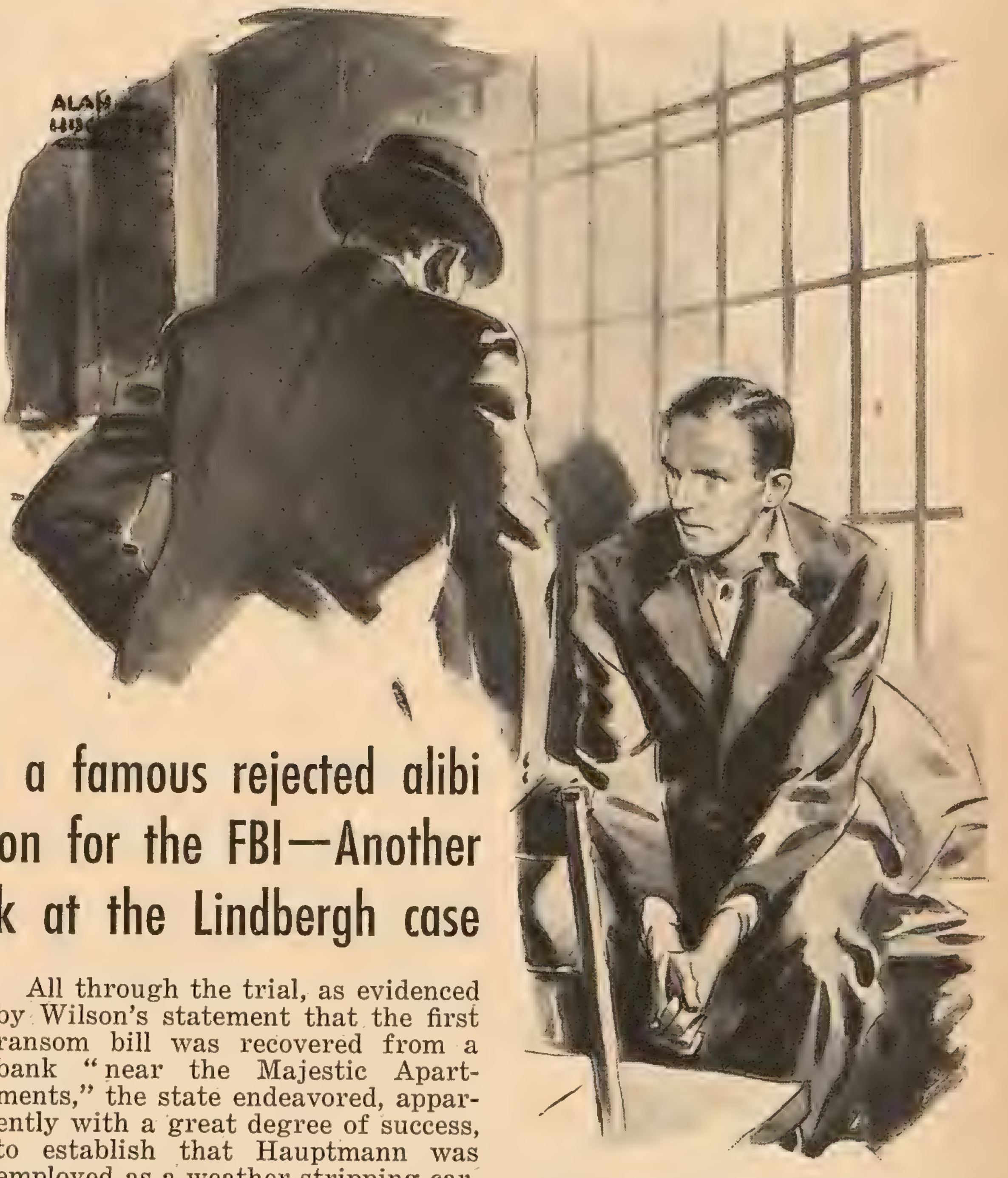
As a matter of fact, the first ransom bill was recovered at the East River Savings Bank, Ninety-sixth Street and Amsterdam Avenue, *twenty-four blocks* away from the Majestic Apartments. The State Police records show that the bill had been passed on April 4, 1932, and deposited on April 5 by David Marcus, of 215 West Ninety-first Street, New York City.

Mention of the state's claim to have proven that Hauptmann had spent, with the exception of fourteen dollars, all of the $50,000 paid over by Doctor Condon in St. Raymond's Cemetery brings to my mind Hauptmann's insistence, during my lone interview with him at the New Jersey State Prison, that after his conviction he had been almost immediately visited in his cell at the Hunterdon County Jail in Flemington by a State Police officer. The police officer, according to Hauptmann, had told him that his one chance to save his life was to tell where he had hidden the rest of the money—the amount over $30,000 that had not been reported by any of the banks or by the Treasury Department. This gave rise to one of Hauptmann's numerous questions:

" If they proved, like they say they did, dot I haf spent all the fifty thousand dollars, vy should they think I still haf dot money? "

All through the trial, as evidenced by Wilson's statement that the first ransom bill was recovered from a bank " near the Majestic Apartments," the state endeavored, apparently with a great degree of success, to establish that Hauptmann was employed as a weather-stripping carpenter at the Majestic Apartments, but that he had *not worked* on March 1, 1932, when the Lindbergh baby was kidnaped, or on April 2, when the ransom money was paid in St. Raymond's Cemetery. I have always thought that there was something particularly questionable about this. Hauptmann stoutly maintained that he had worked on March 1, and just as stoutly E. V. C. Pescia, head of the employment agency that bears his name, claims that he supplied Hauptmann as a carpenter for the Majestic Apartments and that he *did* work on March 1.

The importance of this point cannot be overlooked. If Hauptmann did work on March 1, the date of the kidnaping, it seems impossible to believe that Hauptmann could have left work at the Majestic Apartments, located at Seventy-second Street, driven in his six-cylinder car to Hopewell, easily two hours distant, perpetrated the kidnaping, which is supposed to have occurred around nine o'clock, and returned to New York for work the next day. This would have been a difficult feat even if Hauptmann, intending to perpetrate the crime, had parked his car, containing the ladders and other implements of crime, in the vicinity of the Majestic Apartments, and even more



" His one chance to save his life was to tell where he had hidden the rest."

so if he had to return to his home at 222d Street in the Bronx to get his car. It is hard to believe that he would have left his car, with the kidnap ladder certainly visible, exposed to public gaze during an entire day.

On October 19, 1934, just a month after Hauptmann's arrest, the New York Times carried an article stating that Joseph M. Furcht, former construction superintendent of the Majestic Apartments, had declared that Hauptmann went to work there as a carpenter on March 1, 1932, and that he worked from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M. that day and on the next day. Furcht, according to the article, had employment records to prove his statement, and he had given an affidavit to this effect to James Fawcett, Hauptmann's attorney at the time. Furcht told reporters this story when, with Mr. Fawcett, he visited the Appellate Division.

Attorney General Wilentz of New Jersey inquired immediately about this disturbing news, and on October 23, 1934, Furcht, in the office of the Bronx District Attorney, made an affidavit in which he admitted that he *did* state that Hauptmann had worked on March 1, and that he *did* give such a statement to Mr. Fawcett, but that now he was "not positive at this time whether or not he worked at the Majestic Apartments on March 1, 1932." In this later affidavit, given to Prosecutor Anthony M. Hauck and Sergeant Detective E. M. Haussling of the New Jersey State Police, Furcht further said: "At this time I wish to state that I do not know whether or not Bruno Richard Hauptmann worked on March 1, 1932, at the Majestic Apartments, as the only information I have is the record of the employment agency."

AMONG the many things to be wondered at, in connection with the defense of Hauptmann, is the reason for not calling as a witness the proprietor of the employment agency, E. V. C. Pescia, who, thoroughly convinced of Hauptmann's innocence, declares that Hauptmann did work on March 1. Pescia, whom I have interviewed upon several occasions, says that on February 26, 1932, according to his records, Joseph M. Furcht gave him an order for eight men—a carpenter-cabinetmaker, a weather-stripping carpenter, four porters, a painter, and an assistant foreman painter—for the Reliance Property Management Company, which had taken over the Majestic Apartments. Hauptmann's name had been furnished by Christian Frederiksen, proprietor of a bakery, to the Pescia Agency.

"At about eight twenty on the morning of February 27," said Pescia, "Hauptmann, the carpenter friend of Mr. Frederiksen, came in. He impressed me as being a very fine clean-cut type of the German mechanic, gentlemanly, neat, with a very snappy appearance. He was soft-spoken; in fact, to get a closer grasp as to answers to my questions, I had to move my chair nearer to him—there was less than three feet between us. I decided to send him to Mr. Furcht for the job as weather-stripping carpenter. . . . I got in touch with Mr. Furcht, and he told me that Hauptmann would start to work March 1 and to bring his tools with him." Pescia says Hauptmann paid him a fee of ten dollars, and is convinced that if he had not appeared for work on March 1 he (Pescia) would have been so advised by Mr. Furcht.

Furcht, in the sworn statement given to Hauck and Haussling in District Attorney Foley's office, says: "The system that we used for keeping a record of the time that the men worked was as follows: There was a bimonthly time book which was kept by me and also by Edward Morton. This book showed the names of the men working, and next to the names the date, and in the evening either Morton or I would mark whether the men worked that day. If I were to refer *to this book as of March 1, 1932, it would be possible for me to determine whether or not the particular workman worked a full day. . . .* I do not know whether or not these records are still available, but they were there when I left in December. 1932."

Yet, at Flemington, only the employment records from March 15 to March 31, and from April 1 to April 15, bearing Hauptmann's name, were produced. The important record, that of March 1 to March 15, *is missing.*

Among the many questions that might be asked concerning the Lindbergh case is one arising out of the rather abrupt withdrawal of the Department of Justice from the case so soon after Hauptmann's arrest. This question is revived in my mind by a copy of a letter, now before me, addressed to an Illinois woman by John Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. In this letter Mr. Hoover states: "For your information, investigation of this case was officially discontinued by the Federal Bureau of Investigation on October 10, 1934."

Surely the F. B. I. did not consider that the crime had been completely solved at that time. Hauptmann had been arrested only three weeks before. Everything—Colonel Lindbergh's statements concerning the stoop-shouldered man with the handkerchief at St. Raymond's Cemetery; the deposit of nearly $3,000 in ransom money made by the unfound and mysterious "J. J. Faulkner"; the fact that two distinct sets of footprints had been found at Hopewell following the crime; Doctor Condon's own statement that voices with an Italian accent were giving "John" directions as he conducted his telephone negotiations—pointed to the implication of more than one person in the kidnap-murder. Why, then, did the federal authorities feel that their work was finished? Surely it was important to get *all* who participated in the crime. Why did the F. B. I. remain in the case just as long as Hauptmann was—as then indicated—to be tried for extortion in the Bronx, and then suddenly withdraw as Hauptmann was taken to New Jersey to be placed on trial for murder? Was there a disagreement of opinion between the F. B. I. and the other police agencies as to Hauptmann's guilt—or as to Hauptmann's *sole* guilt—in the crime?

The trial—and it is hard to keep from reverting to that trial—cost the State of New Jersey over $150,000. Prior to the Hauptmann case, New Jersey's costliest criminal trial had been the one arising out of the Hall-Mills case. The Hall-Mills trial, in Somerville, cost but $50,000, but the investigation of the kidnaping of the Lindbergh baby and the trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann cost the federal and state authorities more than $1,181,000, it was admitted by Assistant Attorney General Joseph A. Lanigan when he went before the Legislative Appropriations Committee in March, 1935, to support a request for an additional $81,000 to defray the expenses of the trial.

IF I am wrong about the Hauptmann case, I have plenty of company—there are many thousands of letters in my files to attest to that fact. And there are many people, too—people of standing—who have not hesitated to publicly state their opinion. The late Clarence Darrow wired me from Chicago on April 1, 1936: "Protest against unfair and extreme sentence based on assortment of doubtful evidence and testimony. Unexceptional disapproval of present attitude of Jafsie, heretofore so eager and free to occupy the limelight but now in this crucial hour prevented by Wilentz from coming forth with any possible further light on the situation. It seems unprofessional to demand immediate death of Hauptmann. In the face of such widespread public disapproval, he should be entitled to retrial. This with sincere desire for fair play, and deepest respect to you."

And General Hugh Johnson wrote on February 26, 1936: "There is something fishy about the whole Hauptmann business. The highly dramatized mob-scene trial was a disgrace to American jurisprudence. The variety of publicity-hungry defense counsel and the political prosecution were not pretty. The ineffable 'Jafsie' and the spectacular Lindbergh flight to refuge in England do not brighten the picture."

THE END

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

By Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ ★ THEY TALKED OF POISON by March Evermay. The Macmillan Company.

The tops in detective fiction. A brilliant plot, brilliantly written, and with quite as brilliant psychology thrown in for good measure.

ILLUSTRATED BY VAN SWEARINGEN

Cross Your Heart

BY OSCAR GRAEVE

Love or common sense? Which is best?—Here's a poignant story of two young moderns' decision

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THEY sat close together in the train coming in from Flushing. Her right hand was held firmly in his left hand and every little while he squeezed her hand comfortingly. Once or twice, but only once or twice, she laid her head against his shoulder and gave just a ghost of a sob. Not really a sob. Just a long-drawn, broken catch of the breath.

There was a last glimpse of blue sky in which a few stars were beginning to glimmer and then the train plunged into the tunnel under the river.

" Oh, Jack, I feel as if I were going into a tunnel, too, and didn't know where I was coming out," she said; but then she smiled a little smile and said, " Silly! That's a silly way to talk, isn't it?"

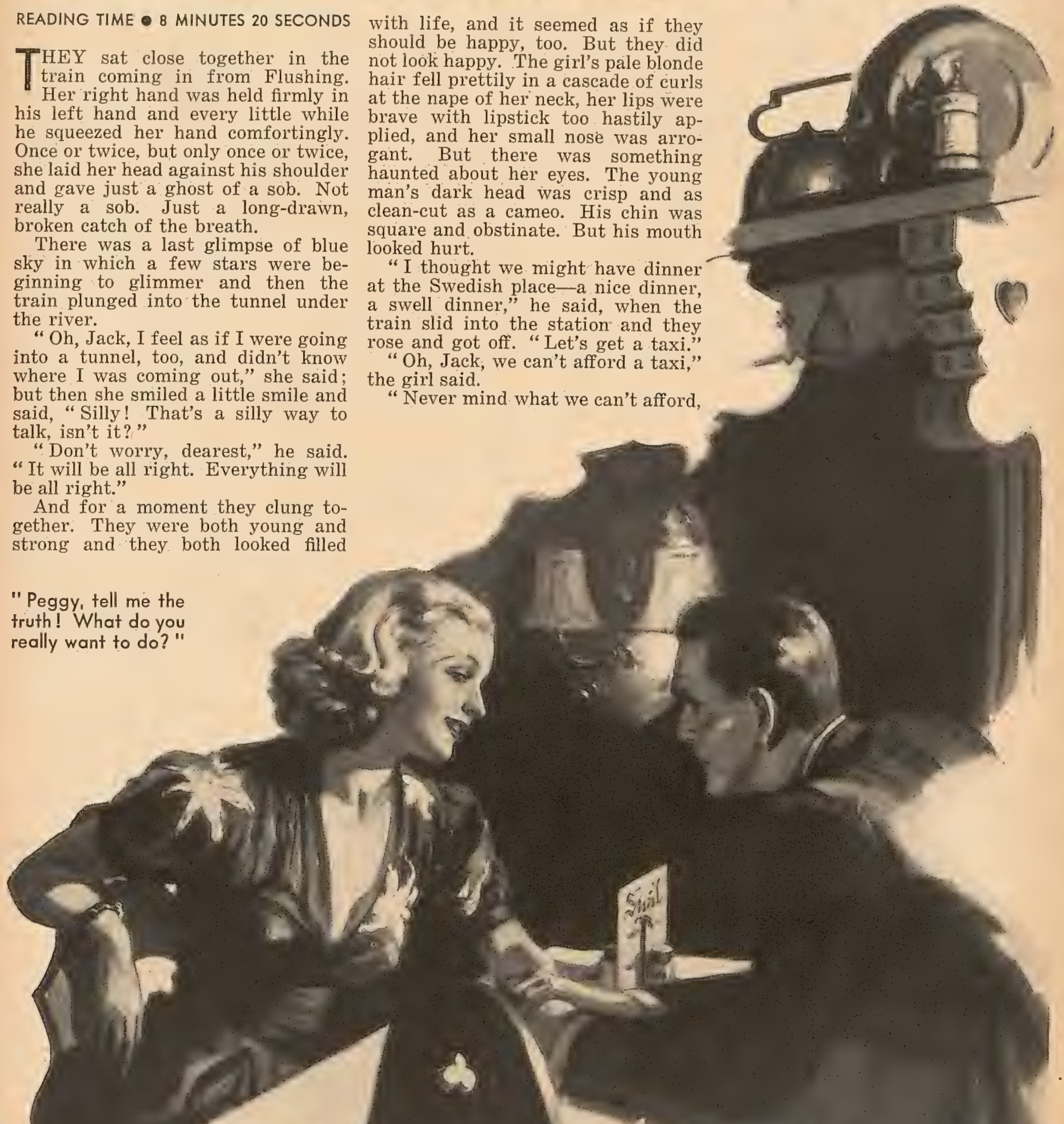
" Don't worry, dearest," he said. " It will be all right. Everything will be all right."

And for a moment they clung together. They were both young and strong and they both looked filled with life, and it seemed as if they should be happy, too. But they did not look happy. The girl's pale blonde hair fell prettily in a cascade of curls at the nape of her neck, her lips were brave with lipstick too hastily applied, and her small nose was arrogant. But there was something haunted about her eyes. The young man's dark head was crisp and as clean-cut as a cameo. His chin was square and obstinate. But his mouth looked hurt.

" I thought we might have dinner at the Swedish place—a nice dinner, a swell dinner," he said, when the train slid into the station and they rose and got off. " Let's get a taxi."

" Oh, Jack, we can't afford a taxi," the girl said.

" Never mind what we can't afford,



" Peggy, tell me the truth! What do you really want to do? "

Peggy," he said sullenly. "We've worried too much about that."

"But not the Swedish place, Jack!" she cried. "I don't think I could stand that. Not quite!"

"Why not?"

"We've had such happy times at the Swedish place. Tonight it would be—it would be different."

"Let's have a good time tonight anyway, Peggy. What do we care?"

"All right," she said, and she lifted her chin defiantly and met the gaze of passers-by defiantly too, as if no longer she feared their secret thoughts and condemnation. "All right," she said. "What do we care?"

THE Swedish place was in a basement. Its slightly moist warmth was pleasant. In the place of honor, in the center of the restaurant, were the large tables laden with smörgåsbord. There were platters heaped high. People circled around the tables, holding small plates before them and, with fork and spoon, selecting this and that, like fastidious hens plucking at kernels of corn.

But first Jack and Peggy went to the bar and had a cocktail.

"Should I take one?" she whispered.

"Of course you should, darling."

"I'll take two, then. I'll take ten. Maybe then I won't care."

"I wouldn't do that, darling," he said gravely.

She drank quickly, her eyes blinking a little. They each had another, and then they joined the crowd circling around the smörgåsbord. The girl's cheeks were flushed now, her voice gay.

"Do you remember the time we came here and I closed my eyes and said, 'My mother told me to take this one,' and then grabbed?"

He laughed. "Yes, and what a mess you got in when your sleeve caught in the mayonnaise."

"And how furious I was! With the disgusting stuff all over the sleeve of that yellow dress. I loved that dress. It was the nicest dress I ever had."

"Much nicer than any dress I've ever been able to buy you," he said.

"Oh, I don't mean that, darling. It was a stupid dress. Cheap. Cheap and flashy. But we did have fun in those days, didn't we? Nothing can take that away from us—the fun we had then."

"Those were the days," he agreed.

"And the night we left here and took a taxi down to the Battery and sat there for hours and hours looking out over the harbor, looking at the stars and the ships and thinking that some day the world would be ours."

"Don't, Peggy," he said.

"Oh, look, Jack!" she said quickly, too quickly, pointing with her fork. "What is that perfectly horrid stuff? Taste it and see what it's like."

"Dearest, you can't go poking your fork into things and tasting them. You've got to take it or leave it."

"Take it or leave it!" she said, her voice a little too high. "That's life, Jack, isn't it? Take it or leave it."

He gazed at her anxiously. "I think we'd better sit down," he said.

They sat down at one of the little tables and began to eat their smörgåsbord, concentrating upon this dab of fish or that dab of salad in an intense manner as if nothing else mattered.

Presently Peggy looked up and said, "It isn't as if we didn't already have Timothy, is it, Jack? And we can at least see that Timothy is brought up right—I mean the right food, education—all that. And his tonsils out soon, as the doctor suggested. Anyway, we can afford that."

His mouth looked sulky and hurt again. "I'm doing my best," he said.

"Oh, Jack, I know it!" she cried. "I'm so proud of you. We've really been awfully—awfully lucky. It isn't everybody who can afford even one child and a nice little home in the country even if—well, damn that mortgage!"

Abruptly he turned to the menu. "What next, Peggy? Veal with cabbage, Swedish style. Do you think we dare tackle that?"

"Together, dearest, we can tackle anything," she said.

"Anything but—but the thing that's most important to us just now," he said.

She placed her hand over his. "Oh, darling!" she said. "I'm always saying things I don't mean to say. I'm going to write a book: Things a Wife Should Not Say. There's a great need for a book like that. It will sell a million copies. We'll be rich."

They didn't talk for a while after that. The waiter brought the veal and cabbage, Swedish style, and they concentrated on that. Again as if nothing else mattered.

Presently the waiter led the way to the table next to theirs with a flourish of his napkin and hearty words of welcome which they took to be in Swedish. A buxom smiling woman took the chair the waiter pulled out for her. A large comfortable blond man sat beside her. A little girl sat at her mother's left. Next to her sat a little boy. They were prim, sturdy-looking children. The little girl had long flaxen pigtails. The little boy's cheeks glowed so ruddily they looked varnished.

Peggy glanced at them. "Aren't they darlings, Jack?" she whispered. "Look! The little boy is helping the little girl fasten her napkin. I suppose that's how they'll go through life, helping each other, loving each other." Peggy lowered her eyes quickly.

"Don't start it all over again, Peggy," Jack said, and he frowned and pushed away his plate with sharp distaste. "This veal may be all right," he said, "but it's a little too Far North in flavor for this Southern aristocrat. At that, I'd prefer blubber, the meat of the whale."

"Reindeer steak, darling," she said—"reindeer steak is what you want when you get back to the igloo after a hard day's harpooning."

But the mood of mockery and nonsense deserted him. He put his head in his hands and groaned. "Oh, Peggy," he said, "if only I didn't feel so inadequate!"

"You inadequate! Don't be absurd, Jack. So far as that goes, if we did do a little extra scrimping here and there—"

"We've talked it all over, dear. Over and over again."

"And we've decided that this is the best way, the wisest, the most practical. And it's what you wanted, Jack."

"Me! It's you I'm thinking of, Peggy. It's always been you I've been thinking of."

"It is wisest," she repeated firmly; but then her lips trembled and she could not stifle a sob. "But it's because of you, Jack. I don't want to put an extra burden on you. You've worked so hard. You have enough now—me, Timothy—how can a man get anywhere carrying such a load—such a useless, expensive load?"

"I won't let you say that, Peggy. Useless! Expensive! When you're everything I love, everything worth working for, everything that makes life worth the living—"

FOR one thing," Peggy said, a little irrelevantly—and her eyes again were on the two solemn children who were gravely watching each other at their meal—"for one thing, I've always thought it would be so nice for Timothy to have a little brother or sister, some one to play with, some one to grow up with—"

Jack's eyes were on the children too, and his eyes were soft but also they were a little desperate. When he turned back to Peggy, his face was white and his voice was tense. "Peggy, tell me the truth!" he said. "Cross your heart, as we used to say when we were kids, cross your heart and tell me the truth. What do you really want to do?"

They gazed into each other's eyes for a long minute. Then Peggy spoke with happy, flushed decision:

"What time am I supposed to be there?"

"Ten o'clock."

"Well, telephone him, Jack. Tell him I'm not coming. Tell him I've changed my mind."

"But, Peggy—"

"Yes, Jack. Telephone! Right now. Then let's go home. We know now what we want most."

Jack rose while Peggy remained at the table. Her eyes were on the two children. Suddenly, and very shyly, they smiled at her. And Peggy smiled at them.

THE END

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RENDEZVOUS AT ARMS

Men at bay, a glamorous lady, a cargo of death! . . The story of a sinister voyage plunges into new excitements

BY CHARLES FRANCIS COE

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

THREE men are skulking around a New York wharf at midnight, one on it, two in a dory, hugging the piles. When a fourth man looms up, he is knocked senseless, and in that condition he is rowed out to an anchored tramp steamer by his captors—Hestin, Mineg, and Gon—who are in the employ of Cardono, a swarthy Latin gunrunner.

Upon reaching the ship, Gon, who is an imbecilic giant, is ordered to take their victim below and chain him. If need be, Biston, another of the gang, can render first aid, but the unconscious man is to have no special care. He is their worst enemy, says Cardono; none other than the terrible Terrence O'Houle, secret agent of the United States government. With him safely stowed, the old hooker puts out to sea loaded with ammunition for warring Spain.

Next morning the captive is haled before Cardono, who proceeds to taunt him, slap his face, spit at him. This treatment not only enrages but amazes the chained man. For he is not O'Houle but Allison Timms, a wealthy Long Islander, who has been mistakenly shanghaied! At first, Cardono ridicules the story. Then the prisoner produces unquestionable credentials and proof of his identity. Convinced, Cardono has Hestin, guilty of the error, beaten by big Gon.

The infuriated boss, together with Biston, placate Timms, and persuade him to pledge secrecy should the tramp be overtaken by pursuers. Surprisingly, Cardono introduces the kidnaped millionaire to a beautiful girl aboard—Señorita Espan. And on retiring that night, Timms finds a stowaway in his berth who confides that he is the real Terrence O'Houle.

O'Houle advises Timms to make love to the señorita. And asks his help in rounding up the gang. Timms is in a bad spot. To cap it all, a hurricane threatens, and the captain of the ship prepares for the blow and possible mutiny!

PART FOUR—THE HURRICANE

A SUDDEN thought struck Timms. He said, "Captain, I happen to own a seagoing yacht . . ."

"I've saw her. I wish we had her now! She'd ride anythin', an' I ain't so sure about this bucket."

"I was going to say," Timms went on, "that the moment we start an engine, the captain of my yacht is the final authority. I expect him to consult my wishes so long as that is a reasonable procedure, and I expect that my orders will be carried out to the best of his ability. But the sea is his domain and his judgment must prevail above that of all others aboard when we are under way. . . ."

"Sure."

"That is what should be done here. You are the navigator and the seaman. Yours is the final authority by every dictate of reason and tradition. I shall stand with you on that basis just as long as I can stand."

"Good. I'll count on it. I've never quite got the straight of you, anyhow. Tell me, are you fighting Cardono?"

"No."

"I see. I'm sort of keepin' out of that end of this mess."

"You may not be able to in the long run."

"Then I'll get in, that's all there's to that."

"When you do, I'll be with you," Timms declared.

"That'll be good."

"By the way, this pistol you have. Is it your own?"

"My own, yes."

"Examine it."

"Why? It's been in my cabin the whole voyage."

"Examine it."

The captain removed the weapon, a blunt-nosed affair not to the liking of Timms, and broke the cylinder from the frame. He uttered a profane ejaculation. Timms grinned.

"Not a shell in it," the officer snapped. "What a jackass I was not to look! Who has been messin' with my gear? How'd you know? . . . That Cardono . . ."

"Just anchor here a minute," Timms counseled gently. "I had only a suspicion . . ."

"Did you do this yourself?"

"I did not. But if it will help you any, I'll admit that I've done it to every gun in the cabin of your mysterious charter boss."

"Cardono?"

"Right."

"Then he must have discovered that, reloaded his, an' blamed me. So he got even."

"I doubt it. I've kept an eye on his guns there in the cabin, and they appear not to have been disturbed since I manipulated them."

"Why not take them away from him altogether?"

"How many more are aboard? Who has he in the crew that is sworn to stay by him? Why precipitate a fight?"

"I guess that's horse sense. But who doctored my gun?"

"I've nothing more than a notion, captain. And I'm not in a position to talk about that."

"This is the sneakiest voyage I've ever heard tell of! There's no tellin' what's up from one minute to another."

"I talk frankly with you because I think this storm will bring a showdown of one sort or another. It will drive these factions into the open."

"Mr. Timms, you've been to sea enough to keep your head in a pinch. Our course has taken us directly into the waters where most hurricanes breed. I've a lot of respect for these blows, an' not too much for this old bubble buster. I ain't feared we won't come through, understand. But I am feared we'll have to run with the storm. I don't mind that, 'cause we've got any quantity of water under us for a thousand miles in any direction. But we'll never make the rendezvous in the time specified."

"Would you care to tell me, captain, the hour of the rendezvous?"

"I can't, exactly. I only know I was to take an' hold this course until noon tomorrow."

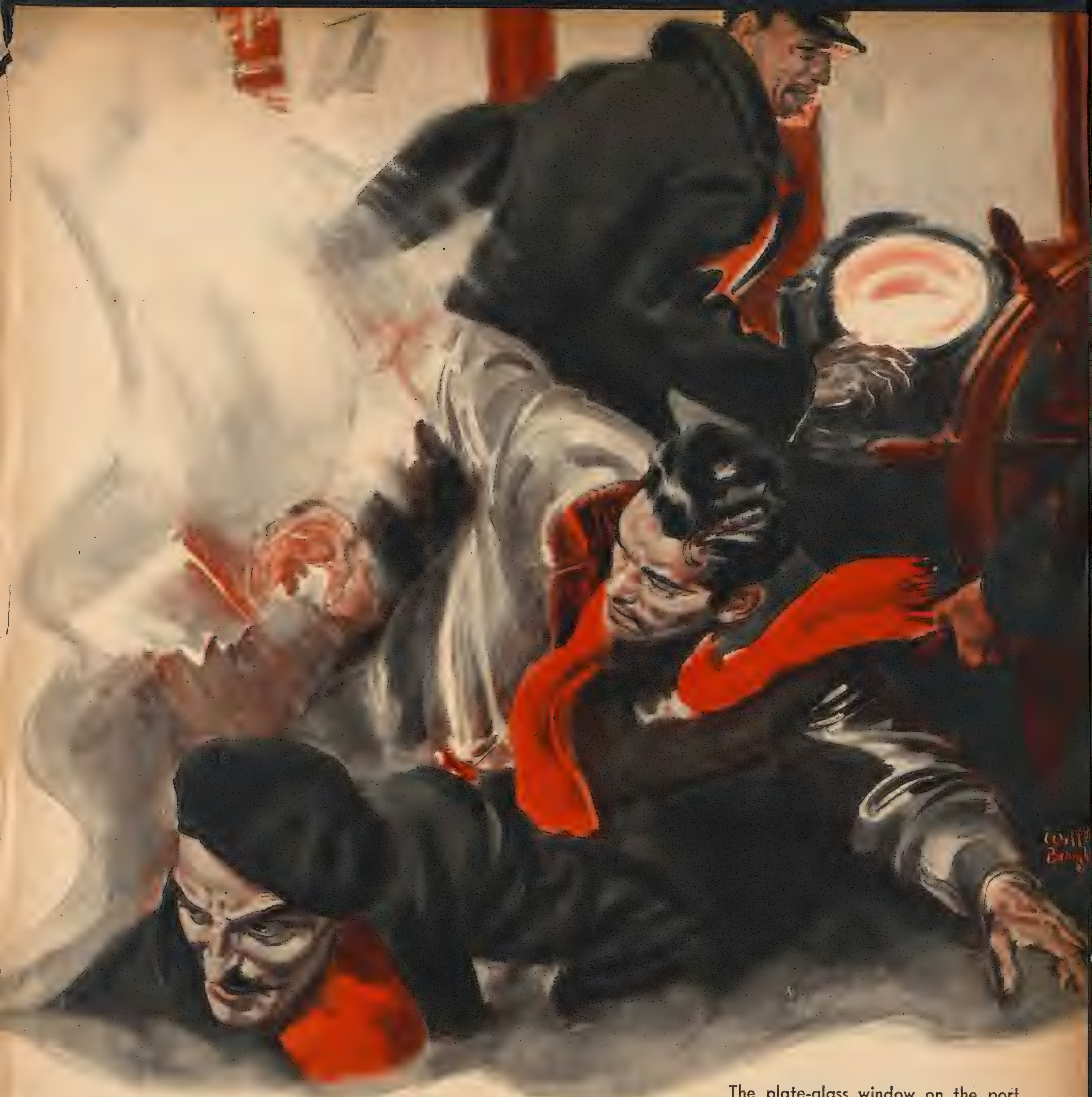
"How soon should this storm break, do you think?"

The captain sniffed the air, looked at the waters and the starry night. He pointed out over the sea, and in the ribbon of silver from the moon indicated tiny disturbances that seemed to chase themselves over the surface and die a-borning.

"See them? Well, they're the sparks that fly from the emery wheel, an' the emery wheel is the storm. We ain't gettin' any air disturbances yet. This stuff is boilin' up from a ragin' sea not far away. Mebbe in the late midwatch we'll begin to get wind."

When Timms reached his room Terrence O'Houle was there. For once, he seemed crestfallen.

"We're goin' to have weather," he said lugubriously.



ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER M. BAUMHOFER

The plate-glass window on the port flying bridge smashed to fragments. Every one there felt the rush of wind and sought places of shelter.

"Plenty of weather, O'Houle. Are you frightened?"

"Yes."

"You're a bad sailor?"

"No."

"Then what frightens you?"

"I ain't frightened. I'm scared."

"Put it your own way, if there's a point involved. But what scares you?"

"I'm scared this storm will blow us away from that rendezvous. If it does, I've been a double-edged jackass and you've had your hair combed for nothing. . . . By the way," suddenly, "how're you comin' along with the glamorous señorita?"

"I'm getting nowhere with record speed. She's no flirt, that little lady. She may be all you've indicated in the way of an adventuress, but I think you know more about men than you do about women."

"Everybody does."

"Well, you know what I mean."

"Timms," O'Houle said sharply, "during the storm, watch that girl. Keep at her elbow. See that nothin' happens to her. Savvy? Lose her, an' we've lost the biggest thing in this little excursion. Without her, we might as well consider the case closed."

"I'll watch her."

"That'll be fine. Now I've got to move. If this leaky old tureen gets into trouble. every one aboard will want to move right into my apart-

(Continued on page 21)

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The moment saliva touches it, Luster-Foam generates tiny aromatic bubbles of detergent energy (20,000 to the square inch), which instantly surround and whisk away surface deposits that dull the teeth. Then, Luster-Foam's energy breaks up decay-fostering deposits in the saliva before they have a chance to glue themselves to the teeth.

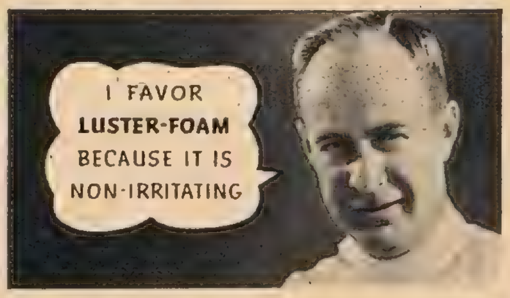
Areas Seldom Reached Before

Next, Luster-Foam Detergent surges into and cleanses as never before, remote spots which ordinary pastes and powders, *even water*, may never reach . . . the 60 "blind spots" between the teeth and at the gum line where germs breed and decay acids form . . . the countless tiny cracks and fissures on teeth surfaces which catch and hold food, mucin, and discolorations.

Lay aside your present tooth paste and try this extra-safe, master-cleansing, luster-giving dentifrice that brings new dental health and beauty. And *now* is the time to try it while the Big 1-cent sale is on at all drug counters.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

Women's Consumer Jury Votes for Luster-Foam


I FAVOR LUSTER-FOAM BECAUSE IT IS NON-IRRITATING

Stripped of all identifying marks, the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste and 4 other brands were distributed to a large Women's Consumer Jury, to be judged on merit alone. Against one leading brand, the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste was a 2 to 1 choice, and against the next two, a decided favorite and had a very slight edge over the fourth. The verdict of the men's consumer jury was essentially the same with the exception that the fourth paste reversed the women's results slightly. The comments to the left and below are typical.

LUSTER-FOAM GIVES TEETH THE MOST MARVELOUS LUSTER AND SPARKLE.

THE NEW LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE WITH LUSTER-FOAM IS THE MOST REFRESHING I EVER USED.

(Continued from page 19) ment. Unless she founders, though, I'll keep hid away."

"I don't envy you, O'Houle."

"I don't envy you, either. That makes it nice."

TIMMS walked slowly toward the eyes of the lumbering ship. There was tensity in the very air about him. It was as though the ship felt in its being that which it soon must face and was breathing deep against the struggle ahead. In the semilight of the forecastle he found Gon. The man was bareheaded but had donned a knit sweater and, sailor fashion, rolled his trouser legs upward to the knees so that his wide bare feet glistened. Timms heard his throaty voice before he saw the man. Gon was standing in the eyes, one vast hand clutching the bulwark, the other clenched into a fist and raised against the sea ahead.

"Me," he was saying in his guttural tones—"me, Gon. I am strong as the wind. I am powerful, like the sea. Blow! Blow hard as you like. Gon will laugh at you. Gon will blow back at you."

"You've been through hurricanes before?" asked Timms.

"To Gon, they are like picnics. Other men are washed from the ship when the seas break. Gon never is washed anywhere. Gon is stronger than the sea."

"You are a great man in such a crisis."

"I am a great man all the time. But I have no sense."

"So it is with most of our great men."

"So it is with Gon. You watch."

He turned again, flung another mad challenge into the night, shook his fist at imagined entities unseen but lurking in warlike attention ahead. Timms shrugged helplessly and turned away. Past the hatch booms loomed the captain's quarters and those of Cardono and the señorita and Biston. Above these was the limited lower bridge, and above that the navigating bridge. Through the glass of this Timms could see the captain, his head bathed in the weird light of the binnacle lamp; over his right shoulder the face, wraithlike, of the wheelman.

Otherwise the ship seemed deserted. Now and then a person appeared, usually one of the crew bent upon a particular mission. But mostly the decks were deserted, for the crew had holed against the storm. Timms was realizing now the laxity of the relationship between the passengers on this strange craft and the members of its crew.

So it had been possible for men to be aboard the entire cruise and be unknown to Timms and to Cardono and the others whose living quarters were secluded and who did their exercising along the port quarter, where the crew was excluded. In this manner, Timms decided, and for this reason, O'Houle had found it possible to maintain secrecy regarding his presence aboard. He had even been able to talk with members of the crew without rousing suspicion, for each of the men had made his own deal when signing on, and none of them had cruised together before. They were, Timms felt convinced, the scum of the wharves.

He walked aft. The room of the señorita was dark. She had retired for the night, and Timms did not know whether or not she was aware of what lay ahead. There was a light in the room of Cardono and also of Biston. The underbridge also was illumined by a single standing light near the iron ladder by which it was gained. He walked on, laid hand upon the chain grabrail and mounted the ladder. On the underbridge he found Cardono and Biston in earnest conversation. When they saw him they ceased talking and changed their attitudes. He nodded greeting, crossed the bridge, and mounted the ladder to the flying bridge. There he joined the captain and found the officer reconciled to what the glass showed.

"Soon," he told Timms curtly. "It will break soon. The glass reads 28.80 an' is fallin'. The instruments here ain't too accurate. I can't tell much without Fahrenheit. There's no thermometer on the bridge."

He spoke tersely, as does a man under strain. There was complaint in his voice against the equipment and lack of it. He stepped across the bridge and regarded the starboard running light, the green rays illumining

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his set features in eerie light. Timms followed him.

Then the captain said abruptly, "I guess I'll never know who unloaded my gun. But it's loaded now, an' I've a belt of cartridges too."

"I hope there'll be no need of them."

"Me too . . . but they're here, an' ready."

"I have a notion who did that trick."

"Cardono—Biston?"

"No. Another man aboard. One you haven't noticed."

"Sort of a spy for these greasers?"

"No. I can't tell you much, captain. But I want you to know about it, because if you think Cardono or Biston did the trick, you might shoot them down in the belief that they thought your gun empty and were defying you on that account."

"I'm never hasty with a gun."

"Well, this is a bad situation. You know, of course, that these three, for I include the señorita, are playing for big stakes in contraband war materials . . ."

"I don't know nothin'," the officer snapped frostily, "except I sailed under sealed orders an' am standin' for a rendezvous at sea."

"Very well. But I thought you might like to measure the desperation of these men should their plans go wrong."

"Until this blow is over, no plans aboard count but mine. I'll see to that, gun or no gun."

"What," Timms asked suddenly, "do you think of the Señorita Espan? She seems to me a very smart person."

"I judged that from the time you've been wanderin' the deck with her."

"I had nothing else to do."

"If she hasn't, why is she aboard?"

"That I don't know. I've not made it my affair to inquire too closely into her business here."

"Neither have I. But I was raised to think that women had a place in the world, an' it wasn't aboard a ship like this with a lot of furrin schemers. The señorita'll follow orders the same as the others, or I'll slap her in irons in her own cabin."

AS he made this edict the captain lifted his cap to scratch his pate and Timms noticed that his hair blew in the wind. He noticed also that the wind was suddenly warmer, as though he had walked through a gust from a bakery or a foundry.

"The wind is rising now," he said thoughtfully.

"I'll give it another hour, mebbe."

The captain turned and strode to the binnacle. He regarded the compass, spoke briefly to the man at the wheel. Far ahead, out in the forecastle dimness, Timms caught fleeting sight of Gon, and the giant was threatening the elements with his great fist. He was, Timms felt, impatient for the storm to break. Off to either side of the bow, the spread waters were foaming at the crest and unexpected darting breezes were creating spume and tossing it wantonly into the air.

Cardono and Biston appeared suddenly and joined them. Biston said, "We have been conferring, captain. We are anxious to talk with you."

"Here I am, sir."

"We are not versed in navigation, and we do not feel able to measure what is ahead."

"It's a hurricane," tersely.

BISTON nodded. "To us," he said, "that means merely a strong wind, a gale. Are we to understand that there is danger to the ship?"

"A hurricane, mister, is a queer thing. They come over a big area, or a small one. The smaller they are the worse they get, 'cause they concentrate. They blow in circles. If I had the instruments, or weather reports over the wireless, I could tell which way she's comin' an' what to expect. As it is, all I can do is wait, an' take it as it comes."

"We are to understand that you are uncertain of the ship's safety?"

"It ain't my business to scare anybody, mister. I'll handle the ship all right, provided I ain't interfered with. But I got to make you realize what's goin' on. I guess you will, though, when this thing hits us."

"Perhaps so. But we want you to understand that certain peculiar elements enter into this situation . . ."

"I'm sure of that now."

"They involve not alone huge sums of money but the very lifeblood of thousands of people."

The captain did not answer for a moment; then he said in a voice that indicated more than his words, "The first an' only duty of a ship's captain is to his ship. I'll look after mine."

"That is good. That is what we want. We are not far from the rendezvous now, as I understand it?"

"Fourteen hours, mebbe, with an hour either way."

"You will cut speed in this storm?"

"If it hits us right, yes."

"Materially?"

"I'll roll 'em over just enough to keep her nose into the wind."

"How long will such a storm be apt to last?"

"No tellin'. If we get into the edge of it, a few hours. North of the equator, these hurricane blows run clockwise. We'll likely pick up the first wind from the sou'east. She'll blow anywhere from four to ten hours. Then we'll get a calm. Then the same thing from the nor'west. That's if we can't stay with the fringe of it an' run clear."

"Anything which takes us from the rendezvous is hazardous to the plans of years and to the hopes of thousands of people."

"I'm aware of that, mister."

"I'm sure we can trust to your judgment."

"In this case, it's the best aboard."

"And to your consideration of our position. You are quite frank about your duty to the ship. I'll be quite frank about mine to the rendezvous.

I think I should rather die than miss, captain."

"Yeah."

Biston lighted one of his black cigarettes and the pungent smoke drifted across the bridge, out of the lee of the windows, where it was lashed to oblivion by a puff of wind. He thought for a moment. Then, "Is this apt to be a terrifying experience?"

The captain smiled crookedly. "All of that," he snapped.

"We have a lady aboard," Biston reminded.

"She should stay in her room. We'll ship plenty water. The decks may be awash. It's no place for a woman. Have her stay in her room."

"Do you think it would be wise to warn her what's ahead, to prepare her for it?"

"I think it's best to enter a channel when you get to it."

Biston puffed again. "If she was warned," he said slowly, "it might make it lots easier later."

"That's for you to say."

"The lady is—er—well, of great importance to our mission. She has all of the book knowledge. Inventories, prices, agreed costs."

"She'll be safest in her room."

"But alone?"

"Stay there with her. Keep her company. I can't offer nothin' better in the line of advice than I have, where the lady is concerned!"

IT is a delicate subject," Biston said gently: "but the lady in question means much to us. You see, in addition to her knowledge of our plans and the expert part she has played, and will play, in them, I have plans beyond . . . that is to say . . . Please do not misunderstand, gentlemen. The señorita remains in complete ignorance of this phase . . . but I hope to make her my wife."

"I reckon," the captain said flatly, "my advice on that wouldn't be any good either."

"I was seeking no advice. I merely wanted to impress upon you the importance I attach to the comfort and safety of the lady. I thought you might understand more clearly, for delay means as much to her as to us."

"It's a nice thing," the captain said. "She's a pretty lady. But such things don't run ships through hurricanes."

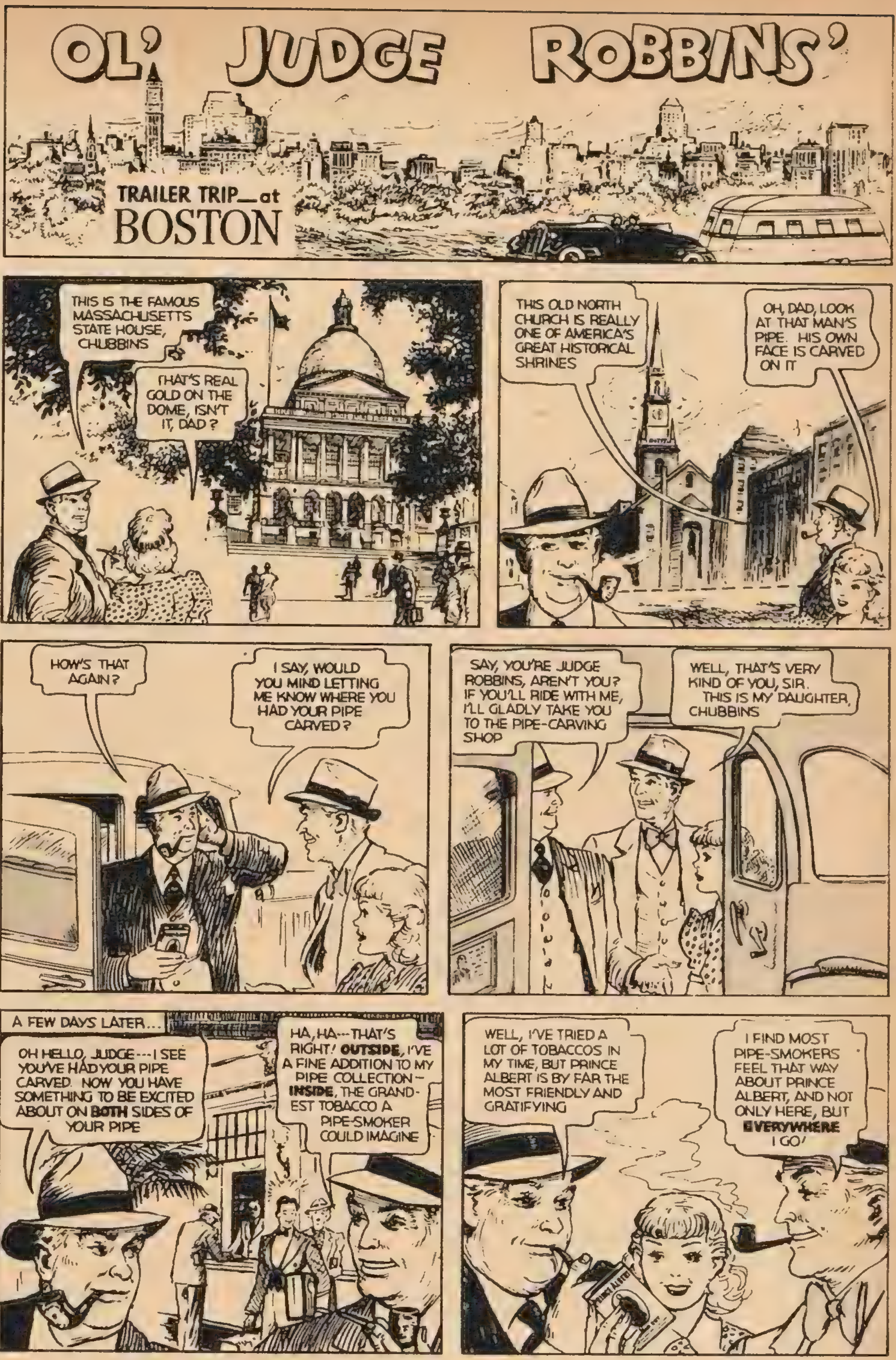
"I leave the matter with you. I'm sure it will temper your judgments."

There was no response. Biston turned to Timms.

"This will certainly have been an eventful voyage for you. We regret all that has come to pass from an unfortunate error."

Timms suddenly hated this smooth and oily individual. The mere thought of Señorita Espan in wedlock with him was repugnant to the point of anger. No matter what she might be herself, Timms was certain that this man Biston, with his unruffled manner and insistent diplomacy, was far beneath her.

"I think," he said stiffly, "that the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THE STORY OF SMOKING JOY

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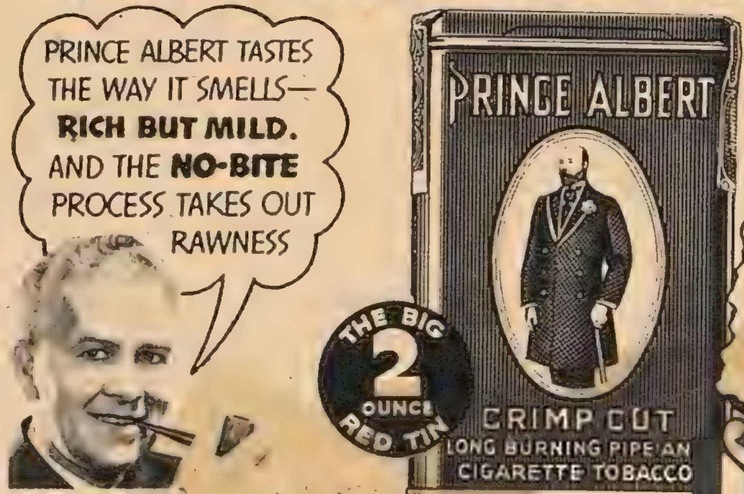
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señorita has little time to give to thoughts of romance. She appears to give her every moment to what she calls the cause."

"How nice that you have observed that and deduced so cleverly the truth. Myself, I have been aware of it for months. That is why, until our objective is attained, I have not pressed my suit upon her. I have not sought her company on the deck. I have waited until our work, hers and mine and that of Señor Cardono and a thousand patriots beside, shall have been accomplished."

Timms realized now that Biston was serving notice against him. He was warning, in this ridiculous manner, Timms himself against courting the lady as O'Houle had secretly suggested. In staking his own claim, he was also dropping a hint that the movements of Timms aboard were being checked to a degree, and that any liaison between him and the señorita would instantly be resented and was already anticipated.

"I've had nothing to do aboard but observe," he said quietly. "And I may add, I hope inoffensively, that I have observed in you before the excellent judgment which inspires you to seek the señorita. I have not, however, found her to be romantically inclined."

"A pretty speech, friend Timms. I thank you. I am sure we understand each other. Let us by all means meet the emergency ahead as one man, under the experienced leadership of our captain."

He turned away. Cardono, gloomy and angry though silent, caught his elbow. They walked together across the bridge and stood thoughtfully, not speaking. The captain glanced at Timms suggestively, shrugged. He looked again at the glass.

"Twenty-eight point seventy," he announced lugubriously. "Ten in half an hour. The glass is jigglin' like the speedometer on a ten-year-old car. It jiggles, then it drops. Always it drops."

He paced the deck. Timms smoked a cigarette, finally went below to his room. O'Houle was nowhere to be seen. After a time Timms left the room again, sniffed the air outside. There was no particular wind, but there was noise in the air. This noise was not the singing in the rigging that a semitropical night so often produces. It was not just the whine of a steady breeze, nor the wash of a turbulent sea. It was a roar; a distant roar. He went again to the flying bridge.

"Hear it?" The captain spoke steadily to him, put the question flatly.

"Yes. I hear the roaring. What is it?"

"Wind. That's your hurricane. The glass reads a level twenty-eight an' that's the lowest I've ever seen it in these southern waters. Hell's loose ahead, Mister Timms, an' ten minutes ought to carry us to its doorstep."

BEFORE the ship felt the first lashings of the wind, the noise had reached crescendo. The men on the bridge were shouting the briefest words into each other's ears. The second and third officers had been placed below decks to keep the crew in readiness. The captain's orders seemed lost unless he stood exactly at the ear of the man at the wheel. When he attempted to use the speaking tube leading to the engine room, he cupped his hands about the mouthpiece and bellowed his words. This period lasted some five or ten minutes. Then the wind struck, and the sea rose as if by magic.

The sky had cleared of the milky haze and the night was bright and clear. There was no cloud, there was no rain; just the appalling roar of the wind and the leaping seas under its torment. The high bow of the tramp rose as though it had struck a reef. The wind, from the southeast as the captain had predicted, caught under the bow and the ship half spun toward the west. It reeled under this impact, sheets of white spray reared high into the air, lashed back over the bow and the forecastle and filled the waterways.

Timms braced himself on the bridge, gasped at the ferocity of the wind. He looked, queerly enough, again for Gon, and saw the man, his figure standing clear in the moonlight, his hair matted with spray, his fist still hurling its imbecilic challenge and his mouth wide in a laugh of defiance. The throbbing of the engines had either ceased or was drowned in the howl of the wind. The ship was wallowing. The wheelman had the helm hard over, squaring it with the direction of the wind. Seas, mountainous seas, ridged ahead and on either hand. The tramp would rise to the crest of one of these, slip careeningly over, slide deep into the yawning trough beyond.

When it struck the depth of the trough, the next sea was already surrounding its grimy bow. Then the hull would creak and twist under the stresses of a stern still rising to one sea and a bow struggling madly to lift itself on to another. Decks heaved, and this was noticeable. Several times green water swept over the high bow, roared and splashed across the forecastle, spewed in cascades of white rage over bulwarks, about deck gear, through choked waterways. As the ship rose under the weight of tons of foaming sea on her decks, she would shudder, wallow, struggle as might a fly on mucilaged paper. Her sides were like the brink of Niagara and spewed roaring torrents back into the sea.

TIMMS decided during the first quarter hour of this that it was but a question of time before the old hull must shatter under this battering. He could imagine the plates buckling, the sea grinding its way into the double bottoms, the ancient pumps failing the test, and the career of the tramp finding termination in the element it so long had conquered.

He studied the captain and found about him a strange calm. He became assured that this man knew what the hazards were, what was to be done to meet them, the percentages to be played and the time and manner of their best use. The face of the officer was set, but in the features there was nothing of fear or of uncertainty. At his one elbow was the boatswain. At the other end of his speaking tube was the engineer. He gave his few orders with shouting effectiveness and saw that each was carried out. As they fought the power of the storm, he grew shortly to wave his orders to the wheelman and when, once, these orders were not instantly effectuated, he waved the man away and placed the boatswain himself at the spoke handles. With one flick of his hand the captain ordered the wheelman below, and Timms saw him go, bent double against the wind, fighting for each step of progress.

Timms knew that the engineer's force were making constant inspections of the compartments below. He knew that grimy men, crawling along on their bellies and dashing the sweat from their eyes, were beating their way into every corner of the aged hull, their very fingertips feeling for the first sign of spread plates, the first seep of sea water that would sound the warning of doom a-borning.

Cardono remained on the bridge and fear was in his eyes. Biston was there also, and if he was afraid he covered the fact cleverly. In truth, he seemed not to mind the condition any more than the captain. He was ever at hand, yet never in the way. Some hours after the storm broke, the plate-glass window on the port flying bridge carried inward. It burst with a grinding crash from its steel frame, smashed to fragments on the deck of the bridge. Every one there felt the rush of wind and sought places of shelter.

Biston, alone, walked to the glass, braced himself against the wind, and with one foot pushed the larger fragments into the trough where they would not be underfoot.

The captain noted this, nodded appreciation.

Shortly after that, Timms suddenly espied Señorita Espan fighting her way up the narrow ladder from the bridge. He struggled to her aid, caught her hand in his and pulled her into the semishelter of the flying bridge. She was wrapped in a long coat which covered her from ankles to chin. Her hair was blown into complete disarray, her face was streaked with spray which had also soaked her garments. She was struggling to speak.

Can it be that Timms has fallen in love with the alluring señorita? What will be the result of their common danger? And will the hurricane force O'Houle into the open? Is mutiny ahead? The thrilling scene in next week's Liberty is one you will never forget.

Proud papa Max Baer, Maximilian Adelbert, Jr., and Mrs. Baer

Is a Little Child Bringing Back Max Baer?

BY JACK DEMPSEY

Daringly, one ex-champion steps out with a thought-provoking prophecy for another: What a baby may do to prize-ring history

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

HE sat on a stool in his corner shaking his head. I was working over him. For three rounds Joe Louis' fists had been drumming a tattoo on his face. I knew Max Baer punched hard enough to knock out Louis if he could connect. So when he grinned at me and asked, "How am I doing?" I told him frankly and brutally:

"You're doing lousy. Why don't you *fight?* You're in there letting him take the play away from you, and you're not doing anything about it. For the love of Mike, *hit* him! Go out there and sock! Sock and keep on socking till something drops!"

The bell interrupted. Baer went out—and he went OUT!

I say *went* out, because that's just what he did. The guy had no incentive, and even in later fights his lackadaisical clowning lost him fights against physical inferiors. But lately, since Max has become a proud daddy . . .

I am making no alibi for him when I say that he fought Jim Braddock and Joe Louis with bad hands. Nor when I say that he was in poor condition for these fights. And in *terrible* condition for *many* fights.

After he floored Tommy Farr three times in their recent fifteen-round battle, he accomplished a feat that Joe Louis did not equal. It brought Baer another opportunity to win the heavyweight title, for he is to meet the winner of the Louis-Schmeling fight.

So two questions have arisen: 1. What are Baer's chances of regaining the heavyweight title? 2. Will the fact that his attractive wife, Mary Ellen Sullivan, recently presented him with a baby boy have any bearing on his attempt to win back the crown?

Let's take the second question first, because the outcome of the first question may depend upon it. I believe that the coming of Maximilian Adelbert Baer, Jr., will have a beneficial effect upon his fighting from now on. Before the Farr fight Baer said to me, "Jack, I'm through with night clubs. If I don't do my best to win every fight from now on, I am cheating my little boy. I can't do that."

I believe that his good condition and fighting in the Farr battle proves he meant what he said. "I'm determined this time, Jack," he told me. If he fights Schmeling for the title, my prediction is that Baer will be heavyweight champion again. Baer has the style to beat Schmeling, believes he can knock him out again, and probably would. At least, I believe he'd give him a bad licking.

The reason for this is that Baer always could take Schmeling's right-hand punch, while Schmeling can't take Baer's punches. And, regardless of Baer's knockout at the hands of Joe Louis, Baer has one of the strongest chins in the ring today.

In the last Baer-Schmeling fight which I promoted at the Yankee Stadium, Baer stopped Schmeling in the tenth round. Ringsiders and boxing critics will tell you that Schmeling hit Baer squarely on the chin many times with the right hand that knocked out Joe Louis. Baer simply blinked when Schmeling connected.

Does this mean that I think Louis hits harder than Schmeling? No. Louis usually hits you with two, and, more often, a flurry of three or four hard punches at

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once. He hits you hard with both hands. Schmeling hits you hard with his right hand only. Because of this he is cautious. He hits you once with it, then waits for a safe spot before he throws another at you. Baer punches in flurries with both hands, like Louis. But not as short as Louis.

As to Baer having the style to beat Schmeling: After Baer throws a flurry of three or four punches at you, if he doesn't connect solidly he steps back and makes you come to him until he is ready to start a punching bee again.

Schmeling is effective only when he can make the other fellow lead to him so that he can counter with his good right hand.

So I repeat that because the Baer chin is stronger than the Schmeling chin, plus Baer's style and punch, I predict that Baer will regain the heavyweight title if Schmeling is the man he fights for it. But, understand me, I make this prediction *now,* because I'm convinced Baer is sincere through the arrival of his baby.

Now, if Baer fights Louis for the title, the advantage because of their last fight lies with Louis. Tommy Farr fought both of them—Baer twice—sampled the punches of each, and says that, punch for punch, Baer hits the harder blow. Tommy should know. But if Baer and Louis slugged it out, Joe's shorter blows would reach Baer's chin more often than Max's sweeping punches reached Louis' chin; and Baer *might* be knocked out.

Unless Baer, fired by the desire to win for his baby's sake, kept getting up off the canvas, telling himself that his punches were hurting, if not yet flooring, Joe; telling himself that though he was getting the worst of it at the moment, *he* had the stronger chin and punched the harder; and that because of this he had a fair chance to come from behind, unless he was knocked senseless. Then Baer might knock out Louis, especially if he gambled on slugging.

A Baer determined to win and a Baer who merely wants to win are two different fighters.

Baer told me after the Farr fight that if he fought Louis again, he'd either slug it out with him or fight him like Schmeling did. He said that both of his eyes would have to be closed and he'd have to be knocked senseless before he would surrender this time. I believe him because he was showing me his baby's picture at the time.

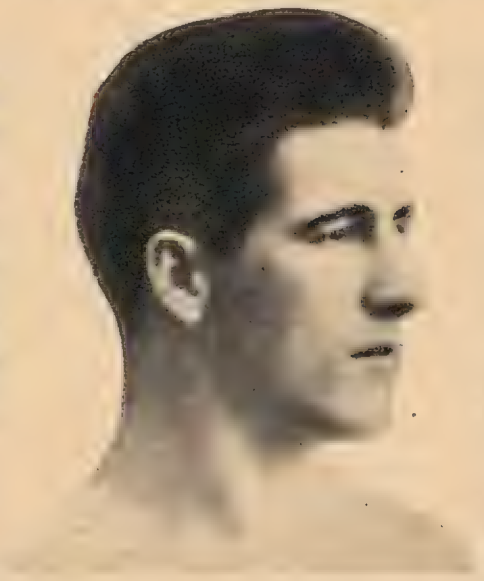
If Baer should fight Louis as Schmeling did, he would have a *very good* chance of knocking him out. And he knows exactly how Schmeling fought Louis, because he showed me.

A sweeping right would find Louis' head easier than Schmeling's straight right. In other words, a straight right that might fall short by an inch would have landed if it had been thrown in sweeping fashion.

Finally: Baer knows how to beat Louis and *could.* If he fights him with no plan of attack, as he did in their last battle, Louis will win. And off that last fight Louis has the edge in their next one. But Joe said in a recent article in Liberty that a married man makes the best fighter. Who knows? Maybe a married man with a nice new baby makes a better one. Consider Baer's last words to me: "Jack, there ain't a man living can lick *two* Max Baers—Junior and me!"

THE END

☆ TWENTY QUESTIONS ☆



1—This week's early photo is neither of James J. Braddock nor of James J. Jeffries; but he too was a gentleman. Who?

2—Which of the world's inland seaports is the largest?

3—The students of what school cornered Troy's pennies last April?

4—Is the B. & O., the B. & A., or the Erie the oldest railroad in the United States?

5—What city in California is jocularly known as Little Iowa?

6—Did Al Smith, James J. Walker, or James W. Blake write the words of the song, The Sidewalks of New York?

7—Where was Achilles pierced fatally by an arrow?

8—Who wrote The Cloister and the Hearth?

9—The disease angina pectoris affects what?

10—If life begins at forty, how old is Herbert Marshall? Ronald Colman? William Powell?

11—Of what is "poor man's turkey" composed?

12—A hogshead is how many barrels?

13—Is the cat, the raccoon, or the hippopotamus considered the cleanest of all animals?

14—Lookout Mountain is nearest what Southern city?

15—What is unusual about the post offices at Keene, Texas, and Loma Linda, California?

16—After War Admiral was scratched, which horse won the Suburban Handicap at Belmont Park?

17—What building method does away with the noisy riveting of structural steel?

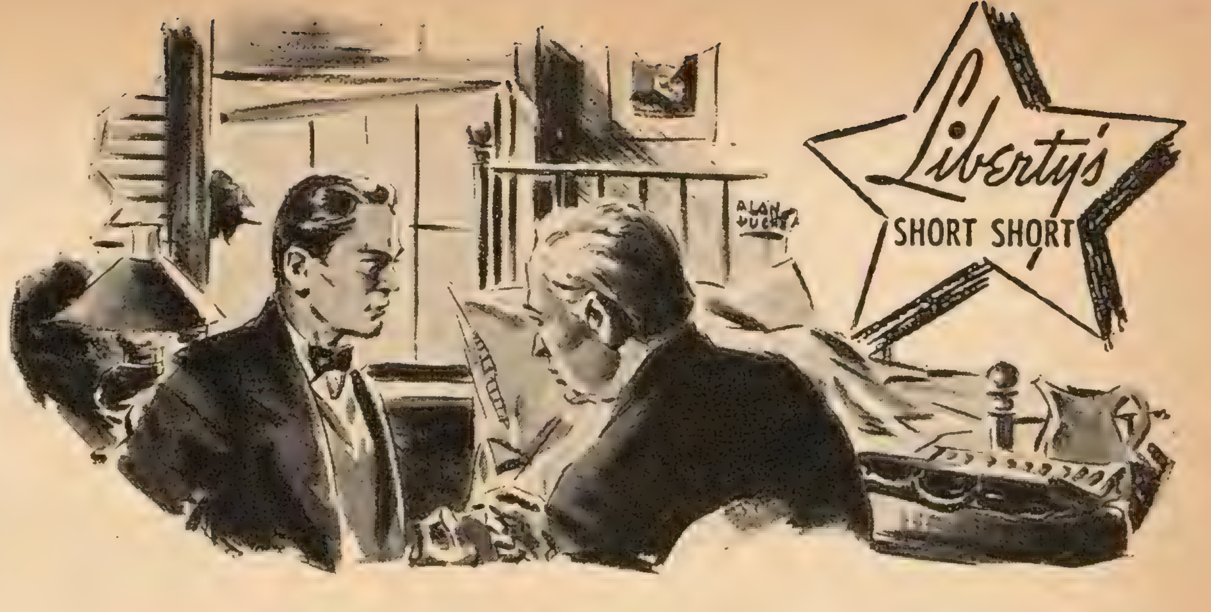
18—If a private, first class, in the U. S. army is paid $30 a month, how much does a seaman, first class, of the U. S. navy receive?

19—How many shillings are in a pound? In a guinea?

20—Who composed The Barber of Seville and Otello?

(Answers will be found on page 50)

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 15 SECONDS



Liberty's SHORT SHORT

Detour

BY DICK SMITH

THE world was a lousy place. He guessed, when he hit the next town, he'd go get drunk. He'd be broke in the morning if he did. But a five-case note and a two-bit piece wouldn't last a guy forever, and he'd be broke in a few days anyhow.

That last place sure was a rotten burg. But the guy who'd picked him up, hauled him there, and helped him get a job was O. K. How could the guy know the unions would sew the town up tighter than a drum in the next forty-eight hours! And the crumby WPA was a racket of the political mobsters there the same as in some other places. The jobs went to guys with votes.

He'd never voted. He wasn't old enough when the thing they called the depression came along and made a bum out of him. That sure seemed a long time ago! He was twenty-eight now. But he'd better thumb that car coming over the hill. Well, at last somebody was going to give him a lift.

"Going as far as Sedalia?" he asked. That was where he'd get drunk.

"Yeah," said the driver. "But I got a call to make first. I'm a doctor. Baby case. You can get out where I turn off the highway, or, if you want to take a chance, I may not be tied up long. Sometimes, practicing in the country, you find the kid's come before you get there. If I get hung up you won't have far to walk back to the pavement."

"O. K. by me, doc. My name's Frost—John Frost. Some folks make a joke outta it. Call me Jack, you know. Anyway, I been a sorta frost so far."

That usually went over good. But this guy was different.

"My name's Witherspoon," he said. "T. K. Witherspoon. You know anything about the country—I mean farming?"

"Only what you can see from the highway."

"Well, it's been pretty tough around here for a long time. Besides the depression, it's been drought, drought, drought. Talk about poverty in the cities," the doctor said. "Why, they don't know anything about it, with their charity chests, free clinics, free hospitals, WPA jobs and all. What WPA jobs there are around here are too far away for most farmers to get to them, even if they could neglect their farms to do so. And relief! This community's too poor to do anything about it, and the state's got all it can do to pay the old-age pensions the fool legislature voted without providing enough revenue for them and relief both."

"Yeah," said Jack Frost. What difference did all this make to him, anyway?

"Here we are," the doctor said.

They pulled up in a yard where a few sickly chickens scratched. A mangy dog ran out and barked.

"Come on in," the doctor said. "You may be able to make yourself useful."

Jack Frost went in. There were two rooms. The door they entered led into what apparently was combination kitchen, dining room, and living quarters. Now there was a bed in it. On it was a woman—a young woman. She was in agony. Jack Frost had seen the same look once in the eyes of a dog mangled by a motorcar.

The man who met them at the door—a young fellow he was, yet somehow old—looked sick himself.

"The kids are in bed in the other room," he said. "They got bad throats. I had to move Molly's bed in here."

Jack Frost's eyes moved from the speaker's face around the room. The floor was bare. The bed was the kind you folded up to make a couch in the daytime. The kitchen table was rickety and the four kitchen chairs were shy some of their rounds. A makeshift washstand held a tin pail of water and a washbasin. Above it hung a dime-store mirror. He'd slept in ten-cent flop houses that were better than this.

There was a whimper from the adjoining room. The farmer hurried in.

"He'll be no good to me," the doctor said. "Light that stove, Jack. Fill the dishpan there with water and put it on to boil."

Jack Frost found himself doing as ordered.

"She ought to be in a hospital," the doctor whispered when he handed Jack a lot of glistening instruments to put in the dishpan. "But that would take an ambulance, and hospitals cost money. This county's been in the red so long it quit paying for beds for farmers five years ago. We'll make out the best we can."

"Yeah," said Jack Frost. But he didn't say it as he had on the road.

"If the pains get too bad," the doctor said, "I'll ease her with a little ether. Her husband's got his hands full with the kids, and I don't see how I can rig up that bed so she'll have something to pull on. You'll just have to let her hang on to you when I'm busy with something else."

WELL, Jack," the doctor said six hours later as they crawled into his car, "how'd you like playing midwife?"

Jack Frost didn't say anything. He felt sick. And he'd figured he knew what grief was! Not even enough to eat in the house. He didn't say much all the way to Sedalia. He didn't have to ask if there were any jobs in the town. The doctor volunteered there weren't as they reached the outskirts.

"Broke?" he asked, stopping at his house.

"Not exactly."

"Use a dollar?"

"You gonna get paid for that job?"

"I will if the family's ever able to pay."

Jack Frost waved the dollar away. His shoulders were sore where the woman's knees had bored into them. His fingers still ached from the way she'd gripped his hands. He wondered if it'd been that way with his mother.

"So long, doc," he said. He fingered the quarter in his pocket. He'd go get drunk if he had the money.

He wondered what the guy would think when he found the five bucks on the kitchen table.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1938; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

ON THE AIR

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TUNE IN!

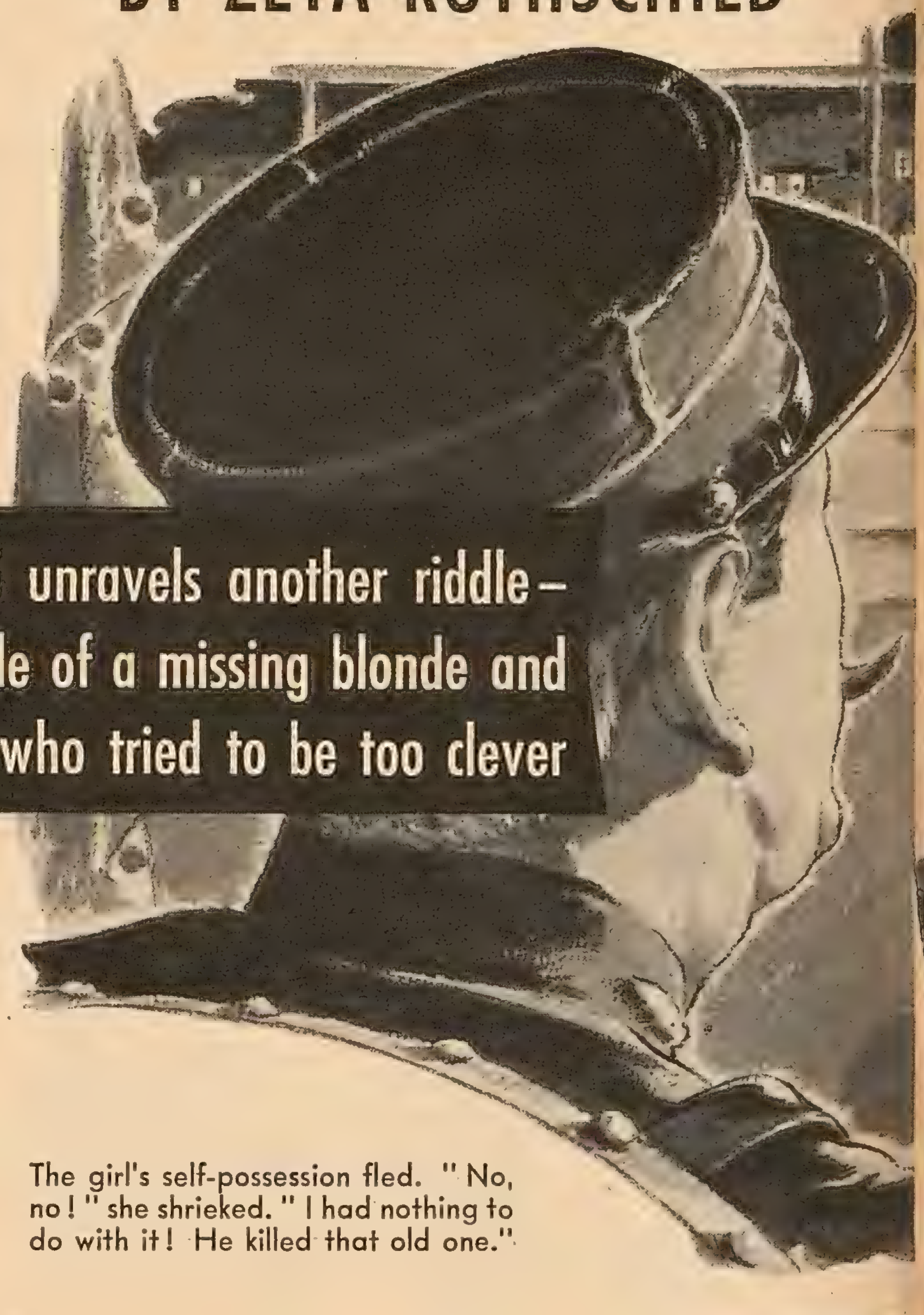
READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

TRUE DETECTIVE CASES FROM SECRET FRENCH ARCHIVES

The Case of the Corpseless Murder

BY ZETA ROTHSCHILD

The Sûreté unravels another riddle—A weird tale of a missing blonde and a criminal who tried to be too clever



The girl's self-possession fled. "No, no!" she shrieked. "I had nothing to do with it! He killed that old one."

THREE men came into the bar of Au Comptant Marseilles in Nice, at six o'clock on the evening of November 20, 1935. They walked single file into the empty dining room. They had not been in the room long when a volley of gunfire thundered.

When the startled proprietor got to the dining room, only one man was there. He lay on the floor, bleeding. To police questions he moaned, "My name is Simon Versini. I came from Juan les Pins for a holiday." And then—an obvious lie—"I don't know who shot me."

Several persons had seen the fleeing men leave the dining room through another exit. They all agreed on one thing: The taller and handsomer fugitive had limped.

Police, hunting a tall handsome man with a limp, found one three days later at the bar of the Café Assalit. He told them he was Robert Egender of Viviers. He had a bullet hole in his knee.

The proprietor of Au Comptant Marseilles identified Egender as one of the three men who had gone into his dining room the night of the shooting. But the wounded Versini denied knowing him.

A search of Egender's room turned up a number of Russian bonds, a gold key ring, and two pawn tickets for a pair of costly emerald rings.

Determined to get to the bottom of the mystery, the police published pictures and descriptions of the rings in a local paper. Within a day, a woman came to headquarters with the information that she recognized the rings as belonging to a friend of hers, a Mme. Renée Arbel, 14 Avenue Félix-Faure.

Why had not Mme. Arbel reported the theft?

At her flat, M. Vachier, local examining magistrate for the district, was told that Mme. Arbel was traveling. She was, he learned from the concierge, a wealthy widow of fifty, a buxom blonde who was possessed of many elderly lovers and one young one.

She had left during the last week of September to go to Cannes, Monte Carlo, and Lyons. Her young admirer had, until her departure, shared her flat. This young man, the concierge said, was tall and handsome, and his first name was Robert.

M. Vachier's eyes brightened. So the limping Robert Egender had been Mme. Arbel's favorite!

The police examined the apartment. Obviously, it had been ransacked. Some one with a key had opened doors and drawers. In a desk they found Mme. Arbel's passport.

Why on earth would she go traveling without her passport? M. Vachier didn't like the looks of things.

When in the center of Mme. Arbel's bed was found a small tuft of long, bleached blonde hairs, he liked the picture still less. The follicles still clung to those hairs. They had been *torn* from their owner's head. And beneath the bed was a short length of strong twine—an excellent length, Vachier mused grimly, for the hands of a strangler.

Sheets on the bed were initialed "L. C.," and those initials stood, Vachier learned, for Léon Carrier, the man from whom Mme. Arbel had rented the flat.

Only one other thing in the apartment caught the interest of Vachier. A small blue card from an automatic weighing machine, dated September, 1935. Mme. Arbel's weight then, the card revealed, had been 148 pounds.

He ordered hair, twine, and weight card preserved. He asked that hotels at Cannes, Lyons, and Monte Carlo be contacted for word of Mme. Arbel. After that, he went to Robert Egender and questioned him.

Handsome Robert grinned genially.

Of course he had shared Mme. Arbel's apartment. "But if you think," he suggested shrewdly, "that I had anything to do with her seeming disappearance, consider this: Would I, a practical man, kill the lovely blonde goose that laid the golden eggs?"

"But you *did* pawn her jewelry," snapped Vachier.

Robert Egender smirked. "Leave that to me. She will forgive me when she returns."

There was little to be gained now by questioning this repulsively self-assured young gigolo.

Further investigation showed that a man answering Egender's description had cashed one of Mme. Arbel's bonds in Monte Carlo. With him at the time had been a woman, young, brunette. Vachier at first could discover only her first name—Thérèse. Then an inquiry to officials of the casino brought a bit of luck. Robert Egender, they

reported, had been expelled from there as an undesirable. And expelled with him had been a girl—Thérèse Caglioni.

Police files quickly identified her. She was a registered prostitute in Arles.

Commissaire Waler of Arles paid the girl a visit. She proved to be a pretty self-possessed young woman. On the breast of her gown gleamed a diamond brooch; on her wrist a jeweled bracelet.

Commissaire Waler took a long—and shrewd—gamble.

"The jewelry you wear," he thundered, "was stolen by you and Robert Egender from the flat of Mme. Arbel. If you wish to avoid serious trouble you will tell me at once what you have done with Mme. Arbel."

The startled girl's self-possession fled.

"No, no!" she shrieked. "I had nothing to do with it! He killed that old one—the last Sunday of September. He told me he throttled her—with a cord!"

Suddenly—too late now—she put her hands to her trembling lips. She became sullen and talked no more.

Back in Nice, meanwhile, M. Vachier had found a witness who, on October 1 had seen Egender leaving Mme. Arbel's apartment with a drayman. They were carrying a huge trunk. M. Vachier thought he knew what that trunk contained.

From Thérèse Caglioni was pried more information. Robert Egender, she said, had taken the trunk to his home in Viviers and buried it under a fig tree in the garden while his mother and invalid sister slept.

Detectives went to Viviers and dug under the fig tree in the Egender garden. No body or trunk was found, but one of the workers uncovered a sheet bearing the initials "L. C.," a linen chemise with blonde hairs clinging to its lace top, and, finally, a piece of strong twine.

Without a body, the Sûreté felt that its case was incomplete. The search continued. More than a year dragged by. Then, in the spring, when freshets flooded a small river outside Viviers, a cement worker came upon a headless torso, washed into his garden. Medical examiners reported that death had occurred at about the time of Mme. Arbel's disappearance, and small blood clots in the lungs indicated that strangulation had caused death.

The torso could never be positively identified, and Egender felt safe. But Vachier was determined not to give up. During the past months he and his fellow officers had built up against Egender a great mass of circumstantial evidence. And one day he hit the handsome young man with the cold facts.

"Egender," he said, "it is not enough that you laugh at our story that Mme. Arbel was murdered by you. If she were alive, how explain that she has not returned in nineteen months?"

Egender shrugged. "That is your problem, not mine."

Coming in an early issue—a vivid, exciting story of another mysterious crime that really happened in France. In it the famous Sûreté tracks down as crafty a villain as ever planned a ruthless killing.

"It is yours too," Vachier corrected. "You were the last person seen leaving her apartment. You were helping to carry a trunk. Interesting, that trunk. It was shipped by a man answering your description from Nice to Avignon, near your home."

"A favor I did at her request."

"Perhaps you know the contents of the trunk."

"Clothes," said handsome Robert. "What else?"

"You lie," said Vachier. He drew the weighing-machine card from his pocket. "The weight of the trunk, when shipped, was 190 pounds. A considerable weight. Mme. Arbel weighed 148 pounds. Also a considerable weight.

"Then, too," continued Vachier, "there is the confession of the girl, Thérèse Caglioni, that you murdered the widow Arbel. She directed us to your mother's garden. The sheets dug up there are twins of those found in Mme. Arbel's flat. The hairs found on that chemise match, even to the dye used upon them, the hairs found on the bed where Mme. Arbel was strangled. And finally, the piece of twine found in the garden is a part of the twine, found in her apartment, with which she was strangled."

Egender glared, said nothing.

"You were her favorite," continued Vachier. "You had the keys to her flat. You pawned her jewelry. By forgery, you cashed her incoming checks.

"Would these," Vachier demanded sternly, "be the acts of a man who expected to be faced with them upon return of the woman he was robbing? Oh, no, M. Egender. You knew quite well that Mme. Arbel would never return."

Robert Egender went to trial for the murder of Mme. Arbel in May, 1937, twenty months after Mme. Arbel had last been seen. The prosecution made no attempt to identify the torso found at Viviers as hers. But it did present an astounding circumstantial case to show that she was dead; to indicate that she had been murdered. And Egender fitted nicely into the picture.

Even the shooting in the dining room of Au Comptant Marseilles—the shooting that had given Robert Egender a bad limp, that had served to link him with the Mme. Arbel case—was explained. Egender had been involved in another jewel robbery. He and his companion had been cheated of the proceeds by Simon Versin, a fence. During the gunplay in the dining room, Versini had been shot and Egender had received a bullet in the knee.

A jury found Robert Egender guilty. He was spared the guillotine; sentenced to twenty years of hard labor.

After all, the jury decided, elderly Mme. Arbel, the silly goose who laid the golden eggs, had herself brought trouble down upon that dyed blonde head.

THE END

Crackpot

Swiftly now a headlong tale
of love, lunacy, and laughter
reaches its smashing finale

BY JAMES EDWARD GRANT

DIANA and Johnny went out and down the street to a tiny restaurant. They ordered, and talked idly until their food came. Johnny's eye, roving, fell on the couple in the next booth. They were close enough for him to overhear an occasional phrase of the conversation.

The man, a burly freckle-faced man with a broken nose, said bad-temperedly, "Take a little of this dust," and shook a white powder from a folded paper on to his spoon. He swallowed it, making a face.

The woman was perhaps thirty-five, somewhat sloppily dressed, with a long, sad-looking face. "That's a rotten habit," she told her escort peevishly.

"Um," said Johnny, nudging Diana. "Look . . . a hophead."

Diana looked. "That woman," she whispered—"she's been crying."

Johnny made a closer inspection. Sure enough, the woman's eyes were red. As he looked, the man pointed an impressively waggling forefinger in the woman's face.

"This is curtains," said the burly man, sighting an evil look down the forefinger. "She goes tonight—or else!"

The woman dabbed her eyes with a damp handkerchief.

"Don't start sniveling," the burly man growled. "She deserves just what she's going to get."

As he jerked his thumb downward in the executioner's symbol, his coat front moved back and forth, and Johnny's staring eyes saw a pistol in a shoulder holster.

He said to Diana, "There's something plenty wrong here." His feet came under him as if to rise. Then he changed his mind. This, he told himself, is how I get in jams. Let the vigilant officers of the law handle this narcotic-crazed gunman, while little Johnny sits peaceably on the side lines.

"I'll stay and keep an eye on him," he whispered to Diana. "You duck out and get a cop."

She rose and left, and Johnny covertly watched the pair. Eventually the woman noticed him watching. She leaned over and said something to Broken-Nose. He swung his burly shoulders. Johnny hastily looked away; but when his eyes came back, the broken-nosed man was still staring at him. Their eyes met and Johnny looked away. The same performance was repeated twice more.

Then the big man tilted his chair back toward Johnny. "Say," he inquired testily, "just what are you looking at?"

Calm and collected! Johnny told himself. A cautious young citizen and all that. "Nothing," he said, affecting surprise at being addressed. But his hair was not red for nothing; he could not help adding, "There's no law about looking, is there?"

Broken-Nose spoke to the woman: "There's something phony about this lippy punk. I think I'll fan him."

He rose and turned toward Johnny. With the speed of light Johnny decided it was hardly the time for caution—who could tell what this drug-crazed desperado might do?

Johnny came out of the booth. His left arm arched into a hook; the left fist made a thudding noise against Broken-Nose's solar plexus. The big man stopped dead, transfixed, his breath coming out in one violent *whoosh,* just as Johnny sent the finisher in. A whistling right cross, full thrown and beautifully timed. It hit the big man flush on the point of the chin. He turned a slow ninety-degree circle and fell on his face. Once down, he never stirred. Timed exactly with the thud of Broken-Nose hitting the floor came the complaining shriek of the door as it flung open to admit a uniformed policeman, followed by Diana. The officer came in and bent over the fallen man.

The woman had begun to yammer wildly, but Johnny paid no attention.

"It looked as if something was wrong," Johnny told the policeman. "He had a gun."

"He should have," said the officer, having turned Broken-Nose over. "It's Detective Sergeant Martin Hicks from me own precinct."

The woman's babbling achieved some coherency. "Grab him, Clancy!" she yelled. "He hit poor Mart

CARL MUELLER

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

with a baseball bat and a sawed-off shotgun. . . . Grab him!"

Clancy grabbed.

WELL," said Detective Sergeant Martin Hicks, speaking with some difficulty through swollen lips, "you can see how it was all a misunderstanding, then. Here was me battling with my old lady about getting her mother out of our house, where she's got everything at sixes and sevens, and sending her to stay with her oldest boy in Michigan. . . . Well, what with mother-in-law troubles, and me ulcers bothering me and me taking ten powders a day for them, I wasn't in the best of humor."

"See, J. Q.," cut in Johnny hastily, "that's what I thought was dope . . . the powders he was taking. And then seeing the gun and all."

"Sure," said Sergeant Hicks. "Naturally, the young fellow kept watching me, which—me having a grouch anyway—got on my nerves. So I step over to speak a word with him—and *whammo!* he lets me have it."

"I see," said Senior, not looking at Johnny. "Well, I'm glad there's no hard feelings, sergeant."

"Not a sliver," the sergeant insisted heartily. "That hundred dollars makes it the best ten minutes I ever spent. . . . I wish I got a yard every time I've been belted on the chin."

"Good day, sergeant," said Senior, getting up.

Diana stopped him. "Please, Mr. Chanslor," she said, "it was all a misunderstanding. It could have happened to any one."

"It could have," said Mr. Chanslor, Sr., "but it never does. It always happens to him."

So saying, he went out the door.

JOHNNY and Diana drove out to the Yacht Club. After lunch they watched the six-meter races, and finally had dinner on the club terrace under a sky that was an all-enveloping satin-black tent through which only a scimitar of moon came through. Dinner over, they climbed into the cockpit of the thirty-foot speedboat which served as a tender for the Witch and cruised leisurely up the Sound, purring into and out of the many inlets corrugating the shore line.

Out of one of these coves a slim dark shadow came and sprayed them with sudden light from a searchlight. Diana jumped.

"Steady," Johnny said. "It's only a revenue cutter giving us the once-over."

As swiftly as it came, the cutter vanished.

"Revenue cutter!" Diana said. "I thought prohibition had ended."

"It has," Johnny admitted. "But they still smuggle silks and stuff in from the freighters down the Sound."

Conversation lagged. They relaxed, soothed by the gentle hum of the cruiser's slow-turning motors. Diana's head touched Johnny's shoulder, and he moved to pillow the head on his arm; and then, her face being so close, he leaned down and kissed her. Once, then again.

Then he suddenly sat bolt upright and said in a tone of astonishment, "Well, I'll be damned!"

"That's a fine reaction," Diana complained, "and will you tell me, Mr. Chanslor, why kissing me damns you?"

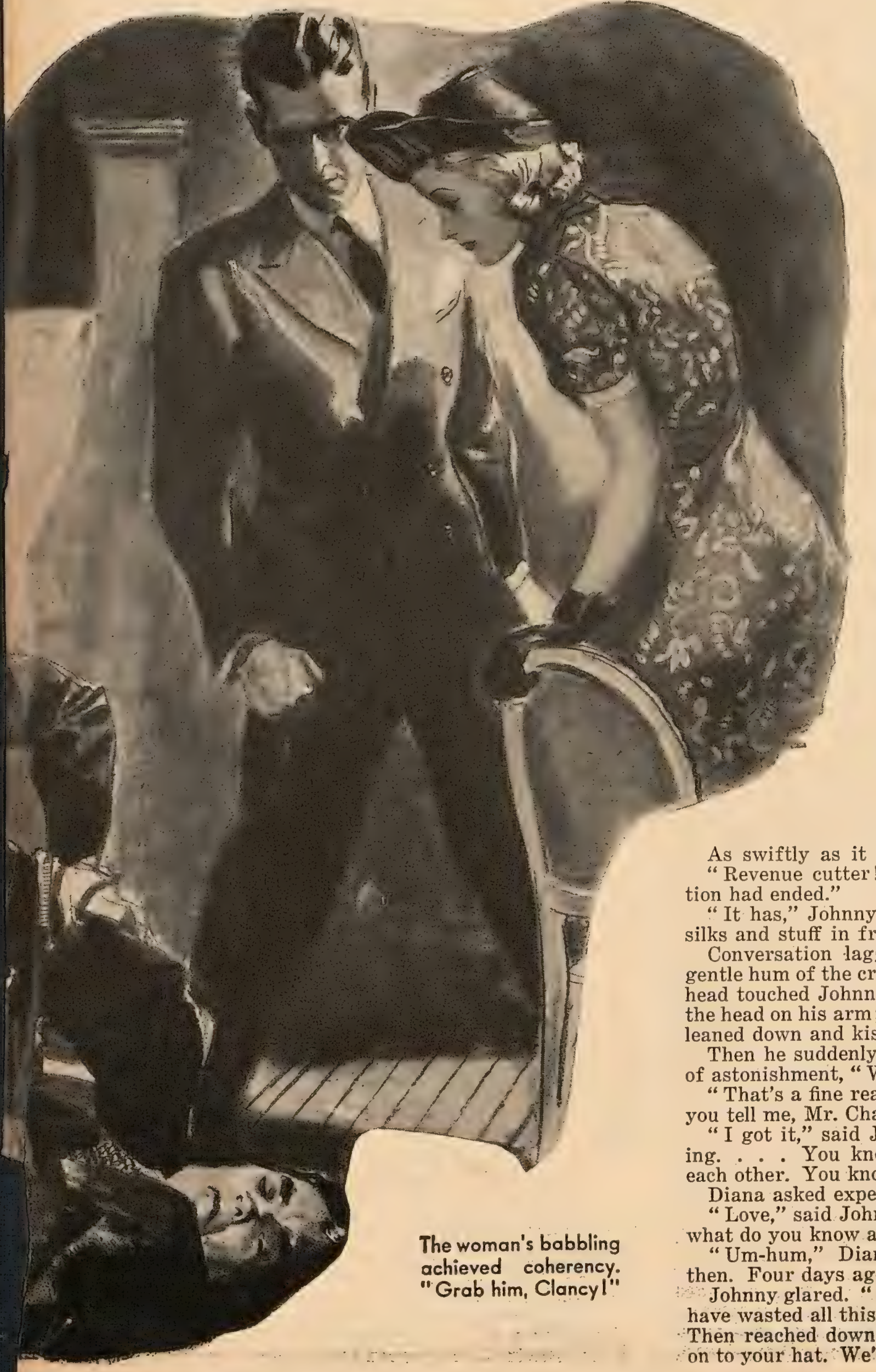
"I got it," said Johnny excitedly—"that funny feeling. . . . You know—how we felt when we first saw each other. You know what that was?"

Diana asked expectantly, "What?"

"Love," said Johnny in a tone of vast wonder. "Now what do you know about that? Love at first sight!"

"Um-hum," Diana acquiesced gently. "I knew it then. Four days ago, when I first met you."

Johnny glared. "Why didn't you tell me! We wouldn't have wasted all this time." He kissed her again. Briefly. Then reached down and fiddled with the gears. "Hang on to your hat. We're going to move. Fast. We're going



The woman's babbling achieved coherency. "Grab him, Clancy!"

BUG-A-BOO IS SURE AND

FAST!

UNFAIR TO BUGS
N BU

Get Rid of Pests

In Insect Town the bugs declare,
That Bug-a-boo is too unfair.
But you will greet it as a boon,
It rids your home of pests so soon.

You spray it round with greatest ease,
Its pleasant scent will always please.
No sign of stain or spot remains,
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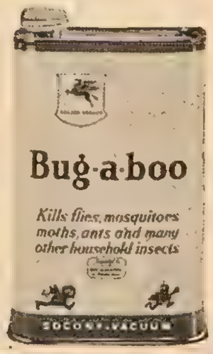
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Kills flies, mosquitoes, moths, ants and many other household insects
SOCONY-VACUUM

G'BYE BOYS! IT'S

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KILLS FLIES • MOSQUITOES
ROACHES • ANTS • MOTHS

to the mayor. I know him and he can get us a license. Then! . . ."

"Whoa," Diana instructed him. "You were a young man who had stopped being impulsive. Let's think it over."

"Think it over nothing!" Johnny stated emphatically. "We've wasted enough time already. Four days. . . ."

A voice from the blackness came. Not loud. "Ahoy! . . . Ahoy, there, cruiser!"

Johnny peered into the darkness. In the distance he thought he could see a hulk lying almost level with the water line. "Ahoy!" he said in the best yacht-club tradition. "Ahoy!"

The same voice came back: "We're in trouble, buddy. . . . We'll have to have a tow."

Johnny spun the wheel toward the voice. "Keep calling. I don't want to run you down in the dark."

CHEERFUL McGEE had almost stopped believing that everything happens for the best. His Pollyannaish soul had kept his tongue free from acrid cursings when they had hit the snag while running without lights in the shadow of the gloomy pilings. He had vented not so much as a single curse when the jagged end of a pile punched an eight-inch hole in the bow of their black little cruiser and the waters of the Sound had flowed in. But the Ape, who had up till then only equaled the world's record for cursing, succeeded in passing it. "And foidermore," he said, "it ain't bad enough we're goin' to drown in dis tub, but on top of dat, we got our last quarter tied up in dem silks. Dat water ain't helpin' 'em."

Cheerful had refused to throw up the sponge. Something, he told the Ape, was sure to turn up. It always had. He sat paddling his feet in the rapidly climbing water and contemplated the shining sliver of moon. He and the Ape had picked up the silks from a tramp steamer and started up the Sound for a certain little inlet where a man waited to pay well for them. . . . He could well afford to, being as this way he was not required to pay import duties. Coming up the Sound, a cutter had hailed them. They doused lights and ran; and it was then, while running through the darkness close inshore, that the pile had treated their hull so evilly. Well, Cheerful reflected, they could always drench a cloth in gasoline and set it afire. Of course that would bring the cutter down on them, and they would be a cinch to get the book thrown full in their face. Still, Cheerful had friends in Leavenworth, and he might be able to get back his job of playing third base on the ball team. Things might be worse.

He began quietly to hum Onward, Christian Soldiers.

The Ape snarled, "Shut up!" and had surreptitiously reached down for a spanner when Cheerful pointed off, saying, "Running lights off to starboard!"

The Ape looked, and sure enough, in the distance there were the red and green lights of a small craft. A slow-moving small craft which took forever until it got within hail, and Cheerful ahoyed it.

"It might be coppers," the Ape suggested.

"The trouble with you is," Cheerful reprimanded, "you don't think the right thoughts. I'm thinking it's a couple of neckers from the Yacht Club, and then you louse up my good work with thoughts about coppers."

He smiled happily as the cruiser approached. In it were a young man and a girl. "Heaven sent you, pal," he said to the approaching Johnny.

Johnny brought the boat alongside with a bump. Cheerful hopped across and slid into the cockpit beside Diana. "Beg pardon, lady," he said politely. He reached across so that Johnny could see the pistol clutched in a hairy fist. "Take a look at this, pal," he instructed. "And make up your mind to be a good lad."

Diana said, startled, "A gun!"

"It ain't a lollipop," Cheerful agreed. "O. K., Ape; start putting those bales aboard."

His henchman began chucking the sodden silk bales into the back of the cruiser. Cheerful swarmed around in back of Diana and slid in behind the wheel, shoving Johnny to one side. "I'm the captain, pal," he said genially. "Just sit doggo, and you and the twist won't get hurt. . . . This the switch? I'm dousing the lights."

As he did so, Johnny suddenly laughed aloud.

The Ape's voice was a snarl from the back: "That's all the bales. . . . Why's that chump laughing?"

JOHNNY said to Diana, "Don't you catch it? This is another one of the old man's gags. He thinks I didn't learn enough of a lesson."

To Cheerful he said, "Listen, gorilla. How much is my old man paying you for this?"

Cheerful said, "Huh?"

Johnny said, "Don't stall. I know this is all a joke. I'll pay you more than he promised you if you'll take me right back to the club. I gotta get married."

The Ape's voice from aft was puzzled: "What's the matter with that guy? He sounds nuts. He thinks it's a joke. Suppose I tap him on the noggin."

"There you go," Cheerful said. "Thinking the wrong kind of thoughts. Let him think it's a joke if he wants to." He turned to Johnny. "Go right ahead, Napoleon," he said amiably. "Think anything you want to."

He started up the motor and changed gears. As the boat moved off, Johnny told Diana, "Nothing to do but let the farce play itself out, I suppose. Of course I could reach over and belt that yegg on the chin."

She said, "You might get shot."

Johnny snorted. "Nah. They've got orders not to hurt me. You can depend on that. Shall I belt him?"

Cheerful said, "Now, Napoleon. Be a good little nut."

Johnny sat back. “I hope pop has thought up an amusing one this time,” he told Diana. “But he hasn't much imagination. It'll probably be a chase by a phony police boat, with a lot of shooting off of blank cartridges.”

And when suddenly, as they went up the Sound, the blackness about them turned to a glaring white, he was not surprised. Nor when a shout came, “Coast Guard! . . . Heave to and stand by.”

Nor was he surprised when Cheerful, instead of answering the hail, spun the cruiser about and piled on the power. They went at top speed, zigzagging to dodge the searchlight. Cheerful held an ear cocked to the rear. Suddenly he shut off his motor.

“Hah,” snorted Cheerful, hearing nothing. “I thought they shut down. Trying to listen for us. Well, two can play that racket.”

Johnny said, “Why don't you stop, yegg? I'm wise to this.”

BE quiet, Napoleon,” Cheerful ordered, still listening. He heard the cutter's motors start up again, and he swung the cruiser away from the sound and put on power. After ten minutes of sneaking about in the darkness, they were again revealed by the searchlight. Cheerful kicked the cruiser wide open. This time the hail from the boat was incoherent. The sound of the gunshot was quite clear.

Johnny patted Diana. “I told you,” he said. “They're going to stage a mock war. With blank cartridges.”

Behind them, the Ape began to shoot at the oncoming cutter. They ran on, dodging in and out of the searchlight. Twice more there were bursts of gunfire from the cutter, and twice Johnny grunted in disgust at this badly staged show. The third burst of gunfire changed his mind. His cap flew from his head, and when he picked it up there was a neat hole through the brim. He looked at the hole. “Hey!” quoth Johnny. “This is on the level.”

He shoved Diana down into the safety of the cockpit floor and flung himself across her, at the same time planting a stiff right hand on Cheerful's ear.

Cheerful grunted, “Look out, Napoleon; you'll wreck us.”

He put out a huge paw to restrain Johnny. In doing so he exposed his chin, and Johnny made good use of the opening. Cheerful slid swiftly to one side, turning the steering wheel as he slid. Johnny grabbed at the wheel, and after that he remembered very little. Excepting the shrill whine of the propeller as it emerged from the water on their first somersault. Then there was a mighty slap as the cruiser came back to the water. Then a staccato crunch, and then somebody pulled a bag of blackness over Johnny's head.

He awoke on a rubbing slab in the locker room of the club, and sat bolt upright. “Look out,” he instructed the white-coated man who was holding a stethoscope against his chest. “Lemme up. I gotta get married.”

“Please be quiet, Johnny,” Diana's voice coaxed, “until the doctor sees if your bones are all together.”

Johnny looked at her. She was sitting on a stool, wrapped in a blanket, and, if one were to judge by the condition of her hair and make-up, she had just been fished out of the water. Johnny looked around. Cheerful lay on the next rubbing slab, smoking a cigarette. The Ape was only a heavily breathing hulk swathed in blankets. A uniformed coast guard sat near the door.

Johnny's father's voice said from the other side, “You swallowed a lot of water, crackpot. How do you feel?”

“Swell,” Johnny said, disregarding numerous bumps and contusions. “I'm glad you're here.”

“So I suppose,” said his father, “that you can explain how you came to be carrying a load of smuggled silks and why you piled your cruiser head on into a Coast Guard cutter.”

“Never mind that,” Johnny said. “I'm glad you're here, because I'm going to get married, and I thought you'd want to be around when it happened.”

Senior's eyes went swiftly over to Diana. “Young lady,” Senior said, “I'll give you ten thousand dollars not to marry this crackpot son of mine.”

Johnny tried again to sit up. Diana looked at Senior and said protestingly, “Mr. Chanslor, this is . . .”

“You've got me wrong,” Senior said, interrupting. “I'm not offering the money to save him from a designing woman. Far from it. But you're a nice child and I feel kind of responsible about all this. After all, it's my fault you met him in the first place. So I'd pay plenty not to feel that I was responsible for sticking a nice girl like you with this crackpot.”

DIANA'S eyebrows were a warlike line. “Don't you dare,” she instructed Mr. John Quincy Adams Chanslor, Sr., “call my darling a crackpot. The idea! After he saved my life.”

Senior shrugged. “I'm beat,” he said. “But remember I warned you, honey. . . . When's the wedding?”

“Today,” said Johnny.

“Next week,” said Diana. . . . “Or the week after.”

“Yeah,” said Johnny; “next week or the week after.”

Senior nodded emphatically. “You're in good hands,” he said, witnessing this meek acceptance of change of plan. “She'll make up your mind for you hereafter.”

Diana got up and pulled a blanket up over the recumbent Johnny. “Just rest until the ambulance comes,” she instructed him. She kissed him.

Cheerful grinned, showing two rows of gold teeth in a gaping mouth. “Ain't that cute,” said Cheerful genially. “I always get a kick out of romance.”

THE END

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READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE FASCIST

From secret sources! The inside story, startling but true, of the amazing 'Ku Klux Klan of Paris'

BY "ENVOY"

ALL railroad lines running to and from New York are dynamited! Subways are blown up! Time bombs have destroyed the leading department stores, newspaper plants, and the Stock Exchange! Mobs plunge toward the City Hall. The National Guard has been called out. But the troops do not oppose the revolution-drunk mobs. On the contrary, their officers order them to join the revolution. The Mayor and the Governor, the Police Commissioner, the District Attorney, and many other prominent men have been arrested. Some resisted. They were shot. Only the chiefs of this revolt to establish a dictatorship know that identical scenes are taking place simultaneously from coast to coast, for all means of communication have been cut.

Can you imagine such a demoniacal overthrow of our government? Well, the Republic of France barely escaped the like as the year 1937 approached its end. This scene which I've pictured against a New York background was actually planned in Paris. An accurate civil-war plan marked railroad stations, department stores, and newspaper plants for destruction by bombing. On the map of the city red lines indicated the boulevards and streets along which the underworld mobs were to have been led.

An army order with the forged signature of the Minister of War commanded the military and Garde Républicaine to join the rebels. There was a black list of leading politicians whose arrest and immediate condemnation had been ordered. Léon Blum was designated for execution. The gangsters of the dictatorship which was to have been erected in France were not timid. . . .

But a beautiful young woman trembles with uncontrollable agitation. "I won't stand for it! It must not happen!" she says. "I shall never wear a bloody crown!"

"Calm yourself, darling," says a good-looking young gentleman. But even his slender aristocratic fingers are uneasy as they smooth his Clark Gable mustache. In tones of gentle entreaty he asks his much beloved wife, "What will our friend here think?"

The best beloved wife is Mme. la Comtesse de Paris. Her husband is the Comte de Paris, the son of that Duke of Guise whom the Royalists look upon as the legitimate Pretender to the Crown. But since the duke is a very old gentleman, his son is the real Pretender. And the friend—that's I.

We are sitting in the lounge of the Hotel Beau Rivage in Geneva, on Swiss soil but near the French border. Under penalty of death, the crossing of this border is forbidden to the Bourbon heir and his wife.

No matter how cordially the Comte de Paris devotes himself to me, his guest, his feverish tenseness is apparent. Throughout our conversation he awaits the news that the border of France is once again open to the descendants of the ruling house and that Paris is waiting to make obeisance to the Anointed of the Lord. Also waiting are aristocrats, landowners, chatelains, dukes, and marquises gathered from all parts of France around their Crown Prince.

Says the Comte: "My father, the exalted Duke de Guise, is the successor to those forty kings who through a thousand years created France. France must again become a monarchy. It will be a paternal, popular monarchy; it will be especially concerned with the fate of underprivileged citizens and it will be a monarchy which protects liberty and keeps the peace."

Perhaps these words are only to gain time, since any second now the great moment must come.

Even as he speaks, it is clear to me that he recoils with horror from the crimes which would make possible the return of his family to the throne.

While he endeavors to mask this inner conflict, the Countess carries her desperate perplexity quite openly. She is beautiful, natural, warmhearted. Should she one day enter Paris as the Crown Princess, her first visit will be to the Cathedral of Notre Dame. But must the road be strewn with corpses? In her eyes, staring fervently toward the entrance of the lounge, there lies the unmistakable prayer: "Dear God, let this temptation pass us by!"

But the concierge of the hotel is already there. He announces: "Two gentlemen wish to speak with the Count!"

The Count of Paris rises to receive the appointed messengers: The Duke of —— and the Vicomte d'——.

There appear instead Detectives Schnoudi and Müller of the political police of the Swiss federal government in Berne. "I regret to inform you that I am instructed to request that all you gentlemen leave the territory of the Confederation within two hours," says Mr. Schnoudi politely. "The sanctuary of Swiss hospitality may not be used for conspiracies against the government of a friendly state."

Thereupon the aristocratic Royalist conspirators know that they are discovered and defeated. Vulgarly they crowd out of the hotel lobby. Each wants to get back as quickly and discreetly as possible to his own castle.

The Count of Paris doesn't bat an eyelash. With a steady hand he pours himself another liqueur. But the Countess does not display the same self-mastery. The dream of the restoration is dreamed out. Dream? Nightmare! The Countess laughs. Yes—she laughs!

. . . . .

Months have now passed; and yet the world still does not know the secret story of the Cagoulards, the Ku Klux Klan of France. Most likely the final mysteries of this hooded order will never be revealed. I have been able to verify only three facts. First, that this was the most

"Hooded devils" planned a demoniacal stroke. Below: A Cagoulard cache of arms.

PLOT TO SEIZE FRANCE

dangerous and most foolhardy, the most irresponsible and yet the cleverest design to which ever a Great Power has been exposed.

Secondly, with the recall of the House of Bourbon, the real wirepullers wanted only to erect a false front, behind which unrevealed powers would practice terrorism and dictatorship.

Thirdly, these Cagoulards—the hooded ones—were paid and directed by Berlin and Rome.

The tragic comedy in Paris has unmasked the designs of world Fascism against world democracy. Thus it is lucky for democracy that M. Henri Deloncle made the first mistake of his life. That M. Deloncle generally is a very accurate calculator can be certified by a great number of American travelers. From his jewelry store in Nice, those who were lucky at Monte Carlo took a nice little souvenir home; but many more who were unlucky got money for their rings, pins, and bracelets. For M. Deloncle, as is so often the case in France, was not only jeweler but moneylender as well to his aristocratic clientele from whom he obtained his information.

Suddenly some of these young gentlemen were able to repay old, old debts and were no longer shocked by the 76-per cent yearly interest charged by their stouthearted creditor. These debts were paid with monies from the treasury of a secret monarchistic conspiracy. But he definitely miscalculated when he took Mme. Berthelot, a streamlined red-haired widow, into his confidence and told her of that secret conspiracy. She in turn confided it to another friend who was extraordinarily interested.

Unknown to her, this other friend was a high functionary of the Sûreté Générale. It conducted its investigation with relentless tenacity, and then the government struck the annihilating counterblow.

At the very moment when the twenty-seven hidden caches of the Cagoulards were simultaneously being secretly raided, a high government official told me what danger the republic had avoided. "The Cagoulards," explained the minister, "had a complete underground army, with its own general staff. Their records showed accurately the party allegiance and political philosophy of every high officer of our army, which leads us to conclude that military experts of the first rank were at the disposal of the underground conspirators."

The most important of these military experts, together with hundreds of others, was to find himself in custody. He was General of Aviation Duseigneur. He pleaded that he had only organized a defense force against a possible Communist uprising. This familiar line of defense unmistakably pointed to Nazi and Fascist terrorists as being the hidden conspirators and instigators.

The connection with the enemies of France was even more clearly proved when the secret caches of the Cagoulards disgorged German rifles and munitions. Besides, they took some tips from General Franco. They had organized an "Algerian Brigade" to storm Paris.

Of all the centers of the conspiracy, the cellars of the castle of Louveciennes were most luxuriously furnished. This castle originally belonged to the glamorous Madame Du Barry, mistress of Louis XV. The bed of Du Barry is one of the sights of Paris. But obviously tourists were never told that it hid a secret door.

However, the Sûreté Générale discovered beyond this door a stairway leading to cellar rooms where a hundred men could have lived luxuriously for six weeks.

The devils who wanted to drench France in blood and grief provided for themselves a mighty comfortable inferno. In prison their quarters are less comfortable.

THE END

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

WHEN Jill Norcross, owner of a travel agency, hires Dmitri Vasilofski, a young Russian count, as her secretary, her husband, Hal, is annoyed. He objects still more when business, increased through the addition of a department to help launch unpopular debutantes, makes it necessary for his wife to work many evenings at her office with Dmitri. He does not know that Dmitri has told Jill that he loves her, and that she, flattered by his admiration, is on the way to loving him.

For a time, however, it looks as though Jill might have to give up both Dmitri and her career, for she discovers that she is going to have a baby. But a fall ends her worries. When the doctor tells her the baby will never come, she is relieved—and glad that she has told nothing to Hal.

Hal keeps a secret from Jill, too—he does not let her know that he has lost his job. He turns for comfort to Chloe Denver, a girl who gives him just the sort of adoring admiration that Jill values so much from Dmitri. In order to get money to meet his bills, he takes a job as a dock hand.

On the second day he has a serious accident. When Jill hears of it, she is full of remorse and rushes to the hospital. And when, later, the doctor tells her that Hal will probably never walk again, she determines to devote her life to his happiness.

Soon after he comes home from the hospital, with a nurse to take care of him while Jill is at the office, he finds something that stuns him. It is a laboratory report for Mrs. Harold Norcross, dated over five months ago, and it reads: "Pregnancy Test: Positive."

PART SIX—JILL WAKES UP

FIVE months ago!

Assembling pictures of his and Jill's life together, as he'd done in the hospital for so many lonely hours to pass the time, now it was like a series of movie dissolves cutting relentlessly back to Jill home in bed making such a fuss over a little ptomaine poisoning. Jill in the new bed jacket she'd had the vanity to buy—at such a time. . . .

So he had had his chance. His one chance. And Jill had somehow muffed it.

She hadn't cared, of course. Doing her office business by telephone from her bed. And the conference with that Shane woman, who must have known. . . .

A man did something about such a moment. Smashed things, got drunk, hopped a train. And he was chained to a wheel chair within four walls!

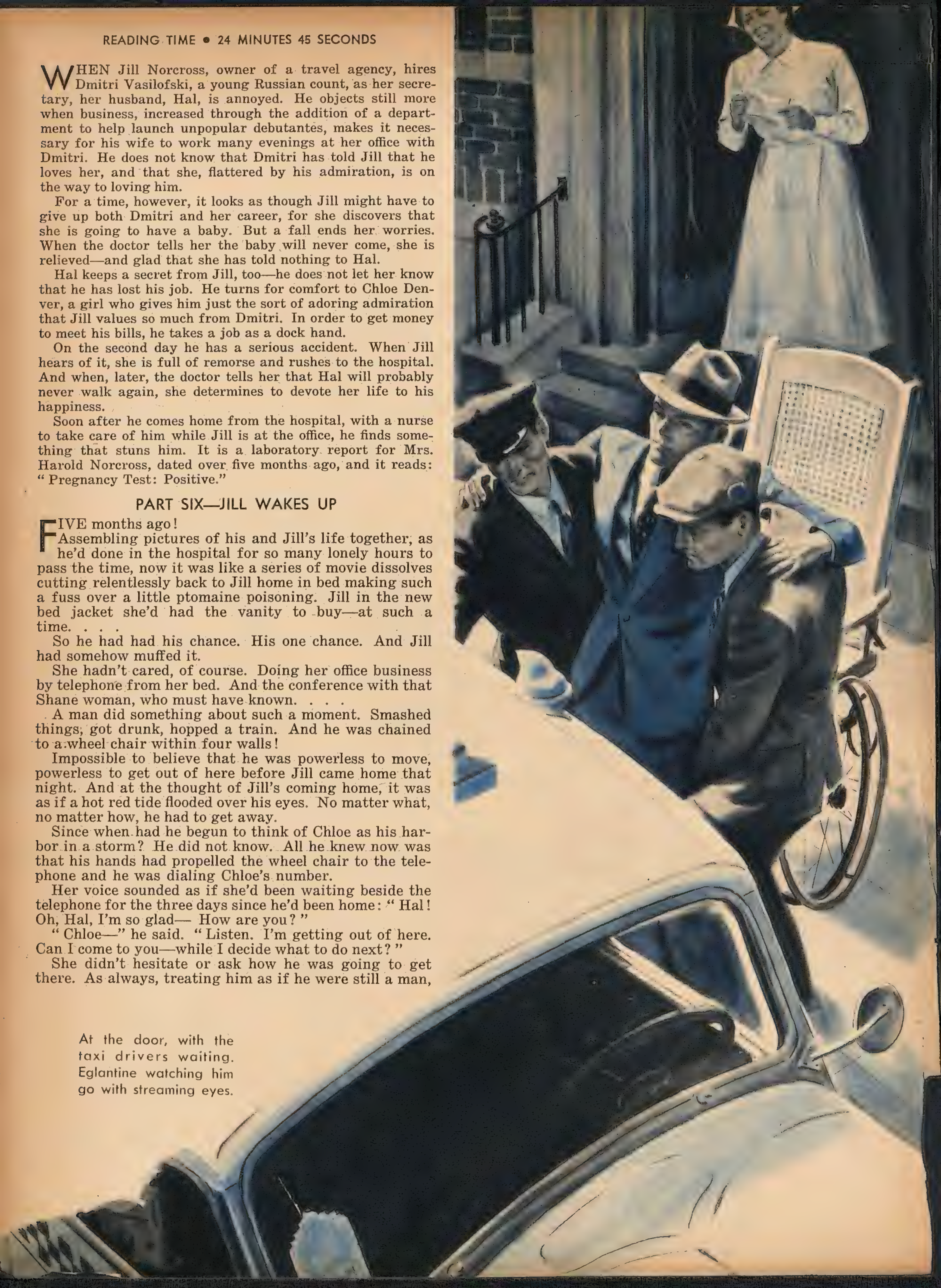
Impossible to believe that he was powerless to move, powerless to get out of here before Jill came home that night. And at the thought of Jill's coming home, it was as if a hot red tide flooded over his eyes. No matter what, no matter how, he had to get away.

Since when had he begun to think of Chloe as his harbor in a storm? He did not know. All he knew now was that his hands had propelled the wheel chair to the telephone and he was dialing Chloe's number.

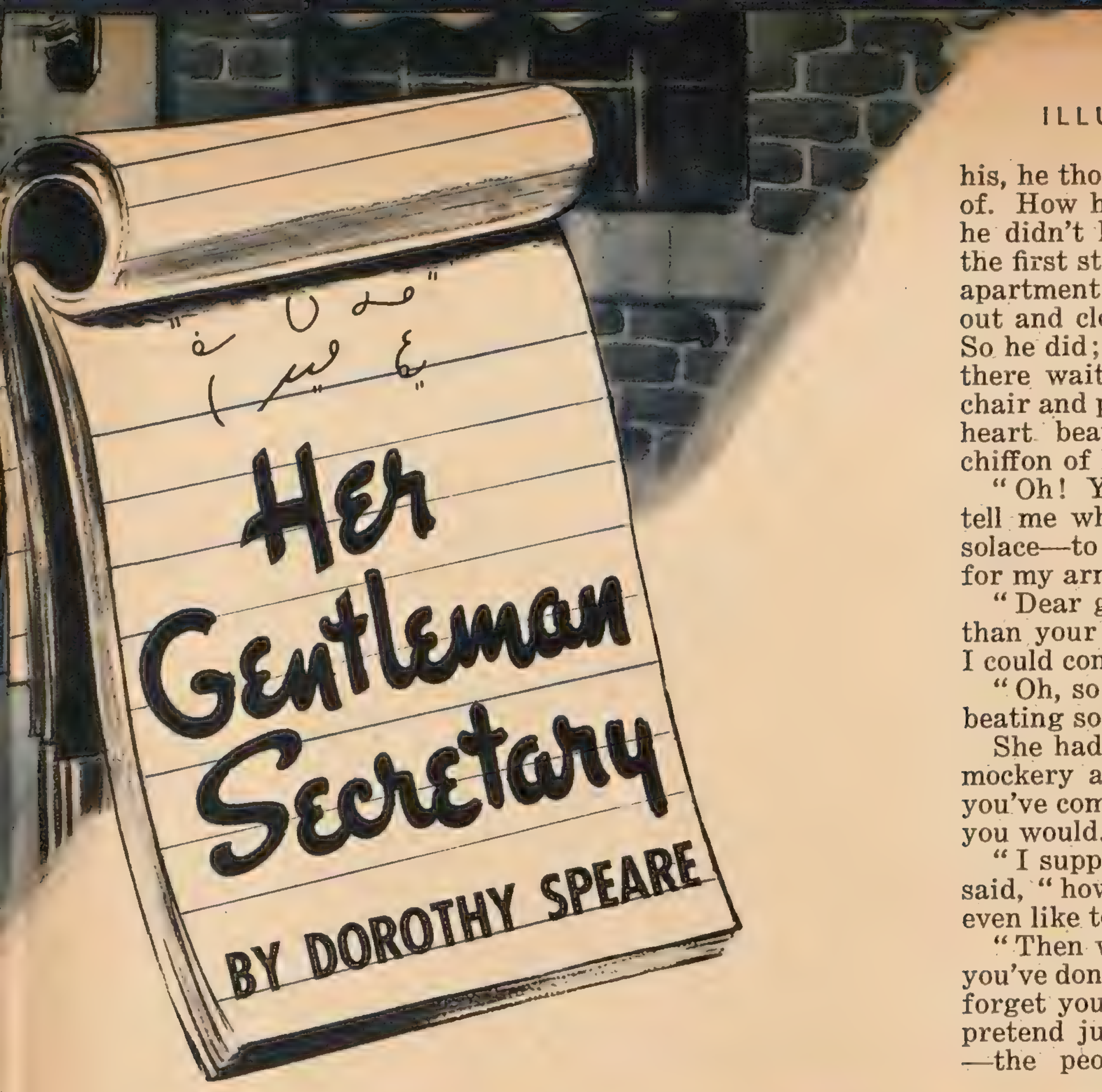
Her voice sounded as if she'd been waiting beside the telephone for the three days since he'd been home: "Hal! Oh, Hal, I'm so glad— How are you?"

"Chloe—" he said. "Listen. I'm getting out of here. Can I come to you—while I decide what to do next?"

She didn't hesitate or ask how he was going to get there. As always, treating him as if he were still a man,



At the door, with the taxi drivers waiting. Eglantine watching him go with streaming eyes.



Her Gentleman Secretary

BY DOROTHY SPEARE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

The past clouds the present, mystery shrouds the future, as two young hearts grope blindly for love

able to walk on his two feet. "I'll be waiting, Hal." With a sudden deep note in her voice that lifted and sustained him as he put down the telephone and rang for Eglantine; as he told that startled lady to pack his few things and get two taxi drivers to carry him and his chair down the stairs of the walk-up apartment.

Eglantine was tearful, terrified, doing his bidding with reproachful looks. "Going out without me, Mr. Norcross! Do you think you should—no matter how tired you might be of my old freckle-face?"

"Eglantine, you've been swell. But I don't need a nurse any more. Tell Mrs. Norcross—I don't need any help—any more."

"Mr. Norcross! Where are you going?"

"You don't know where I'm going, Eglantine. Tell her that, too."

"You don't mean . . . you don't mean you're going to—the Other Woman?"

"Thanks, Eglantine; thanks a lot for sounding like a movie up to the last. I needed a laugh to get away on. . . . The best of luck—oh, and don't forget to give Mrs. Norcross this, will you—after you tell her I've gone?"

At the door, with the two taxi drivers waiting, putting into Eglantine's hand the envelope he had sealed and addressed to Jill. The envelope which contained nothing but that laboratory report. Eglantine watching him go with streaming eyes.

Chloe opening the door of her apartment was like a sharp stab to the dull agony of his vision. She wore the green tea gown she had worn the first time he came to see her. She stood very straight with it clinging around her body, and smiled at the men on either side of his wheel chair with decorous lips and eyes that shone like stars. "Thank you," she told them. "We shan't need you any more."

He'd had enough money to pay them. Jill never went out without leaving him an emergency fund for the house. And this, of course, had been an emergency; the last of his, he thought grimly, that she'd ever have to take care of. How he was going to accomplish this independence he didn't know. But he was sure he would do it. And the first step toward that was Chloe, going back into the apartment and expecting him to follow, even to reach out and close the door behind him, like any other man. So he did; and when he reached the living room she was there waiting. At once she came and knelt beside his chair and put her arms around him, and he could feel her heart beating tumultuously beneath the thin green chiffon of her dress.

"Oh! You've come to me at last," she cried. "Don't tell me why, unless you've come for just that kind of solace—to find an ear. Don't tell me why if you've come for my arms!"

"Dear goofy Chloe," he said. "You are taking more than your usual romantic flyer—when you suggest that I could come to any woman's arms."

"Oh, so?" she said. "Then why can I feel your heart beating so fast here against my hand?"

She had raised her head and was smiling with gentle mockery at his look of surprise. "That's why I know you've come to me at last," she said. "As I always knew you would. As I told you in the hospital that day."

"I suppose it doesn't matter in my present mood," he said, "how many romances you spin. And I suppose I even like to hear them."

"Then will you do something more for me—now that you've done so much by coming here?" she said. "Try to forget your trouble. The reason why you came. Let us pretend just till tomorrow that we are two other people—the people that we were once, before you were married and I'd had so many true-loves. As we might have been if we'd met like that and loved each other in the morning of the world."

"Do you think a game like that," he said, "will bind up any wounds?"

"There are no wounds," she said, "after the first kiss in the morning of the world."

She turned her bright head and put her lips against his. Then she drew away, and they looked at each other soberly, with a little wonder.

"Do you see what I mean?" she whispered. "If we can only believe! We might have loved each other. You might walk tomorrow. Anything is possible, and when you believe that you will walk. So toward that time can you try to believe you might have loved me—just for today?"

"Chloe," he said, "that is beginning to seem—rather easy."

He hadn't intended to say that. But the unexpected knocking of his heart was doing strange softening things to his mind; and when he spoke, the look that came into Chloe's face made his words seem true to him.

Across their regard the apartment doorbell rang suddenly. Chloe jumped up, and pressed her hand against her mouth with a comical gesture of despair.

"Oh, I forgot!" she cried. "A stuffed-shirt relic of my past was going to make a duty call this afternoon!"

"Surely you don't think he'll be shocked at *my* being here," he said mildly. "Doesn't this wheel chair sort of put everything in a sad sanctified light?"

With a laugh, she vanished down the hall, leaving him to the amazed contemplation of the fact that he was having a good time—to which the thought that his presence actually might be considered as compromising added not a little, giving him an alert gay-dog feeling he'd never thought to have again. Was this what she'd meant by saying anything was possible?

The young man who followed her back into the living room had obviously decided he was going to be broad-minded. A look of false cheer sat tightly on his neat spry face, and under his well tailored arm he carried a package which had been done up so as not to resemble the champagne bottle that Chloe, grabbing it from him and tearing off the cardboard, revealed it to be.

"You said, 'Don't dare to come without champagne,'" he reminded her ecstatic squeals, in a voice as precise as his face. "Of course I knew that was your little joke, because you just couldn't imagine my bringing it. So I thought I'd show you."

He smiled with determined breeziness, politely treating the presence of Hal as if it were a chandelier in the middle of the room. Chloe was whooping. "Oh, darling, how gorgeous! I'll get some glasses and we'll crack it out at once— Oh, I forgot. Hal, this is Godfrey Guildford. Godfrey, this is Hal Norcross, an old school friend of mine."

Godfrey Guildford! A name as familiar as John D. Rockefeller, and as well known for fortune plus family conservatism. Hal stared at the face which he could now connect with the newspaper and society prints where he'd seen it before. Guildford looked back aloofly.

"Chloe, I know all your old school friends," he said, "and this is not one of them. But men have a certain camaraderie together that women cannot understand, and so you cannot disconcert us with your little joke."

Hal grinned at Godfrey, with difficulty keeping it from a snort. The pinched planes of Godfrey's face suddenly broke up into a wistful answering grin, and Hal thought: Why, the son of a gun is lonely. Chloe had given him the champagne bottle. With the pleasurable feeling that he was showing Life to thirty million dollars, he expertly uncorked it while Godfrey Guildford sat and watched, still with that faintly wistful expression, although when Chloe offered him a glass he said:

"You know perfectly well I'd as soon drink poison."

"The more for us, then, darling," caroled Chloe, and lifted her glass to Hal over Godfrey's neat head. "To morning in the world!" she said; and drained it. Hal silently lifted his and drained it in return.

"Please don't keep calling me 'darling,'" said Godfrey. "Mr. Norcross might misunderstand."

"Come now, Godfrey," she said; "wouldn't you be secretly flattered if he did?"

Godfrey sadly shook his head, watching her refill the glasses. "I can enjoy a jest and youthful revelry as well as the next one," he said. "But, Chloe, this is not your true self. When are you coming back to your aunt, away from this loose Bohemian existence?"

To her aunt. This tied up with that other statement which had been mystifying Hal: that Godfrey Guildford knew all of Chloe's old school friends. Godfrey Guildford and the girl Hal had supposed to be without friends or background! The girl who was, he had pityingly estimated, two steps from being on the town! He gazed at Chloe, who was making a face at Godfrey.

I KNEW that was why you called me up," she said. "It's why I told you to bring champagne. I thought from that you'd see at once, Godfrey, that I was still unregenerate, and it might save you the trip."

"I thought—" said Godfrey, and swallowed. "I thought if I showed you I'd meet you halfway by bringing it—"

"But auntie will never meet me halfway," said Chloe. "Sackcloth and ashes, Godfrey, and anything else she thinks is fitting, if I'm living on her money. It's been hard on my own, maybe, sometimes. But not ever so hard as it would be to go back!"

"I thought," said Godfrey, "after you had been discouraged in your attempt to have a stage career . . ."

"That was just an excuse to get away," she said. "Don't you understand, Godfrey? I want to be like this. All I ask is for the life I've left behind to leave me—with an occasional bottle of champagne from some man who won't trust me as you do, Godfrey."

She laughed a little too loudly and poured herself a third glass. Godfrey got up and looked at Hal, who hadn't laughed. "You should have seen Chloe when she was a little girl," he said. "She was always so lovely to every one . . ."

"She still is," said Chloe, laughing more loudly. "The girl who couldn't say no!"

Godfrey grew very white. "You are saying that to make me go away forever," he said. "Why couldn't you have just told me to go? Good-by, Chloe. Don't try to pretend to be—so many things you're not."

He inclined his head to Hal and walked from the room with a stiffness that somehow attained dignity. Chloe continued her laughter on a high note until they heard the door close. Then the laughter abruptly changed to great tears that welled from her eyes to unheeded blotches on the green gown.

"It's gone forever now," she cried. "Everything that I once said good-by to because it bored me; and I thought life was as easy as that. . . . Now do you see why I have loved you so? You who, alone of all the men I've known since I left Godfrey's world, has treated me like that little girl Godfrey mourns? The little girl who has gone and can never, never come back!"

"Chloe dear," said Hal, "have you forgotten about the morning of the world, where anything is possible?"

He had drawn her to him; she was weeping on his shoulder. "I was doing that for you," she sobbed; "I can't for myself. I was as goofy as you've always called me, to think I could go back to the morning of the world, even for one day!"

"What did you tell me?" he said. "'We must believe.' Don't let me down on this, dear Chloe. I will believe that I can walk tomorrow if you'll only believe you can be that girl today."

She raised her head, the tears ceasing abruptly. "Really, truly, Hal? You will believe if I do?"

"When I came here," he said, "I wouldn't have thought it possible to forget my trouble—the thing that made me come. Your trouble has made me forget it. So I know anything is possible already—and all I have to do is make you know it too."

"But I haven't the courage to kiss you again," she sobbed. "I can't play that game any more!"

"Dear Chloe," he said, "I don't think it is a game—any more."

He bent his head to hers and found her lips, which met his with all the passion of her grief. He felt a great current run through him like sap through a tree in spring. It was suddenly, magically, as he had said; and there was no longer any need for pretense that they were in the morning of the world.

JILL, staring with eyes that felt like open wounds at the laboratory slip Hal had left her in the envelope, said to Eglantine for the fiftieth time: "You didn't watch which way he went? You didn't take the number of the taxi?"

"Mrs. Norcross, he wouldn't let me," gulped Eglantine. "He didn't want anybody to know where he went."

"Wouldn't let you . . ." said Jill. "A cripple was stronger than you, I suppose. I wonder what would happen to your standing as a nurse if I reported this to the hospital!"

Eglantine dissolved back into the tears with which she'd greeted Jill. "You can do anything you want about it, Mrs. Norcross—but don't call him a cripple. He went out of that door just like any man who wanted to get away, and I had to let him go!"

"Never mind," said Jill, blinking her dry eyes at the slip. "I shan't report you. There's enough pain. . . . We can get check-ups from all the taxi companies. Any driver is sure to remember a man in a wheel chair."

But it seemed that no company could get a complete report until the next morning. And what couldn't happen to Hal in the meantime, in the state of mind that must have been his after he'd found that slip?

There was only one thing that held her together. He'd taken a suitcase. That meant that he was planning to go on living somewhere. . . .

She put her pride in her pocket and telephoned Bill and every other man friend of Hal's that she could think of. Some of the men were sympathetic, but Bill was frankly not worried.

"Nuts, Jill! Think how long the poor fellow has been cooped up—he's probably off on a bender."

"A bender in a wheel chair! Oh, Bill—"

"Listen, Jill. Have you given Hal any idea you ever think of him now without that wheel chair surrounding him like a halo? He's still a man, you know, if he is laid up. He's probably bored with hospital atmosphere and gone out to raise a little hob. You ought to be glad he's got the guts to do it. And throw a few plates at him when he returns, just to make him feel like a husband instead of a cripple!"

Of course Bill didn't know the real reason why Hal had gone, or he couldn't have disposed of her with what seemed, in her despair, to be such unfeeling masculine brutality. Her mind turned to Dmitri. She would go back to the office. She knew he would be there, as she had heard him say he was staying for some late appointments, and it was now only quarter of six. The thought of him opened a vista of comfort, as always. The office too. In a taxi she tore the laboratory slip to bits and watched them flutter out of the window.

What could she ever say if she were fortunate enough to find Hal? "I didn't think you wanted it. . . . I didn't think you loved me any more. . . . You'd given away our capital. . . . My work, my health, my career." How feeble all those reasons sounded now when nothing of those personal matters, not even his ceasing to love her, could add up in the face of the great elemental force which she could only dimly sense in realizing how futile it had been to pit her puny little self against it.

The office, too, seemed puny as she came into it diminished by these reflections. She gasped for Dmitri's reassurance as a suffocating man for air. Her side of the agency was dark; but the Debutante Department, as they had more formally named the Wet Smacks, was still lighted. As she crossed the hall she thought briefly of a fact that had been disturbing her lately with increasing persistence. The bank loans she had undertaken in order to expand were coming due all too soon now, since the Debutante business had taken an unexpected nose dive. She'd been conservative; she'd counted, to begin with, only on the business they already had. But at present they had less Debutante enrollment than they'd had when she gave the department to Dmitri.

There were various explanations for this which didn't alter the situation that unless a miracle happened she wasn't going to be able to meet those payments. The gnawing disturbance passed in her renewed misery, that hit her like a wave as she thought how she would tell her news to Dmitri. She opened the office door and went in.

Mrs. Blagden Ray, a dowager whose daughter had recently been enrolled, was standing by Dmitri's desk preparing to depart. She turned at Jill's entrance and Jill was surprised to see that her face was flushed an apoplectic purple. Without responding to Jill's smile, she sailed out and banged the door. Jill looked at Dmitri in amazed question. He looked back at her, unruffled, with an expression of polite regret.

"I am sorry you had to see that," he said. "These mothers who do not realize publicity costs money, who blame us if after one initial payment their Blossom is not the most popular girl at the next ball . . ."

"But you're usually so good at soothing down the most unreasonable client," she said. "What was the trouble?"

"Permit me," said Dmitri, "to reserve the troubles of this department to myself, away from you, who have enough of yours."

There was a slight edge to his voice that belied the nobility of his words; but she did not hear it. With a gasp, she sank down into the chair vacated by the apoplectic Mrs. Ray.

"Dmitri," she cried, "Hal has gone! Help me to find him!"

She was not too lost in her misery to notice that the usual expression of solicitude did not leap to his face. His voice, as he asked for details, was almost perfunctory.

"Oh," he said, when she had told him what she could. "Well—it seems you have done everything there is to do until tomorrow."

"Dmitri," she cried, "what do you mean? Anything could happen to him before tomorrow!"

"No," said Dmitri; "I am afraid nothing will happen to him."

"*Afraid* nothing will!"

She jumped to her feet. He got up at the same time, and, seizing her arm, forced her down again. "Why should I pretend any longer?" he said roughly. "Pretend to worry that you might have lost your husband, when the one thing I want is that you lose him! Do you think I am made of sawdust, perhaps—or do you ever think of me at all?"

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“Dmitri!” she gasped. “What are you saying? You who once said—my trouble is yours!”

“Yes,” he said; “and you who have never said the same of mine! Is it all to be on one side, this great love? I should have thought of myself before. Why do you worry about your husband? In the morning you can trace where he has gone. You can doubtless argue with him and make him return. But why should you so wish? It is quite evident he is as unhappy in his false life with you as you have been with him. He knows it is impossible and he is taking this way of making you both free. In the name of our love, why will you not let him go?”

Hal unhappy with her. Taking this way of making them free. In the middle of the shaking terror of hearing these things spoken with such finality, she could hardly understand Dmitri's reference to “our love.” Then she stared at him, remembering that the first time he had ever used those words they had jarred, too, but not so dreadfully as now.

“I will never let him go,” she said. “He is my husband.”

The words seemed to come from somewhere beyond her, from that great force against which for so long she had tried to impose her tiny will. And as she listened to them a peace seemed to come into her that she had not known since she was a little child and believed in God. What a long way I've been from home! she thought.

In the silence that followed the revelation her own words had given her, Dmitri watched her, with his soft brown eyes seeming to follow her every thought. An ugly look had come into his face which made his features seem heavy and foreign to her for the first time.

“Oh,” he said. “So you will never let him go! Then it has come the time to let me go. Tonight—now—you will choose between him and me. Either you divorce this man who can never be your husband again, in spite of all these pale exalted words, and marry me—or I leave you here, this moment, forever.”

As a sort of peroration to this high-flung sentence, he looked around the office with a sleek, triumphant air. “You will have to do without me here too,” he said—as if he thought that that, above all things, for her would be impossible.

As it would have been once, she thought. The habit of dependence on his adoration and service had grown on her like a drug until, like all drugs that become a habit, it brought out her worst weaknesses and almost wrecked her life. Almost?

“Do without you here too . . .” she repeated. “Yes, Dmitri; I can see that would be best.”

He started back and looked at her in stupefaction. He can't believe it, she thought, and met his look with one that removed him to an even more distant place than her voice had done. Then only, when he saw that the old affinity of their eyes was destroyed, his face changed to a rising fury.

“So!” he said. “So you are through with me. Having taken everything I had to give, you think you can throw me aside. You who care for nothing but dollars and cents have no more use for me, since I have had a little hard luck in this Debutante Department and thereby imperiled your investments!”

It was her turn to be stupefied. “The Debutante Department has nothing to do with it! How do you dare—”

“Dare! Try to make me leave my place in this office—try to tear me away from your side. You shall see what I dare then!”

“What do you mean?” she cried. “I thought you just said you wanted to go! You know you couldn't stay on in the office after tonight—after everything you've said! I'll gladly give you three months' salary—”

“That makes our farce complete,” he said. “To buy me off as if I were some little stenographer, and you the boss who had tired of your interlude and wanted to go back to your wife. Quite a usual story, is it not? Only with the sexes reversed. But you women who act like men must expect to be treated like them in return; and I warn you that I shall stay in my role of stenographer if you try to rid yourself of me!”

“What do you mean?” she cried. “What are you saying?”

“Just this. If you do not keep me here in the office, I shall not act like a gentleman, but like the stenographer I have always been to you. I have a little friend who can easily be established as my common-law wife. She is not, but it can be made to seem so, for the courts.

“It is then a simple matter for her to sue and name you.

“There are a large number of circumstances she can use for proof beyond the letters you wrote me when you were ill. And the janitor downstairs will testify to the number of evenings we have stayed here in the office together after the others have gone home.”

“Dmitri—” she whispered. “You couldn't—no one would believe!”

“Whether a judge would or not,” said Dmitri, “it would break your husband's heart much more bitterly than if you decently divorced him and married me. And it would ruin the King-Danforth Agency much more than you think I am ruining it now because of the temperaments of a few silly old women.”

Her mind, trained to think fast in emergencies, suddenly clicked on a number of things. “You've brought

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"The hours wore on! We sat in silence in the dark, shivering and peering through cracks in the boarded-up windows for some sign of a car coming up the ice-covered driveway. One of us always at the phone in the hope it might ring. I wondered how my little girl was. I could have found out instantly merely by picking up that phone and calling home. But I couldn't. The life of a baby—the Lindbergh baby—out there somewhere in the vast loneliness—might be jeopardized if I tied up that phone even for an instant. With me was a priest, silently calling out to God that this dreadful mission we were on would receive the blessings of heaven. With me was a man afflicted, a fine and noble man who should not have been in that room at all, but in a hospital.

"Two o'clock. Three. Four. Five. Dawn! Gnawing, numbing suspense . . . the very specter of death itself was in that lonely house among the brittle, wind-licked trees." . . .

What possible bearing could this desolate, blizzard-lashed vigil by a cold-numbed group on an isolated Maryland summer estate have upon the destiny of the missing Lindbergh baby? Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean supplies the answer to this and many other previously unanswered questions in the amazing revelation of her past and present connection with the case, coming soon in Liberty.

Watch for it! Do not miss a single chapter of the disclosures of her behind-the-scenes efforts to recover the child—facts which have never before been published.

that in twice for no reason. You haven't told me why Mrs. Ray was angry tonight. You haven't ever told me why the Tedman and Van Rydner girls were withdrawn. What is this, anyway?"

Since he did not speak at once, glancing quickly this way and that as if choosing between answers, she rose. "You were afraid tonight," she said. "About something you've done. That's why you lost your head and didn't handle your romantic proposal with your customary finesse. What is it? You'd better tell me, for I'll find out soon enough."

He had himself in hand now, and laughed, showing those teeth she had once admired as being like the little honey bear's.

"My dear Jill," he said, "it makes no difference what I have done. You are not going to get rid of me if you value your reputation, your husband's peace of mind, and the good name of your business. I will not have the least scruple in employing any means at my command so not to lose either you or the only job I've ever been able to hold in all my life."

Even in the extremity of her terror, one last vanity did not escape her. "So they're equal attractions, are they?"

HE shrugged his shoulders. "One is not complete without the other. Assuredly I would never have fallen in love with you if you had not been a business success. It is such a part of you, my beautiful efficient Jill, that one cannot well imagine you without it. And I do not think that you will want to imagine yourself without it. And so I think you will be keeping me here, and even marrying me later on, when these temporary annoyances are over."

She slapped him full across the face. "Get out of here!" she cried. "Get out!"

He didn't even put his hand up to feel where she had struck. He stood for a moment looking at her, then laughed quietly and went to the door. "No man really wants a woman unless she wants him," he said. "So I shall wait, my dear, until that sure time when you will—again."

He went out. Frantically she gazed at the bleak walls of the office that was to have been so reassuring. Then she gave way to her terror and despair.

"Hal!" she cried. "Hal! Where are you?"

She had asked this before, the first night she had been alone in the office with Dmitri. She had not really meant it then. And now that she did, there was still no answer.

With Hal gone, Dmitri revealed at last in his true colors, and her precious career threatened with ruin, can Jill pick up the broken pieces of her life and go on? Can she face a world without love? Next week's Liberty brings the answers—and the smashing finale of this brilliant, compelling novel.

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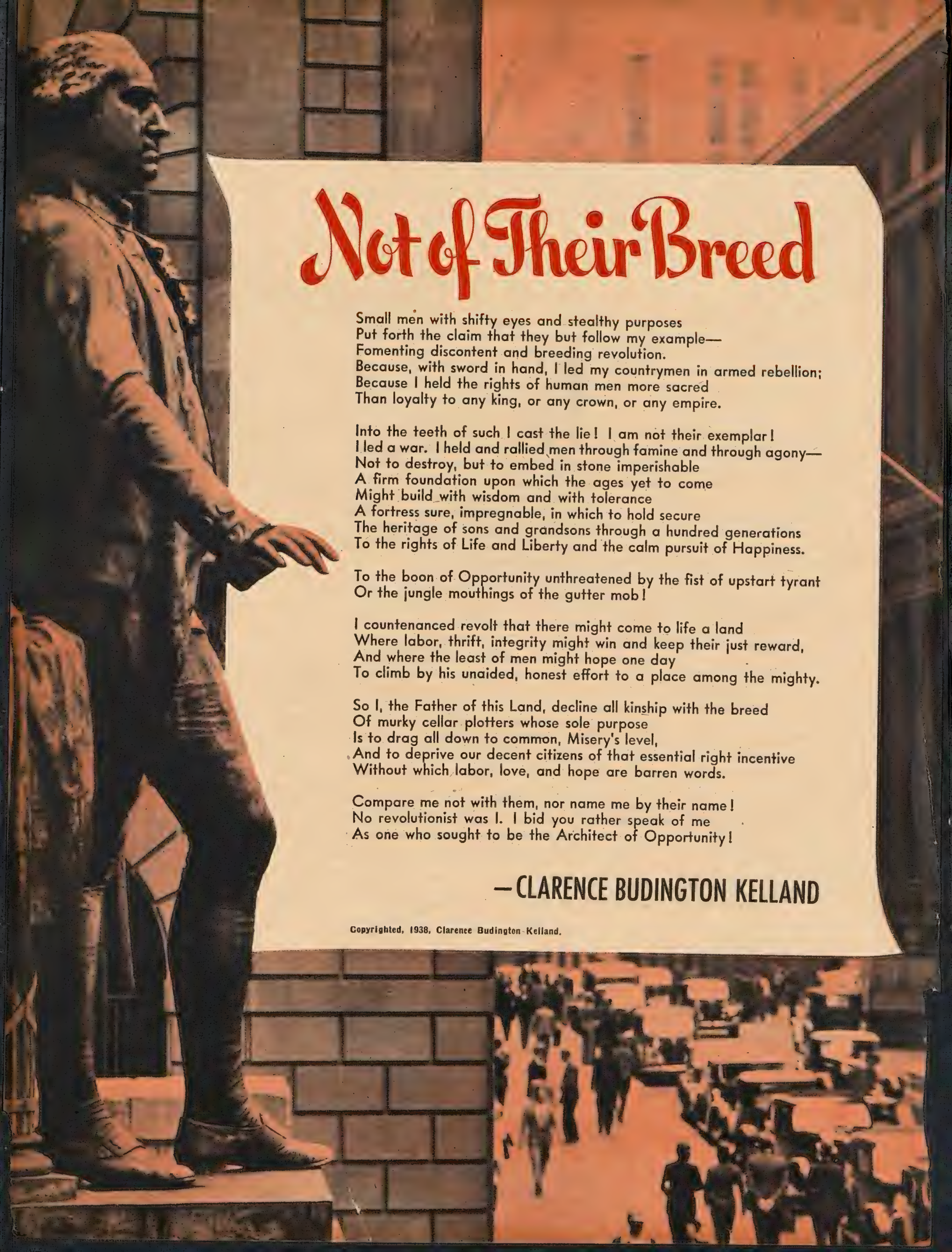

Not of Their Breed

Small men with shifty eyes and stealthy purposes
Put forth the claim that they but follow my example—
Fomenting discontent and breeding revolution.
Because, with sword in hand, I led my countrymen in armed rebellion;
Because I held the rights of human men more sacred
Than loyalty to any king, or any crown, or any empire.

Into the teeth of such I cast the lie! I am not their exemplar!
I led a war. I held and rallied men through famine and through agony—
Not to destroy, but to embed in stone imperishable
A firm foundation upon which the ages yet to come
Might build with wisdom and with tolerance
A fortress sure, impregnable, in which to hold secure
The heritage of sons and grandsons through a hundred generations
To the rights of Life and Liberty and the calm pursuit of Happiness.

To the boon of Opportunity unthreatened by the fist of upstart tyrant
Or the jungle mouthings of the gutter mob!

I countenanced revolt that there might come to life a land
Where labor, thrift, integrity might win and keep their just reward,
And where the least of men might hope one day
To climb by his unaided, honest effort to a place among the mighty.

So I, the Father of this Land, decline all kinship with the breed
Of murky cellar plotters whose sole purpose
Is to drag all down to common, Misery's level,
And to deprive our decent citizens of that essential right incentive
Without which labor, love, and hope are barren words.

Compare me not with them, nor name me by their name!
No revolutionist was I. I bid you rather speak of me
As one who sought to be the Architect of Opportunity!

—CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

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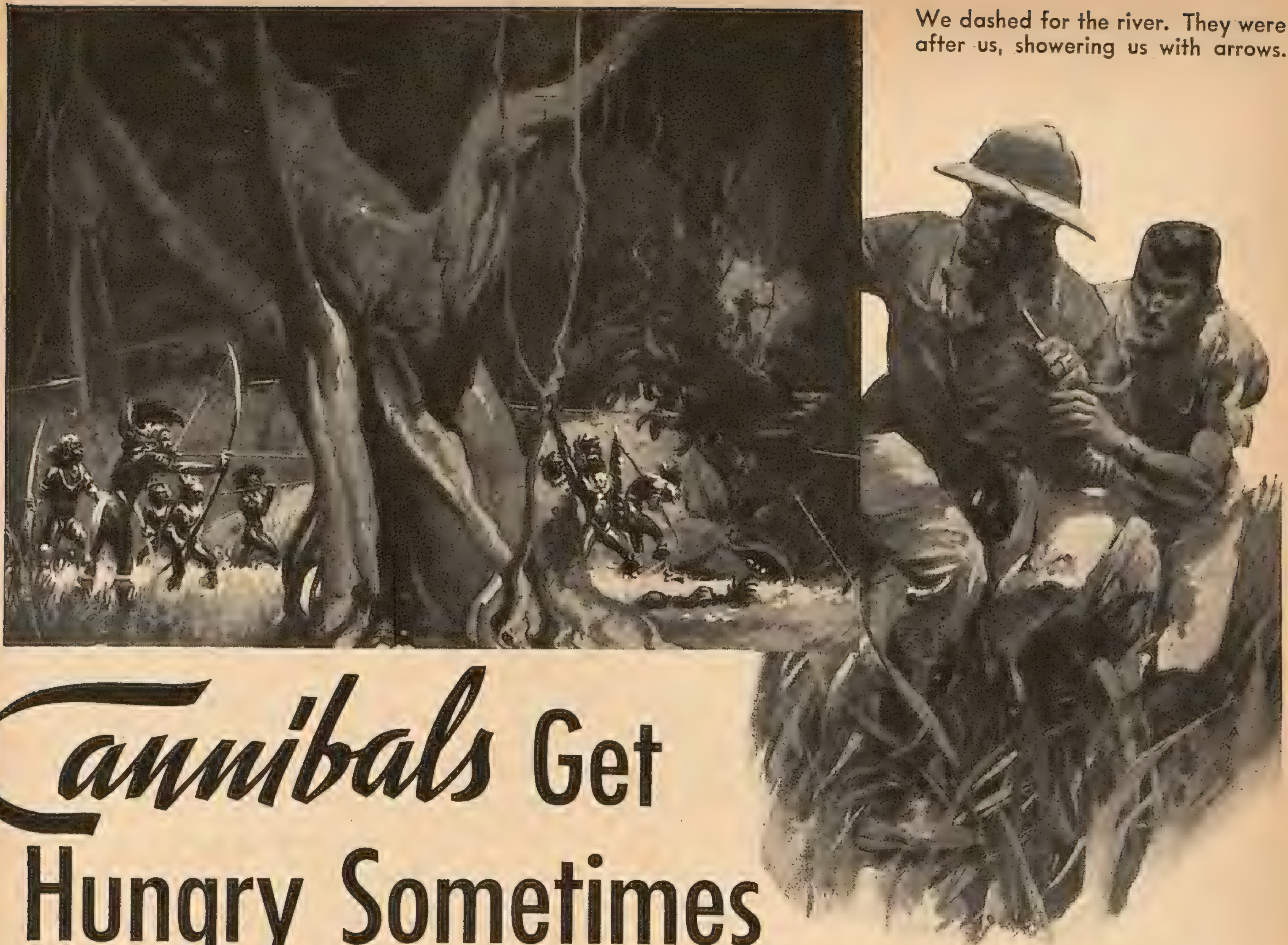


We dashed for the river. They were after us, showering us with arrows.

Cannibals Get Hungry Sometimes

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

Stranger than fiction—The thrilling, horror-tinged memories of the first white child in a savage land

BY CHARLES C. MILLER

as told to Kenneth Brown Collings

MY father had a pistol; I had a pistol; we stood back to back *—with five hundred shrieking cannibals milling in on us from all sides!* We were far up the Mimika River in Dutch New Guinea. Our four Javanese police guides had fled to the boat. We wouldn't even get time to reload; *exactly twelve bullets stood between us and the cooking pots of the Kaiya-Kaiyas!*

Dad knew more about those savages than any other man alive. "Charley," he said, "I'll fire once—over their heads. They'll hesitate an instant—and we'll dash for the boat—if the boat is still there."

He fired. The circling head-hunters halted, clubs poised. He shouted, "Run for your life, Charley!" And we dashed for the river, zigzagging between the savages.

They were after us in an instant, yelling blue murder! They showered us with arrows—but the winding trail made us difficult targets. We ducked; we dodged; we turned a corner—and saw the river.

Our boat was still there; the Javanese were waiting for us! For the first time I thought we had a chance.

Just then my foot hooked a mango root; I went sprawling flat on my face!

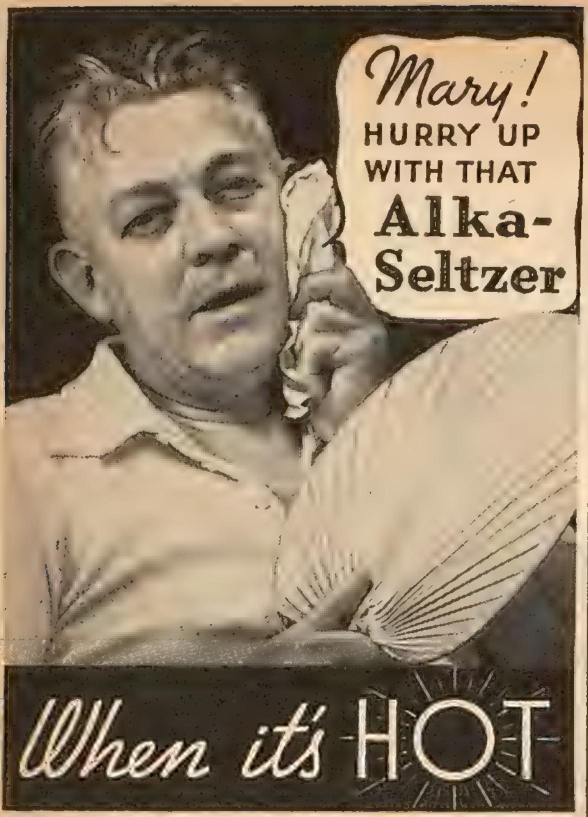
Dad whirled and fired. The leading Kaiya-Kaiya dropped in his tracks! There were a dozen others right behind him. Dad fired four more times; he emptied his gun as I scrambled to my feet. I ran to his side and exchanged guns with him. We backed the last twenty yards to the river—dad doing the firing and I reloading the pistols.

We jumped in the boat and rowed like mad for our launch, which lay anchored in midstream. Now we were a perfect target for arrows. They struck the little boat in a dozen places. It was only a question of time until one of us would be hit—and the wound would be fatal. The Kaiya-Kaiyas don't poison their arrows; they don't know how. But they use them over and over again; they pull them from carcasses of dead animals—or men, and they are invariably infected.

It was lucky for us that we had left the engineer on board the launch. He saw the Kaiya-Kaiyas swarming into canoes to chase us. He jumped to the Maxim gun mounted in the bow. A storm of bullets whipped into the canoes. Three of them upset—and the rest quit. We were safe.

How did dad and I get into that mess? We were doing a bit of sightseeing—revisiting the scenes of my childhood. I was born in Java but raised in New Guinea. My father, then a captain in the Dutch colonial army, was handed the job of commanding the first expedition to leave Java and fight its way ashore in the vast and little known territory to the east.

It was 1902 when he built the first fort at Merauke. A year later my mother and I crossed from Java. I was just six at the time. *Mother was the first white woman and I was the first white child to set foot in Dutch*



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New Guinea. We came without invitation or permission. The first dad knew about it, there we were. He had a fit when he saw us. He said it was no country for white women and children—and it wasn't. The Dutch or western portion of New Guinea is untold thousands of years behind the eastern, British, half. The Kaiya-Kaiyas of Dutch New Guinea still live in the Stone Age. *They worship nothing whatever—not even idols. They have no marriage, no permanent mating; all the women are the common property of all the men.*

The only occupation of the Kaiya-Kaiyas is head-hunting. Their only real passion is for human meat. My father was detailed to "stop those practices"—in an uncharted jungle country almost as big as Italy. He was to "establish order"—with a hundred and thirty men.

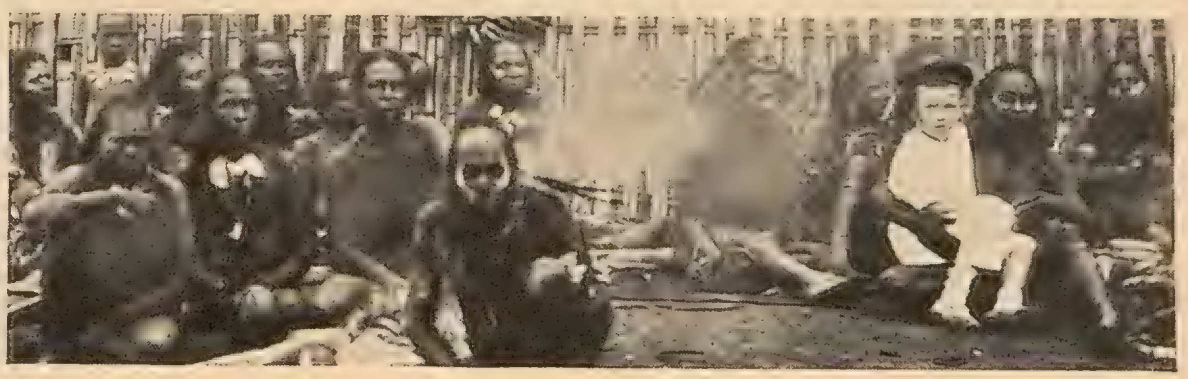
That was a joke—and everybody knew it. But the orders *had* to be issued. The British and Germans complained that the Dutch Kaiya-Kaiyas continually raided across the frontiers, beheading and eating British and German nationals.

Father started from Java in a sailing schooner with a doctor, three officers, and one company of Javanese soldiers. A "civil administrator" named Krueger went along. Krueger was a big help; he was always writing letters back to Holland boasting about "peaceful conditions"—usually on the day before the Kaiya-Kaiyas ate a couple of our soldiers.

The schooner sailed into the broad mouth of the Merauke River. Dad rowed ashore with a squad of soldiers. They selected a high knoll as the site of the future fort and set fire to the bush. They came back to the ship and spent the night while the fire burned itself out.

Hundreds of Kaiya-Kaiyas had watched furtively from the jungle the day before without attacking. But dad knew that was too good to last. So next day the whole expedition went ashore. The men struggled through the mud and went to work.

The heat was terrific. The sun glared down and the underbrush still smoldered from the fire. But temporary defenses *had* to be completed before nightfall. Everybody knew that it would be just too bad if they were not. Everybody except Krueger, that is. He said we didn't need a fort at all. He jeered at the idea of "these peaceful people harming any one."


Charles Miller, six, among Kaiya-Kaiyas who couldn't believe he was real.

The fort was in the form of a square. Nightfall found it far from complete. The two sides which faced inland were partly finished and protected by barbed wire—but the rear was wide open. Dad stationed most of his men along the open sides—and hoped that Krueger was right.

He wasn't. About two in the morning a tom-tom started to talk in the jungle — then another — then the night was alive with them. Abruptly they stopped! Everything was deathly silent for a second—then a thousand arrows whistled through the night!

Dutch soldiers were hit. How many, no one could tell; it was too dark. Suddenly the night was curdled with unearthly shrieks and yells; the naked Kaiya-Kaiyas had hit the barbed wire!

That slowed them up—but some of them were filtering through the wire. The inside of the fort was a milling mass of battling humanity—with the tide turning against the vastly outnumbered Dutch. If the Kaiya-Kaiyas discovered the unprotected rear, it would all be over.

My father had to signal the sloop to shell the shore. He hated to, because his own men were likely to be hit—but he had to. He fired a rocket in the air.

The guns opened up with a roar! The Kaiya-Kaiyas were terrified. They fled to the jungle and right into the line of fire. The garrison was saved—what there was left of it. *Out of the original hundred and thirty men — just sixty survived.* We never did find out how many Kaiya-Kaiyas were killed, but native legends put the number up in the thousands.

Every day for the next year there was trouble. For more than a month *ten soldiers died every day* of malaria or beriberi. The schooner shuttled back and forth to Java to get replacements.

Then mother and I arrived on the scene. Dad ordered us back to Java. But mother—as often—had her way. We stayed. "And," said mother, "it's a good thing I'm here. All the medicine in the world won't save your men. They need fresh vegetables; I'm going to start a garden."

She did; and as soon as they began to get fresh vegetables the beriberi death rate dropped almost to zero.

The only place for mother's garden was *outside* the stockade, and she insisted on working it herself. I was frequently with her. Two guard towers with sentries looked down on the garden—but that didn't keep dad from worrying about us.

Krueger wrote to Holland that my father's reports that the Kaiya-Kaiyas were head-hunters were "ridiculous." The government jumped on dad; he had to vindicate himself. He took a patrol and pushed about five miles into the jungle, to a little native "village." It was only three huts—but they were plenty.

Dried human heads hung from the roofs like grapes.

The patrol gathered seven heads and brought them back to Merauke. Dad photographed them and sent the pictures home. That shut Krueger up—for a little while.

The heads had been severed from the bodies so cleanly that we were mystified. We couldn't figure out how the Kaiya-Kaiyas had done it, because they had no knives or steel axes. Then we found out. Thirty-eight men paid with their lives for the information. They were convict laborers; the government had sent us a shipload of them from Java. There were three hundred prisoners—Malays, Javanese, and Chinese. They didn't know that they had arrived on a different island; they had been kept under the hatches during the voyage.

We tried to tell them, but they didn't believe us. They were building their own prison, and until it was completed they could easily escape, so we warned them about the cannibals. They didn't believe that either. Forty of them cut their way through the wall in the middle of the night.

DAD sent out patrols to find them, although he thought it useless. But two days later a patrol *did* find two convicts—both Chinese. They had escaped the massacre. They told us the story:

It was dark and the convicts walked squarely into a big native village—the two Chinese a little in the rear. The jubilant Kaiya-Kaiyas surrounded the leaders, lit fires, and started to dance the *Karawarie*—the head-hunting dance.

The two Chinese had not been noticed—yet. There was a swamp beside the village. They crawled into the reeds and lay hidden. They stayed there for two nights and a day. And the entire time they had to watch their comrades being killed and eaten—one at a time.

They saw the Kaiya-Kaiyas dance round and round their next victim. The executioner had a blunt stone ax, but *he also carried a razor-sharp sliver of bamboo bark.* He stepped suddenly behind his victim. He stunned the convict with a blow on the back of the head. He reached around in front and deftly slit the throat with the bamboo splinter—sliced it clear to the backbone in one swift motion! He seized the victim's head with both of his hands and gave it a quick rotating wrench! The backbone snapped and the head came off in his hands—*and the whole amaz-*

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ing act was performed so quickly that the head was off before the victim's unconscious body could collapse and fall as the result of the first blow.

Dad looked at mother. "Whew!" he said. "And you and Charley have been working in that garden with head-hunters all around you!"

When a Kaiya-Kaiya brave severed a head, he tossed it to the women. They fondled it and kissed it. A Kaiya-Kaiya warrior had no standing with them until he had brought them at least one head.

The *Karawarie* festival was now in full swing. The natives passed around coconut shells full of sago wine. The bodies were dismembered and the various parts were wrapped in clay and baked. It was daylight now and the feast lasted all day and far into the next night.

Toward dawn, all thirty-eight convicts were dead—although not all eaten—and the Kaiya-Kaiyas were very drunk. Most of them were fast asleep. The two Chinese crept from the swamp and escaped.

SOMETHING had to be done in reprisal. The entire garrison sallied out and raided the village. We found some of the half-cured heads, but of the bodies not a trace. We executed about fifteen warriors and burned the village.

My mother was a marvelous sight in the eyes of the Kaiya-Kaiyas—but nothing as compared to me. Every day new natives came to the fort and asked to look at me. They asked my father repeatedly if he wouldn't loan me to them to take home and show to their tribes.

"Will you guarantee he comes back alive?" asked dad.

Whatever else the Kaiya-Kaiyas were, they were not usually liars. "Well," they said, "we will try our best—but no, we cannot guarantee it."

But they brought me all kinds of presents. One day a delegation brought me a small canoe. My dad took me outside the barracks—under guard—on a chair. The natives asked if I were "all white." My father had me take off my play suit. The natives were amazed; they didn't believe I was real. My father allowed them to select delegates to feel me all over. I doubt if any white man was ever touched as many times by Kaiya-Kaiyas as I was—and is still alive to tell about it.

The pump in mother's garden was made of iron, precious to the Kaiya-Kaiyas. They stole pumps during the night just as fast as we could put them up. Mother and I were in the garden the morning after one of the thefts. "Nothing to do but replace it," said mother. She dispatched one of our guards to the warehouse. The other wandered away a few paces. Without noticing that he was not with us, mother and I walked off in the opposite direction.

Suddenly mother looked up to see a big Kaiya-Kaiya standing directly behind me. They were mostly tall men, but this chap was huge—*and in one hand he held a stone hatchet and in the other a sharp sliver of bamboo bark! He glared at my head; he shivered with excitement; he was a head-hunter about to go into action.*

Mother didn't scream; that would have been fatal. She looked calmly at the cannibal and accused him of being the thief who had stolen the pumps. He started; his eyes wandered to mother, and the spell was broken. He fled—and she fainted.

Later, strange as it may seem, we became a bit friendly with the natives. Once when we went out to our little steamer, a lot of them followed in canoes. Dad allowed a few to come aboard and satisfy their curiosity.

In about five minutes he discovered that it was a mistake. He had allowed ten to come aboard; about a hundred followed without permission. They started to steal everything that wasn't nailed down, and they were fast getting excited—in the cannibalistic fashion.

Suddenly they stopped gathering souvenirs and stared at me. It was time for action. The captain of the boat grabbed the cord of his steam siren. It gave a wild prolonged shriek. The natives were panic-stricken; they leaped into the river, clambered into their canoes, started to paddle furiously for the shore.

Then I saw something unbelievable: Those aboriginal savages, to cover their retreat, created a perfect smoke screen. They had sections of bamboo filled with powdered chalk. They beat the bamboo on the gunwales of their canoes. Ten seconds later the only thing we could see was a rolling cloud of dust.

I had to return to Java and go to school. Some time after that dad retired from the army and brought mother back to Java. It was fifteen years later that he said to me, "Charley, how would you like to go back and have a look at New Guinea? They say that it is much more peaceful now—but I wonder."

WE packed up and caught a boat. We landed first at Mimika—and found the entire garrison looking for three missionary priests who had disappeared. They found them—their heads, that is. The natives were perhaps a trifle more in awe of white men—if the white men had guns. At least we thought so until we went ashore that day to visit a village—and found ourselves in the center of a *Karawarie* ring. The rest—how we two fought our way to the boat—you already know.

We stayed two and one half years on our last visit to Dutch New Guinea.

When we were again on the steamer headed for Java, dad said, "Charley, I always had a yearning to go back—but I am cured now. That is one country civilization will never even dent." I said, "No, not in a thousand years—but in spite of that, something tells me *I* am going back."

THE END

Democracy at the Crossroads

—CAN WE KEEP OUR FREEDOM?

By Paul W. Garrett

ISMS
FREEDOM
DEMOCRACY

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

I ASSUME that most of us have been so reared in the faith and in the realities of a free America that even now, as a world war in ideas is disrupting established institutions everywhere, perhaps not one of us in his heart is ready to believe anything can happen to destroy the liberties that are our own heritage.

But of course it can. Already, one after another, the world's free governments have fallen. And now these United States stand as one of the few countries where the people still rule, where men may aspire to a better future, and where enterprise still is free.

Various reasons have been advanced for this amazing retreat from hard-won liberties, but the one important reason that need concern us is that the adherents of free government, the citizens—the customers of free government—have been slipping away. They have been turning to new doctrines, not from any considered knowledge that these offered more, but for want of an understanding of their own government—its origins, purposes, methods, and its results.

Now, when faith in an institution like government is lost—the purposes and principles forgotten—you must expect two results: the institution no longer renders its accustomed service, and new leaders arise.

Precisely these things have been happening, simply because free peoples have been too busy enjoying the benefits of their freedom, too intent upon capitalizing their opportunities, ever to consider that the system which produced these benefits and opportunities might itself sometime be imperiled.

Coincident with this decline in the spirit of free governments—and as a direct outgrowth—it was only natural that some should question another inherently strong and dynamic force. I refer to private enterprise. Call it the system of individual initiative, or the capitalistic order, or the American way of work and life—call it what you will, the facts are that our whole economic and industrial structure has been thrown into confusion, not because of any inherent or irremediable weakness within itself, but because it has failed to make clear to people the philosophy and principles of its own existence.

If the American business system is to preserve the right to continue its contributions to the general welfare, it must learn to interpret itself in deeds and in words that have meaning to others than itself. Industry's destiny rests and must necessarily rest not on the system's benefits to capital, not on its benefits to labor, but in the final analysis on its benefits to—the consumer, the group that outnumbers and includes all others.

And are we not a little shortsighted nowadays to explore so many questions with thought for almost every class except the consumer? The employee's side we headline. The employer's side we expound. But rarely do we present the case for sober trial in terms that have consumer meaning.

We have been generally alert in building a profit motive system that has brought to the American consumer the highest standard of living in the history of mankind. We have been inexcusably stupid in our failure to give him an understanding of how it is that consumer dreams and desires become realities under our system of large-scale enterprise. We have made no appreciable effort even to explain the A B Cs of the American plan; to explain that the standard of living for all goes up, and can only be made to go up, as the true price of goods for all is brought down.

And until this elementary concept is got across, how can we expect people to understand that their advanced standard of living—far beyond anything else in the world—is inextricably linked to the characteristic American plan of mass production in industry?

Because so many have not had this understanding, have been viewing themselves as employers, or workers, or farmers—rather than as consumers of goods—they have, without realizing it, put business on the spot.

Thrust by this turn of events into an awkward and unaccustomed place, conscious of past omissions and critical future needs, industry has been fervently taking stock of itself and submitting to frank, and frequently brutal, self-examination. It has conducted a searching inquiry into the validity of its established principles and accepted doctrines. Out of that inquiry has come a great new interest in what we refer to as human, or public, relations as applied to business. For industry, like democracy, depends for its present success and its future existence upon people, upon those who partake of its responsibilities and its benefits—upon men and women—upon customers.

I suppose there is nothing of which we can be so proud, or to which the world points with such envy, as the high standard by which we nearly all live in America. With 6 per cent of the world's population, we have 50 per cent of the world's telephones. We have 44,000,000 savings-bank de-

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positors. We spend more for education than all the rest of the world. We have 64,000,000 people protected through life insurance. We have a radio for every six persons. We have enough automobiles for every man, woman, and child to go riding all at once on a Sunday afternoon.

Yet nobody has ever made more than a feeble effort to explain publicly why these benefits exist here and do not exist in any other country in the world.

Unless the contributions of the American system are explained to consumers in terms of their own interest, the system itself will not stand against the storm of fallacies that rides the air in this era of easy, worldwide, instantaneous communication.

I refer to such fallacies as the one that sets up class hatred by declaring that industry is a device operating for the unholy benefit of a few economic royalists. For this injures not particularly the economic royalists but industry itself and all those who live by industry—especially the thousands upon thousands of small enterprises. Repressive measures always hit them hardest. It ignores the fact that the American system of enterprise, more than any other, prevented the growth of classes by enabling each generation to replenish from the ranks the leadership at the top.

PAUL W. GARRETT

was financial editor of the New York Evening Post, and today is director of public relations of General Motors Corporation. Kansan born, he is a graduate of Whitman College, Walla Walla, Washington. This article is part of a speech that he delivered recently.

And does not this fallacy ignore the fact that 84 cents out of every dollar of manufacturing income goes to the employee himself, whereas the remaining 16 cents is divided up between the inventor, investor, and all the rest who keep the industrial machine going?

I refer also to the fallacy that business went on a "sitdown" strike to bring on this depression to embarrass the New Deal and to embarrass labor. This makes a very exciting story. It is probably the most flattering left-handed tribute paid to business in many a day. But does it not ignore the cold prosaic fact that industrial production and business volumes depend not upon the capital under control of managements but upon the capital in the pockets of potential customers? One thing is sure. Nobody in government or in industry or anywhere yet possesses the power or the knowledge to control the swings in the economic cycle.

I refer likewise to the fallacy that the way to create buying power is to level down from the top; that the way to spread wealth is to divide it, not multiply it. It is a shameful commentary upon our neglect of elementary business interpretation that such a doctrine, based upon the outworn philosophies of Karl Marx and the Socialist school, should ever have gained a foothold in these United States. For does this theory not ignore the fundamental fact that production of goods precedes distribution of goods—that increase in wealth can only come through producing ever more and more things to distribute?

I refer to the fallacy that the machine is driving men into idleness. Does this theory not ignore the fact that jobs for workers increase almost in direct proportion as workers can call upon horsepower to help them? Does it not ignore the fact that during the last fifty years of machine development the population of the nation has doubled but the number of wage earners in factories trebled? Does it not ignore the fact that for every person given a job in manufacturing enterprise, four others automatically were given jobs as suppliers and in corollary services thereby created?

And I refer to that fallacy into which so many workers have been led—that the salary of the boss comes out of their pockets—that management is overpaid at the expense of the workers. Does that theory not ignore the fact that management, without which there would not be industry, costs but a few cents a week for each worker? That, in relation to accomplishments in producing jobs and goods, American business management is the least expensive in all the world?

Finally, I refer to the fallacy of fallacies—the strange belief that bigness in industry somehow is synonymous with badness. As if size had anything to do with morality! Here, undeniably, is a delusion which strikes at the root of our economic system. For, by and large, are not the benefits that distinguish us from other nations precisely those things made possible by our American system of large-scale production? Does not such a theory overlook the fact that through the pattern of bigness you can purchase for $700 a car that would cost $15,000 built like a house on the pattern of smallness? Does it not ignore the fact that big business is, through creating new demands, the most prolific breeder of small businesses so far known? Did not the recent Washington conference indicate that small business is smallness on its way to bigness?

These fallacies present to industry an honest challenge to interpret for consumer guidance the principles and facts underlying industrial existence.

The interests of industry and of the community are mutual and supplementary. Industry contributes the economic atmosphere; the community, the moral, cultural, and civic atmosphere in which employees live. Unless industry has confidence in the community and the community has confidence in industry, how can the interests of either be fully served?

THE END

"The Christian Lepers Sat Up All Night"

Lepers joined in the prayers for the life of this Japanese kindergarten teacher.

Of faith and a girl—A new, true story of those whose prayers were answered

BY ELIZABETH KILBURN

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

MOST certainly prayers are answered. There would be no missionaries in the world, for one thing, if they were not. I have had so many experiences along this line that it is difficult to decide which ones to pick out to write about. With me it started long before I ever thought of becoming a missionary to Japan.

Grandma Kilburn during her last illness was in bed for more than a year with inflammatory rheumatism. She was eighty-three, but had always been very healthy, so she had a strong hold on life. Finally, however, the doctor said she could not live more than a few hours. She herself realized it but decided not to go just then. She called for the family and the pastor and told us all to pray that she be given one more week of life.

She lived one week to the day. The first few days of that week her mind was very active. All fear seemed to be gone and she talked naturally of "going home." She called me to her bedside, for "I have many things to talk over with you," she said. I told her we could not let her go, for then, "who would do the family praying?" I asked. Always when we brought our family problems to her she would pray, and things would turn out all right.

Not only those within the family but also outsiders were benefited by her prayers. One of my very dear friends was to be married. All her invitations had been sent out when her husband-to-be lost his job. She rushed over to our house to ask "Banna" to pray, and before long the young man found a job, one better than he had had before.

I reminded my grandmother of this power she had and of how necessary she was to our well-being. "But that's not a good reason for me to stay," she answered, "for you can pray just as well as I can." "Me?" I asked in surprise. "Why, everything I pray for always comes out the opposite way!" "Betty, you must not say that, for it is not true. Look at me, for I am going to say something very important. *The mantle of faith I have had I am going to pass over to you.*"

Since that time I have had some wonderful experiences of answered prayer. A very dear American friend of mine was greatly concerned about her little boy who had "spells." A doctor had said that it was a certain type of epilepsy and could not be cured. I prayed earnestly that the mother would be led to the right doctor, and she was. That doctor diagnosed it differently, found out the cause, and helped the child. I learned through this experience that God answers our prayers in many different ways; very often He uses the wisdom that He has given to doctors.

I had been away from my field of service in Japan for a year. On my return, I had decided to stay in Tokyo for a few days before returning to my work in Kumamoto, in southern Japan. A telegram arrived, however, telling me to return immediately as our head kindergartner was very ill with typhopneumonia. When I arrived in Kumamoto, I found that the young Japanese girl was in my own bedroom, dying. There was an epidemic of typhoid, more than a thousand cases, and the small hospitals were all crowded, so she had been brought to our mission home.

When I arrived, the girl was unconscious and gasping for breath. I could count her pulse only with great difficulty.

We had two Japanese doctors. One had returned home, as he said there was absolutely no hope. The other doctor, in giving his instructions, said, "It looks hopeless, but we'll work to the end. It is now out of our hands, however, so we'll pray as we work." This doctor was an earnest Christian.

It came to me very clearly that it was not God's will for this young girl to go, for she was a very unusual teacher, an earnest Christian, and the mothers as well as the children all loved her. We needed her in our work. Then, too, her family was dependent on her.

One of her very dear friends was an evangelist in a large leper hospital in the city. I called her up and told her the circumstances and she promised that not only she but the Christian lepers would also pray earnestly. We found out later that thirty of these lepers sat up all night to pray for this girl.

Our prayers were not answered immediately. It was a long battle, for although, to the utter surprise of the doctors, she turned for the better that night, she after that improved little by little but steadily over a period of one month. She is well and strong today, eleven years later, and is still working in that Japanese kindergarten in Kumamoto.

More recently a young Japanese woman was taken very ill. Her husband was a Christian doctor. I had been called to another place in northern Japan, where the missionary had retired. This young woman was to take an important Bible class of government college girls, in

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my place, and was to help her husband in the young people's work of the church.

I was writing letters when I received a telegram that she could live only a few hours. Suddenly I felt a great urge to pray for her. I continued praying for hours, until at about four in the afternoon my heart felt light and happy, and it came to me clearly that my prayer had been answered.

I decided to write out the experience and send it to her husband. On the day I mailed my letter, I received a printed form letter from him. In it he told about the "miracle" that had happened, and said he decided to have the letter printed, for he knew there were many praying for his wife. He described how on a certain day his wife was sinking rapidly and they all thought it was just a matter of hours before she would go. The family was near her bedside, the doctor in charge had done everything that could be done, and the young doctor, her husband, was holding her wrist. At a few minutes before four in the afternoon her heart fluttered and stopped. Then suddenly it started up again. It continued to beat steadily, and in about twenty minutes the young girl opened her eyes and asked for something. Every one was astonished, for she had been unconscious up until then. She is well now, and both she and her husband told me later that my letter only strengthened their belief that a miracle had been performed.

That prayer spans great distances was shown by an experience I had some years ago. I received a message in Japan that my father in America was seriously ill. In spite of his age and the fact that he was in a weakened condition following pneumonia, it seemed necessary to perform an operation for a trouble that had become suddenly acute. The message said, "There is little hope for his recovery, so we feel that if you wish to see him again you had better return immediately." I sailed for America on the next boat, which left four days later.

Usually Japanese friends give happy send-offs when we sail, but this time, knowing the circumstances, all my farewell parties turned into prayer groups for the recovery of my father. I did not know it at the time, but while these meetings were going on in Japan my father was going through the operation which could no longer be postponed. By the time I reached home he had almost recovered. When I met the surgeon and started to thank him for the great part he had in my father's recovery, he told me, "We did our best, but your father's life this time rested with a Higher Power than ours, he was so very, very low."

After a number of years I have once again returned to America for a short time. Last month I had occasion to enter a certain hospital for treatments. The chief of staff of doctors there believes that between science and prayer there should be no conflict—that prayer co-operates and helps medicine to do its work properly. Before an important diagnosis is made he, together with his staff, prays for guidance.

They also believe, in this American hospital, that very often a patient is all tied up with conflicts and fears brought on by selfishness, self-centeredness, and other sins, and that these fears prevent a return to health, no matter how hard the doctors may work. With that thought in mind, the chief of staff has a woman assistant, well trained both mentally and spiritually for the work, with whom he asks his women patients to talk over anything that troubles them. Many times it is necessary for this worker to share some of her own experiences and tell how, through prayer and confession and by surrendering, she was spiritually healed. This will often bring to the patient's mind that she, herself, has like conflicts and fears that should be got rid of.

If you recall a specific case in which a prayer of yours has been answered write us about it. We shall be glad to receive and, if possible, to print your experience.

In my own case the doctor found out the physical reason why I had had a pain in my back for eleven years, and corrected it. At the same time, through prayer and surrender, I was able to rid myself of certain fears that were holding me back, so that now I have a most wonderful release both physically and spiritually.

Oh, yes, there is no doubt at all but that prayers are answered in many different ways all over the world!

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 26

1—James J. (Gentleman Jim) Corbett.
2—Montreal.
3—Those of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.
4—The B. & O. (Baltimore & Ohio Railroad), which was chartered in 1827.
5—Long Beach.
6—James W. Blake, in 1894.
7—In his vulnerable heel.
8—Charles Reade.
9—The heart.
10—Forty-eight; forty-seven; forty-five.
11—Baked liver, onions, and bacon.
12—Two.
13—The raccoon.
14—Chattanooga, Tennessee.
15—They are closed Saturdays; open Sundays.
16—Snark.
17—Welding.
18—Fifty-four dollars a month.
19—Twenty; twenty-one.
20— G. Rossini

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

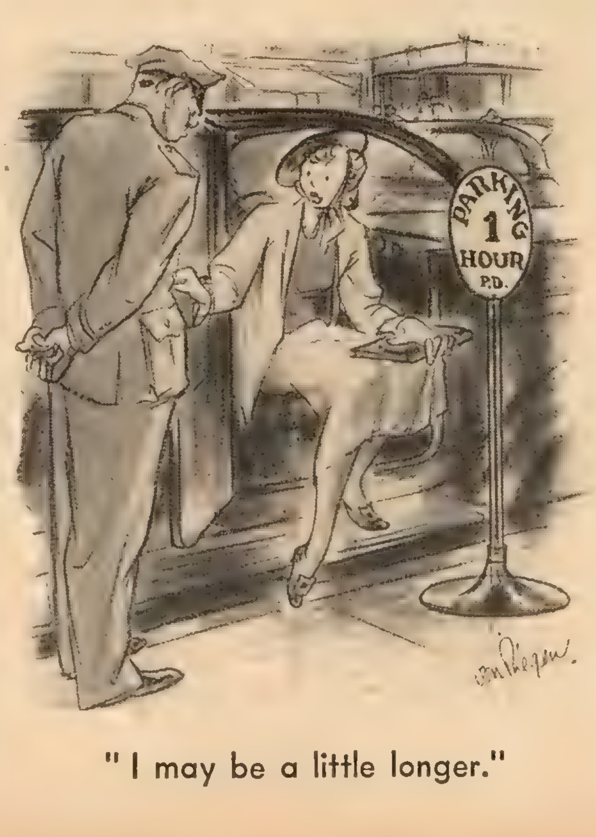
IN every part of America there are thousands of us living outside the cities who still depend almost exclusively on mail-order houses for our fashions, toilet accessories, home furnishings, etc. No understanding of our feminine taste can be complete without some knowledge of what we buy today through mail-order catalogues. To get this information I talked with Ann Williams, chief stylist for Sears Roebuck—an alert, attractive business woman whose daily mailbags require more than a dozen assistants to handle, and contain requests for advice on all sorts of problems, from mechanical laundering to affairs of the heart. Among rural people, Ann Williams has become a national institution. Fourteen mothers have named baby daughters after her. Lonely men often write to her, proposing marriage. . . . Following are a few of the facts she gave me:

Minnesota girls buy more red dresses than girls of any other state; and hats for them must be supplied in extra-large head sizes, because they don't bob their hair as generally as the rest of us. . . . Southern girls, as a rule, have their dresses made at home from piece goods, but they send for the laciest and briefest undies obtainable by mail order. . . . New England girls demand solid quality; want their dresses very plain and untrimmed. . . . In all states the nightgown remains more popular than pajamas, yet up-to-date sports costumes are universally demanded. . . . They don't care to spend more than two or three dollars for a party dress; they expect a winter coat to cost seven or eight; but they're willing to pay ten for a ski suit. . . . Silk stockings and sport outfits are their indulgences. . . . "The mail-order girl," said Ann Williams, "knows about everything new and modern *because she reads the magazines.*"

☆ Old Man Cupid has a sweet tooth. . . . A New York widower, calling on friends, tasted some homemade candy they had bought in a small Midwestern town during a motor trip. "Where did you get this?" he asked. They remembered the name of the town. "I knew it!" exclaimed the widower. "That's where I was born, and there's only one girl who ever made molasses coconut so good!" . . . She had been a boyhood romance of his. He went back to his home town for the first time in years. Found her unmarried, hard up, selling candy. Yes, you have guessed the end correctly—and it is a true-life story.

☆ Kathleen Morrow Elliot is an American lady who has lived eighteen years in the tropics, her husband being a Standard Oil man stationed in Java, where the temperature averages between 84 and 89, except during three months of the year, when it's around ten degrees higher. . . . Seemed to me she should be a sound authority on problems of hot-weather housekeeping. She was; and at least two of the many ingenuities she described might be adopted easily by us for summer comfort. . . . *First,* the "Dutch wife"—a bolster, or long cylindrical pillow, stuffed good and hard and laid on the bed lengthwise, from head to foot. You sleep with one leg and one arm draped across it. Americans unused to the tropics feel foolish when they start trying the "Dutch wife," but they soon learn there is no cooler way of sleeping. . . . *Second,* the tropical ladies' custom of being social in the morning instead of in the afternoon. Bridge parties in Java begin at 10 A. M. Lunch is served at eleven thirty; then all the girls take naps from two to four. They guard their feminine vitality against the lassitude of extreme heat. . . . Kathleen Elliot writes children's books about East Indies life. Title of her latest is Somoon, Boy of Bali. (Published by Alfred A. Knopf.)

☆ Some hundreds of miles from Java, on the other side of the Indian Ocean, lies the country of Travancore, where rulership is handed down through the women of the family, not through the men. I was interested to learn that in Travancore, where women are so important, the marriage ceremony is entirely a matter of clothes. The bridegroom presents a new dress to the bride, and as soon as she puts it on they're married. That's all the wedding amounts to—just buying clothes for the wife. . . . Do I hear it whispered that somewhat the same sort of thing goes on much nearer home?



"I may be a little longer."

☆ Green garden peas and the freshest of eggs made this *Nest Egg* dish a vegetarian "compliment of the season." . . . Put 4 eggs in cold water, bring gradually to boiling point, simmer gently for 12 minutes. Drop eggs into cold water for 1 minute, then remove shells and cover eggs with a cloth (the only correct method, by the way, of preparing hard-boiled eggs so they'll be anything but rubberized horrors). . . . Have ready 3½ cups hot mashed potato, beaten well with a little butter and hot milk. Also 2 pounds freshly cooked peas, and 1½ cups tomato sauce, to which a few chopped olives have been added. Mix potato quickly with ½ cup whipped cream and form ring on hot platter. Slice and arrange the eggs on top of potato ring. Fill center with peas, dotting with butter. Serve tomato sauce on the side.

☆ A while ago I gave you some religious and classical quotations. Now readers are asking for more. This one is from Publilius Syrus, a Roman writer who lived about half a century before Christ. Publilius said: "I have often regretted my words, but I have never regretted my silence."

☆ There seems to be a lively debate in progress as to whether or not a considerate wife should make up her morning face before sitting down to breakfast with her husband. Some men say they hate to see powder and lipstick in the morning. Others want a wife to look her prettiest at all hours. . . . I suggest you had better find out which side of the morning-make-up fence *your* husband is on.

FIND YOUR FORTUNE IN THE STARS!

WIN A CASH PRIZE!

$2,000 STARGAZING CONTEST

You Still Can Enter and Win!

WHY not search the stars for a cash fortune—extra dollars with which to buy the things you've always wanted but which somehow always seem just too much for the regular budget? Liberty invites you to win some of the prize dollars in this interesting game. It's easy to win. Just take the letters from the stars in the drawings and use them to form the names of the stars of the microphone or screen. The rules explain exactly how to arrive at correct solutions. Everything you need in order to get into the game is right here on this page. Why not try for some of this easy money? After you have solved this week's two names, if this is your first entrance into the game you will need to make up the lost ground in order to be even with the field. Here's how:

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

Do you need the first ten drawings of this series? Liberty has prepared reprints for your convenience. Address your request in accordance with Rule 6 and enclose five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. When the drawings reach you, find the names, just as you have worked out this week's identifications, and your entry will be even with the field.

THE RULES

1. This contest will cover ten weeks, ending in the issue of Liberty dated August 6, 1938.

2. Each week of the contest the names of two prominent stars of radio or pictures will be presented in jumbled form, a total of twenty names to solve.

3. To compete, simply unscramble the jumbled letters of the two names presented each week into their correct order. For instance, the various letters in a puzzle might be B-R-O-C-S-I-N-G-B-Y and could be rearranged to spell BING CROSBY. The scattered letters S-A-M-H-A-N-J-O-R would rearrange into JOAN MARSH. Write your solutions in the space provided under each puzzle. Save all solutions until your set is complete at the end of the game.

4. Then write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining "The entertainer named in this contest whom I like best, and why." This statement is required with every set of solutions.

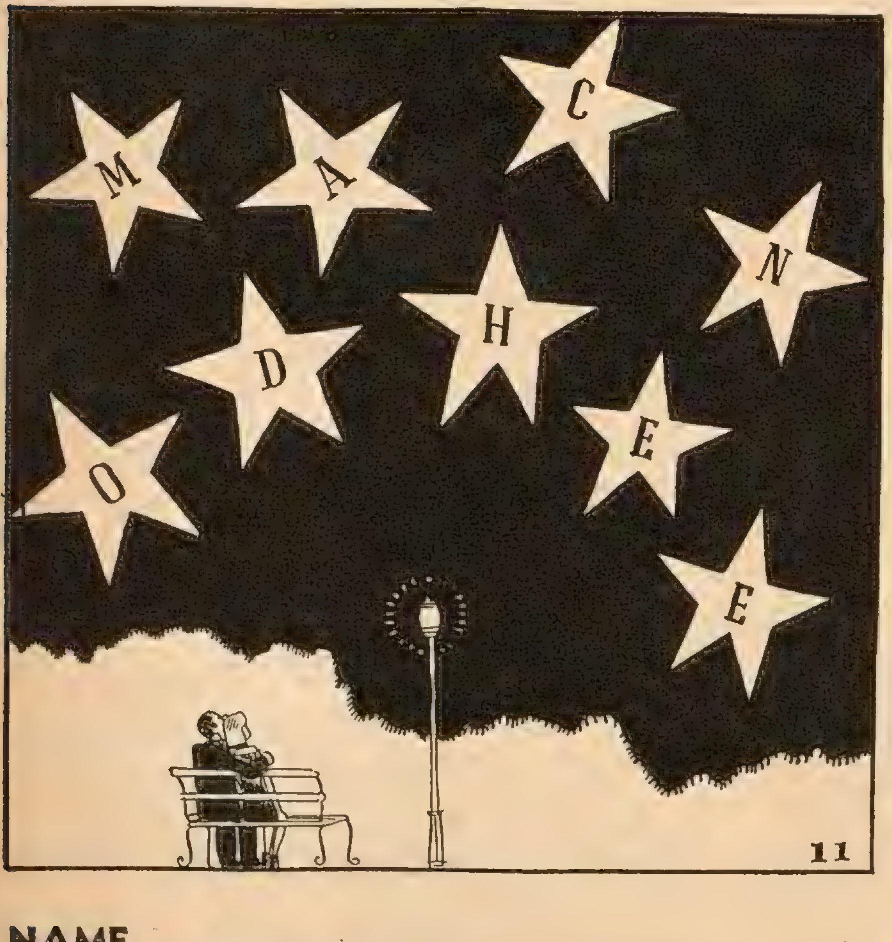
5. The entry with the greatest number of correctly solved jumbles, accompanied by the most logical and convincing statement, will be considered the best and will receive the $500 cash First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will be awarded the following prizes: $200 Second Prize; $100 Third Prize; twenty prizes, each $10; 200 prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

6. Submit entries by first-class mail to Stargazing Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., in time to be received on or before Friday, August 19, 1938, the closing date of this contest.

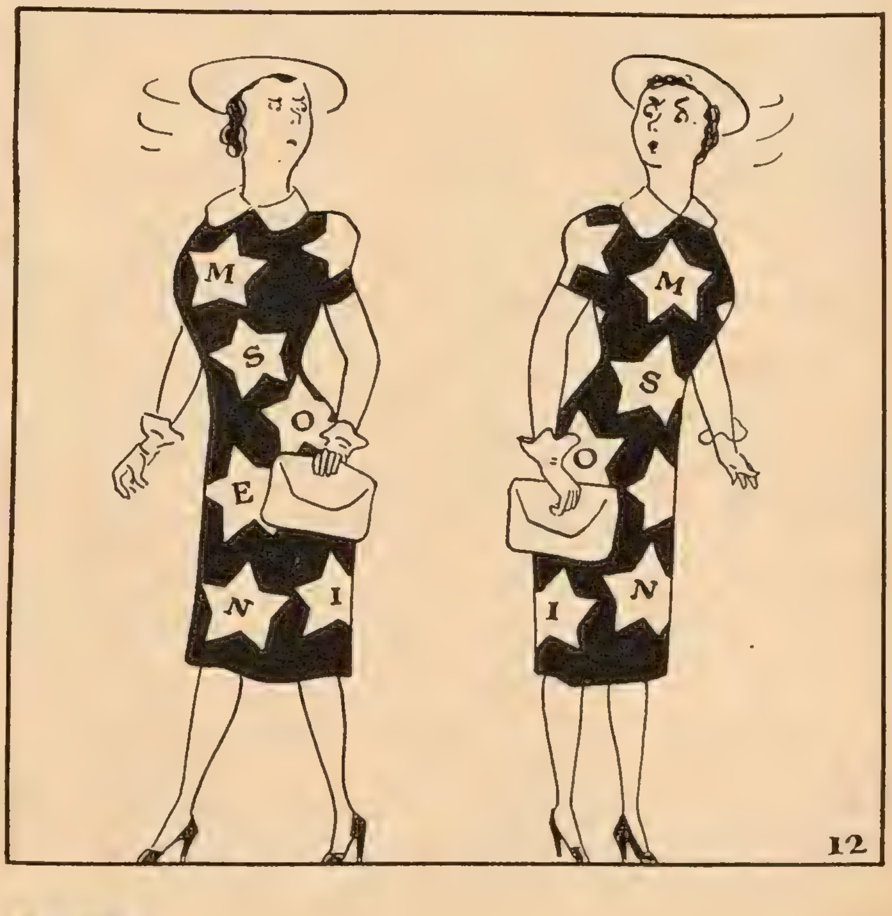
7. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families. We cannot enter into correspondence concerning any entry and no entries will be returned. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best.

SUGGESTION TO CONTESTANTS

If you care to consult an authority for assistance, we suggest Photoplay, Movie Mirror, and Radio Mirror magazines.



NAME______________________________________



NAME______________________________________

Rocky Roads for Romance

Love has troubles, some grave, some gay, in a varied trio of films which your critic greets with mixed emotions

By RUTH WATERBURY

Vital Statistics by Beverly Hills

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★½ THREE COMRADES

THE PLAYERS: Robert Taylor, Margaret Sullavan, Franchot Tone, Robert Young, Guy Kibbee Lionel Atwill, Henry Hull, Charles Grapewin, Monte Wooley. Screen play by F. Scott Fitzgerald and Edward E. Paramore from the novel by Erich Maria Remarque. Directed by Frank Borzage. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 105 minutes.

HAVING given the public a long line of nutsy comedies, Hollywood is now swinging violently in the other direction. As witness Three Comrades.

A scholarly sincere portrait of Germany in 1920 and of three returned young soldiers therein, its lugubrious story is told in such encircling gloom, with such heavy pace that it misses its purpose.

It appeals to your mind alone, and rarely to your heart.

Robert Taylor, Franchot Tone, and Robert Young, as profound pacifists, come back from the trenches, seeking work and peace. They find only starvation and riots. They stick to one another, manage to get by, finally meet Margaret Sullavan, an impoverished beauty. As they all fall in love with her, you might expect this to mean a bit of cheer. But no. Margaret falls for Taylor, his pals see that he gets her, but the girl is tubercular.

On the very night of her honeymoon, she collapses. The boys sell their final belongings to see that she gets the hospital care she requires, while she, observing their sacrifices, determines to be even more sacrificial and commits suicide.

What with the three male leads suggesting young Germans about as much as would Al Smith, and Miss Sullavan plainly preoccupied in listening to the tones of her lovely voice, this adds up, despite the noble standard of its theme and production, to neither art nor hokum but to a dreary something in between.

VITAL STATISTICS: Erich Maria Remarque's really E. M. Cramer, Remarque being Cramer reversed and qued. Erich's now 38, was 17 when he enlisted in the Big Fatality, was wounded in 1918, since his Armistice Day discharge he's been teacher, printer's assist, tramp, farm hand, pianist, reporter, Berlin sports writer, and best seller. All Quiet, written in the heat of postwar disillusion, sold 4,800,000 copies, The Road Back a mere 840,000, and Three Comrades around 400,000. Compared to the average sale of 10,000 for an ordinary b. s., this is considered good. . . . To get 3 Comrades on the screen and by the censors, studyo had to make novel's illicit love idealistic by inserting Taylor-Sullavan nuptials, by avoiding novel's inferred propaganda, by changing German locale of book to a nameless Central European country, by leaving out world figures, actual incidents, specific causes. Otherwise the unhappy ending's been retained and it contains veiled dynamite. Though Robert Taylor bared his chest and showed hair on it, lots of protests and gibes have poured in, claiming it was a wig. To quiet critics, Taylor manlification goes on apace: Great care was taken by studio to prove Taylorian beauty can be mussed up—300 extras were instructed to belabor him well with those softie canes and clubs they use in that riot scene; he came out black, blue, and spectrummed from it, too. English Oxfordians gave him what-for too in Yank at Oxford roughhouse scenes. He'll play a prizefighter in his nextie and studio promises he'll get harder whacks than William Haade gave him in fight scenes in this. . . . Margaret Sullavan's not of the Irish but of the old, old Virginiuh Sullavans, spelled with two a's, if you please, suh! She gradded from Sullins College in Virginiuh; first staged in Boston. A minor Bway ingenue success, she became a movie star overnight in Only Yesterday, got up into the $3,000-a-week class, ran away from Hollywood in the midst of her peak stardom, found no play for her on Bway, came back to Hollywood and climbed higher in Little Man, What Now? She's divorced from Henry Fonda, is married to millionaire authors' agent Leland Heyward, has just had a baby gal. . . . Guy Kibbee wore make-up only on top of his billiard ball for role in this, is an El Pasonian, ran away from his Roswell, N. M., home when he was 14, stepped into the Convict's Daughter without any previous stage training, trouped for years before he hit on Bway in The Torch Song, has been a movie star of first galaxy. Though his star still burns brightly, his rank's somewhat diminished. He likes to fish, read the outdoor mags, recall his days as a printer's devil, play with his two children, golf and work on his new San Fernando stock farm, large, choice and horsy. . . . Frank Tone had to learn to operate that right-hand drive racing Avions-Voisin, also fight for two full days alongside Taylor and Young vs. the plug-ugly Messrs. Haade, Cravath, and Willis, Hollywood huskies representing rival garagemen. All came out unscathed except for a few scratches and bumps. . . . Rigged out again in whiskers and cheaters Henry (Jeeter) Hull was k.o.'d in that big riot scene, remained unconscious half an hour. . . . Young, Taylor, Tone, and Sullavan had to eat hot dogs and kraut for two whole days. Young loathed the dogs, Taylor and Tone the kraut, Sullavan both. . . . Three Comrades cost around $750,000.

★ ★½ JOSETTE

THE PLAYERS: Don Ameche, Simone Simon, Robert Young, William Collier, Sr., Joan Davis, Bert Lahr, Paul Hurst, Tala Birell, Lynn Bari, William Demarest, Ruth Gillette, Armand Kaliz, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Maurice Cass, Lillian Porter. Screen play by Paul Frank and George Fraser from a story by Ladislaus Vadnai. Directed by Allan Dwan. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 70 minutes.

IN cost, in importance of purpose, there is no possible comparison between Three Comrades and Josette. This latter is trivial, frivolous, and musical.

It couldn't possibly improve your mind nor cause you to think. But oh, it is so much more fun!

Don Ameche and Robert Young are the millionaire sons of a gay old father who is always falling for a new siren. When the boys discover him enamored of one Josette, a singer, they pack him off to New York and go to deal with

Margaret Sullavan and comrades Taylor, Tone, and Young in a scene from Three Comrades.

I USE ZOOM ON OUR CAR
ZOOM

NEW! REVOLUTIONARY!

Another laborious task is made easy and simple with the advent of Zoom, which produces a long-lasting, high-gloss wax finish with one application. So easy to use. Every car wash makes it brighter.

Polishes While It Waxes

If ZOOM is not available at your Dealer's or Auto Supply Store, send 75c for a 12-ounce can postpaid, sufficient for two large size cars. Unless you are entirely satisfied, return the ZOOM remaining in the can and your money will be refunded.

ZOOM

CLEANS WAXES AND POLISHES IN ONE OPERATION

TECHNICAL CHEMICAL CO. DALLAS

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BECOME AN EXPERT

ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $2,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 16,000 Certified Public Accountants in the U.S. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C.P.A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C.P.A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."

LASALLE EXTENSION, Dept. 731-HA Chicago

The School That Has In Its Alumni Over 1,450 C.P.A.'s

Josette themselves. But the real Josette has already fled with papa, her place in the night club being taken by an innocent little French girl, Simone Simon.

It is interest at first sight for the sons, with Don's intentions strictly honorable and Bob's strictly not. That's where the gaiety begins.

Miss Simon pouts and sings after her fashion, which is O. K. if you care for such at all; but it is the lighthearted, witty dialogue as delivered in masterly farce playing by Messrs. Young and Ameche which gives this its amusing charm.

VITAL STATISTICS: Simone Simon insists it's her real name, that she was born in Marseilles, gets most of her tempestuosity from the city that gave the Marseillaise its name. Spent her first 10 years in Marseilles, then got toted off to Madagascar by her maw for 3 years, returned to Europe and got her education wherever her itinerant maw rested: Budapest, Berlin, Brussels, Turin, Paris. Settled in Paris in her teens hoping to become a sculptrix, was put in his movies by one ex-Moscowler Tourjansky. Imported to Hollywood at top of her European career, she arrived with 28 trunks and a chip on her shoulder, ready to fight Hollywood's silly exploitation of a foreign star, which her friends had told her about. About 25, she manages to look anywhere from 14 to 19, traipses around film town ignominiously in blue glasses and careless slacks, usually toting a dog. Never married, she lives alone and likes it, is losing her Fransh haggsent, learned English via fairy-tale books and the radio. She's not athletic. . . . Bob Young's a rarity: a Hollywood boy who has made good. Cast for years as a Grade B hero, he's worked hard, became a Grade A leading man, usually playing the futile angle of triangles. Everybody likes him, he rarely talks about himself. He was born in Chicago, raised in Seattle till he was 10, then Hollywooded. After high school he became a gas-pump valet, Pasadena Playered at night, went directly in pix. He's married to his childhood sweetheart, they've a loving dotter, live modestly well in Bevhills. . . . Joan Davis is dotter of a St. Paul train dispatcher, at 7 was the Toy Comedienne on the Pantages Circuit. She's taken her schooling where she found it, is really good-looking and well shaped but distorts self Martha Raye-like. . . . Don Ameche says he had a championship memory when a schoolboy. Did it by simply lopping off the opening 1 on all dates. Thus: Columbus came in 492, Cabots 497, Hudson 609, Pilgrims 620, Revere rode in 775, and so on. Says it instilled his notoriously quick memory.

★ ★ YOU AND ME

THE PLAYERS: Sylvia Sidney, George Raft, Barton MacLane, Harry Carey, Roscoe Karns, Julia Faye, George E. Stone, Warren Hymer, Robert Cummings, Adrian Morris, Roger Gray, Cecil Cunningham, Vera Gordon, Egon Brecher, Willard Robertson, Guinn Williams, Bernadene Hayes, Joyce Compton, Carol Paige. Screen play by Virginia Van Upp, based on a story by Norman Krasna. Directed by Fritz Lang. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 80 minutes.

KIDDIES, what they were up to when they made this we will never guess. The theme is a worthy one—the parole system as it affects a man and a girl, both ex-convicts, who meet and fall in love. That would seem to forecast natural drama. But the film confuses you by starting with a choir invisible chanting that one has to pay the cost of things, a dandy new thought, certainly. Comes the action, when Sylvia Sidney and George Raft marry. They are both ex-convicts but while he confesses his past to her, she conceals hers from him. Sylvia, not having finished her parole, is legally forbidden to marry. Just as you get interested in how the girl is going to work herself out of this jam, you get a further dash of music. This time it is the members of the gang to which Raft used to belong crooning about that dear old hoosegow of theirs. Meanwhile Raft learns all about Sylvia and, disillusioned, determines with the aid of the gang to rob the store where they are all employed. Sylvia foils this with—of all things—a piece of chalk and a blackboard, set up in the toy department of the store, brings all the baddies back to righteousness by doing sums that show crime doesn't pay, all the pluguglies sitting there on kiddy cars, happily drinking in her every dull word.

The cast, notably the co-stars, Barton MacLane, and Harry Carey, do succeed in smuggling honest performances by the plot before it throws them.

VITAL STATISTICS: Plumpishly streamlined, svelte, bright-minded Fritz (M) Lang is Hollywood's only monocle-toting megger, wears it as a shock absorber to take up emotional tenseness. (Other meggers chew gum, taunt extras, roll cigars around dark jowls, chain-smoke cigs. De Mille fingers foreign gold coins to express satisfaction with a scene, rotates them madly to register displeasure.) Lang often lies on stage floor studying script, climbs catwalks to snag a new camera angle, waves his arms madly, whispers, tears his hair, cajoles, urges, and implores his actors—but never drops that monocle. An ex-Austrian war hero, Lang was wounded three times, decorated 4 times, yearned to cut loose with the bel canto in the world series opera houses, while the dowagers split gloves applauding him and the mob hurled tons of bouquets at him on the stage—but his voice never quite had the big-time stuff. Got his fame co-writing and megging famous psychiatrick M, with Peter Lorre. Imported here @ $1,500 a week he did nothing for M-G-M till he cut loose with Fury, a money-making radical-for-Hollywood pic. He's made one other parole pic before this: You Only Live Once. Prefers Sylvia Sidney in all his lady parts. . . . George Raft's back after a long, long rest, his character entirely remade by fan mail. Seems people liked George as the happy-go-lucky Powdah in Souls at Sea, want him to remain all-good, sympatico, a true-blue 100-per-cent honest hero. So George will go straight henceforth, throw away his patent-leather hair oil, high pants, and underworld sneer. . . . Soul-troubled, glamour-hating, dead-pan, artistic-ambitioned Sylvia Sidney is being panned plenty for her recent attacks on Hollywood. Her first love is the stage, she looks forward to ending her days on it. . . . Julia Faye used to be a four-figured star, De Mille-discovered. She has been offscreen 6 years. Is comebacking now. . . . Neanderthalian Warren Hymer and Perfect Screen Rat George E. Stone went to Yale and Warsaw resp., yearn to play gentlemen ascreen, are always cast as mugs.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

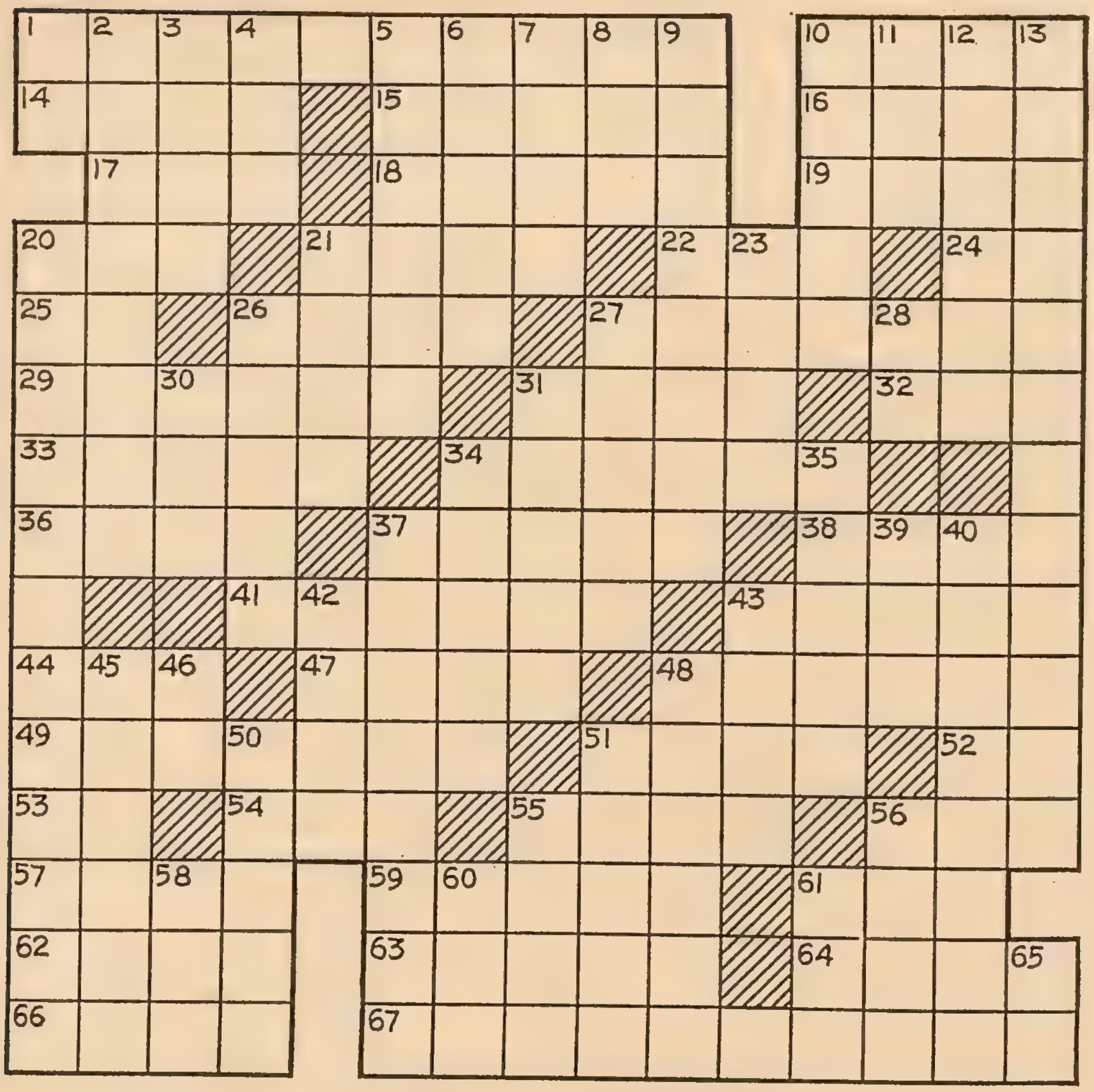
★★★★—Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

★★★½—Alexander's Ragtime Band, Crime School, Four Men and a Prayer, Merrily We Live, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, In Old Chicago, Tovarich.

★★★—The Saint in New York, Yellow Jack, Vivacious Lady, The Adventures of Robin Hood, Test Pilot, There's Always a Woman, The Girl of the Golden West, Joy of Living, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, Condemned Women, Everybody Sing, Hawaii Calls, The Adventures of Marco Polo, The Big Broadcast of 1938, The Baroness and the Butler, Romance in the Dark, Gold Is Where You Find It, A Yank at Oxford, The Goldwyn Follies, The River, Swing Your Lady, The Buccaneer, I Met My Love Again, Hollywood Hotel, Love and Hisses, Peter the First, Rosalie, You're a Sweetheart, Wells Fargo, Nothing Sacred, A Damsel in Distress.

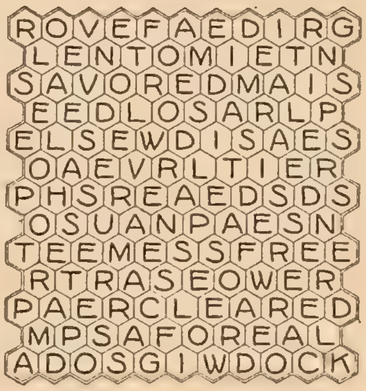
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 American terminal of Rome-Berlin axis (two words)
10 Part boloney, part slush
14 European death line
15 Oh, grammama, that Dinsmore woman's in again!
16 " Agin "
17 This is a wow
18 These Diesels run on air
19 What farmers do with a swish
20 Kind of stew
21 Old Egyptian biters
22 Press the suit
24 Nimble Pedestrians (aren't we all!) (abbr.)
25 Republican version of a present incumbent (abbr.)
26 They've had their fling in Hollywood
27 Here's a twister for you
29 Broadcasts
31 State they found Dopey in
32 Animated spaghetti
33 What a monkey does with his hands
34 Boutonnière chassis (pl.)
36 Part of the piano that worries
37 Why a sailor leaves home
38 This will never have a future
41 Deliberately excises a prominent excrescence in order to cause the physiognomy humiliation
43 Cross-cat hangout
44 Hangout for American heroes (abbr.)
47 Suds
48 Long for Mary
49 F. D. R.
51 Opening word in Belshazzie's mystery message
52 It's Greek and half nude
53 An aviator's reaction to good risibility
54 Uncle Sam's steel ring (abbr.)
55 How to dress loin


ROVEFAEDIRG
LENTOMIETN
SAVOREDMAIS
EEDLOSARLP
ELSEWDISAES
OAEVRLTIER
PHSREAEDSDS
OSUANPAESN
TEEMESSFREE
RTRASEOWER
PAERCLEARED
MPSAFOREAL
ADOSGIWDOCK

Answer to last week's puzzle

56 Plugs
57 How Tom Collins comes to the bar
59 Alaska's best known jumper
61 This is feminine and slang
62 Dream of all Frenchwomen
63 Goofy railroad
64 Gentleman in habit of swallowing blondes for supper
66 Very French
67 He took things easy in old England and only recently got to be a Hollywood big shot (two words, pl.)

VERTICAL

1 German word pleasing to the I
2 He's terribly anxious to get everything he owns out of the country
3 **** comedian
4 Points west and south, two (abbr.)
5 Nods to the boss
6 Pounds of flesh
7 Her mother was a Nut
8 It smells to heaven
9 Very rare type of female (two words pl.)
10 He sure can handle his dukes
11 Odd, isn't it?
12 They're grand, hold fans, and overlook struggling people
13 Horse with a radiator cap
20 Popular front reactionary style
21 They cause lifting of the nose, crooking of the little finger, and pains in the neck
23 Jowl waggly
26 Mink coat (pl.)
27 Lives an absorbing life with the Scotch
28 Skinny female dog fits
30 Where they start drives in Scotland
31 Worry, worry, worry
34 What a Frenchman drinks his beer by
35 This is removed and put on with wrenches and swear words
37 My neighbor's radio's greatest need
39 Mohammedman
40 A cute model with good-looking lines but no gadgets
42 Softeners
43 Weak thing Dad carries a lot of things around on
45 Stenogs hover over this bar and get a terrific bang out of it
46 The ungrammatical egotist himself!
48 Poor fish
50 Humanity in the raw
51 1004
55 Outer skin on a peach
56 This took a lot of gold bugs for a ride—and did they get fleeced!
58 Pioneer lady nudist
60 He's given Africa a roar deal
61 Ah in reverse
65 End of Shane (thank heavens!) (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

BETTER LOOKING HAIR IN HALF A MINUTE

1 Quick easy GROOMING . . . The time-tested Wildroot Hair Tonic formula plus pure vegetable oil. Relieves dry scalp. Keeps hair neat, *not* slicked-down. Mild pleasing scent fades away after using.

2 Removes ugly DANDRUFF . . . Use Wildroot-with-Oil every morning. Massage half a minute. See how its cleansing action removes dandruff, relieves itching, leaves scalp cool, clean, refreshed.

3 Helps check premature BALDNESS . . . . Removes dandruff crust which acts as covering for seborrhoic eczema, common scalp infection blamed for 70% of early hair loss. Get Wildroot-with-Oil today! For generous trial bottle, send 10¢ coin or stamps. Wildroot, Dept. G-5, Buffalo, N. Y.

IMPORTANT—*Wildroot-with-Oil does not replace regular Wildroot Hair Tonic, used by millions who like a non-oily tonic. At drug counters and barbers everywhere.*

WILDROOT WITH OIL
THE 3-ACTION HAIR TONIC

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

Ingram's cream for a face that's tender,
A beard that's stubble, a purse that's slender.
—DANIEL E. BUTTON, DELAWARE

WIN $5. Write an Ingram "quickie". We pay $5 for each one published. See page 33. Send to Ingram's, Dept. G, Hillside, N. J.

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Physician Diagnoses Case of Dr. "George B. Raymond"

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I have just finished that prize package, Doctors Don't Tell. Pardon me for a moment while I make an effort to control my nausea.

" Raymond " sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. It was not much of a birthright, and for a couple of hundred dollars or so he made a good bargain. According to his story, he was graduated from one of those proprietary little medical colleges that functioned long ago to promote the financial well-being of their owners rather than the scientific education of their students.

It is a matter of ancient history that the American Medical Association searched out, exposed, and closed down all those miserable little commercial institutions. No medical college exists today, or has existed for forty years, which even remotely resembles the one " Raymond " describes. He mentioned morons graduating in his class. It may interest you to know that an intelligence quotient of 125 is the *minimum* requirement for the successful completion of a medical course; 60 to 70 is moron grade; 90 to 100 is normal adult; superior adult is 110.

Following his sketchy education he served a year of interneship the like of which may have existed while the West was still wild and woolly but certainly does not exist today. Can you find a hospital anywhere, even in the remotest parts of the outland, which will allow a drunken surgeon to commit wholesale murder, and then have the medical staff protect and even encourage him? If you can, let the American Medical Association know about it and you will be doing them and humanity a favor.

The Medical Association is not by any means a vague sort of big bad wolf seeking to devour those who may criticize medicine. The principal functions of the Association, and of its units, the local medical societies, are the education of its members, the maintenance of standards in medical schools and hospitals, and the information of the public in matters of health.

Consequently, doctors who do not belong to their local medical societies tend to get behind the times and to become the " old fogies " of the profession.

Mr. " Raymond " then tells us that following his third-rate training he goes into practice, and triumph follows triumph, with never a failure, never a heartbreak, never a death. Not the least of his successes was the fact that, if his chronology is accurate, he used insulin in the treatment of diabetes twenty years before any one else. Imagine Sir Frederick Banting's surprise!

In his story he reveals himself in a highly favorable light: a humanitarian, a great physician, a master surgeon. Does it not suggest wishful thinking?

What are we to think of a doctor who regards many of his colleagues as hopeless incompetents, or vicious rascals, or both? I am a doctor, and I have never met a doctor that I did not either like or respect; the vast majority I have both liked and respected.

Medical ethics, by the way, have nothing to do with protecting individual physicians from the results of their misdemeanors. Medical ethics are the principles of right conduct governing the behavior of a doctor toward his patients, and of the honorable conduct of physicians toward one another. Briefly, they state that a physician should put the welfare of his patient above all else; that he should give freely and willingly of his time and services to the poor; and that in his dealings with other physicians he should strive to be fair, just, and friendly.

What, if any, are the ethics of journalism?

You completely damn the medical profession with faint praise in your editorial prologues. Your " honest and good doctors do possibly exist " sort of thing. Thank you.

I earnestly believe that no group of people has higher principles or more conscientiously tries to live up to them than medical men. For instance, what other section of society, with the exception of ministers of the Gospel, does fifty per cent of its work without any hope of reward, and does so cheerfully and willingly?—*Gerald S. Wilson, M. D.*

LIFE HASN'T BEEN THE SAME

ZANESVILLE, OHIO—Since my letter about the wolf appeared in April 9 Vox Pop life hasn't been the same. Every one in the country seems to read Liberty, and the ideas that are contained in my fan mail would flatten you out on the floor of a newsstand.

Imagine a man in Omaha wanting to borrow enough money to buy a pair of wolves so that he could raise pups and liquidate his debts by selling them. A man that ambitious could surely be used to kill termites in shovel handles of WPA workers.

And a young lady in Placentia, California, said that she never heard of Zanesville before!—*F. H. Archer.*

HAVING WONDERFUL TIME?

DURHAM, N. C.—Last week I saved four hours thirty-nine minutes and thirty-two seconds by not reading my Liberty. Won't you please increase the size of your magazine, so I can save more time?—*H. Duard Hayes.*

" NEVER HAS THE FUTURE SEEMED SO INCALCULABLE "

NEW YORK, N. Y.—As you read the following, remember it was written eighty-one years ago and appeared in Harper's Weekly October 10, 1857. 'Nuff said.—*Y. Fuller.*

> It is a gloomy moment in history. Not for many years—not in the lifetime of most men who read this—has there been so much grave and deep apprehension; never has the future seemed so incalculable as at this time. In our own country there is universal commercial prostration and panic, and thousands of our poorest fellow-citizens are turned out against the approaching winter without employment, and without the prospect of it.
>
> In France the political caldron seethes and bubbles with uncertainty; Russia hangs, as usual, like a cloud, dark and silent, upon the horizon of Europe; while all the energies, resources and influences of the British Empire are sorely tried, and are yet to be tried more sorely, in coping with the vast and deadly disturbed relations in China.
>
> It is a solemn moment, and no man can feel an indifference—which, happily, no man pretends to feel—in the issue of events.
>
> Of our own troubles (in the U. S. A.) no man can see the end. They are, fortunately, as yet mainly commercial; and if we are only to lose money, and by painful poverty to be taught wisdom—the wisdom of honor, of faith, of sympathy and of charity—no man need seriously to despair. And yet the very haste to be rich, which is the occasion of this widespread *calamity*, has also tended to destroy the moral forces with which we are to resist and subdue the calamity.

SWING " CATS " SLANDER BACK-ALLEY TOMS

HAPEVILLE, GA.—I have just read Benny Goodman's definition of swing music (May 14 Liberty). But how any sane person can remotely connect music with such squeaky, squawky, nerve-racking, inharmonious noise is more than I can figure out.

The author states that the noise makers (he calls them musicians!) are known as " cats." What a slander on the reputations of the back-alley feline orchestras! Compared to most modern swing bands, a symphony of *real* tomcats is like harmony from heaven itself.

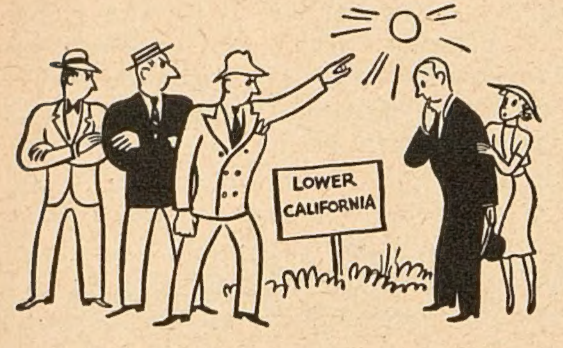
Goodman states that modern swing music (?) makes people " go out of the world."

So *that* is the reason for the epidemic of suicides!—*Carl F. Morgan.*

SO NO MEN WEAR DERBIES IN LOS ANGELES!

ALHAMBRA, CALIF.—If you don't hear an awful yowl out of the Southern California Chamber of Commerce as a result of A Bouquet for Phil (May 28 Liberty), it will be because they don't stoop to reading your mag like I do. A young couple are leaving Los Angeles on the train. They are holding hands. Their hands are concealed by the man's (of all things) *derby!*

Tell Elizabeth Petersen to write a story about the sailor who lost his collar button. It will be as logical as the one about the man who wears a derby in Los Angeles, and much funnier.—*Joseph Anthony.*



"What Hitler Told Me" Praised and Denounced

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—May I congratulate you on your two excellent articles on Hitler in the May 14 and May 21 issues of Liberty? Their fairness and constructive nature was refreshing in the midst of so much prejudice and bitterness regarding the tremendous events taking place in Germany. If journalism in America had the courage to present the picture as fearlessly as you have done in Liberty, we should be much further along toward true international understanding.

My own stay in Germany last summer convinced me that there is much of very real value in what has been done constructively there, and I deplore the kind of misrepresentation in American journalism which has only tended to intensify unreasoning prejudice.

I have been increasingly drawn to Liberty through the kind of constructive articles you have published on various subjects, and I thought you would like to know this.—*Charles H. Haines, the Haines Gauge Co.*

BALTIMORE, MD.—As an antidote to the poisonous article, What Hitler Told Me, written by Edward Price Bell (May 21 Liberty) " for Liberals with Common Sense," I would suggest that you have Dorothy Thompson write an article containing a few true facts of what she and any other fair-minded honest person knows about the " peace-loving New Germany " and the " soldierly Hitler " and what havoc he has wrought with his " hands of an artist." Of course you won't do anything so " liberal."

You insult your readers' mentality by printing an article of the caliber shown in the one written by Edward Price Bell. —*E. B. F.*

TELLS WHY LIBERTY IS MAGAZINE OF ALL AMERICANS

KANSAS CITY, MO.—It is late Saturday afternoon. A boy has just walked into the office and delivered my copy of May 28 Liberty. It is near dinnertime, so I won't have time to read from " cover to cover " as I always do. However, I can't keep from quickly glancing through the new issue, and, strangely, fix my eyes on every word on pages 24 and 25.

It happens the two pages that catch my attention are your own ad: Hartford, " The Insurance City." It is hard to explain why these two pages should be interesting. Yet, after thinking the matter over, I think I have the answer.

Your own ad is a true expression of Liberty, a publication that is intended for " all the people " and not for just " some of the people." In a wholehearted spirit of appreciation of the city of Hartford, your ad is free of favoritism: favoritism of class, advertisers, politics, station, or creed. Without doubt, this explains why I prefer Liberty to all other publications, and why Liberty in a few short years has become the magazine of " all the Americans."

Considering the above, it is not hard to understand why Liberty is rapidly becoming the number one choice of advertisers.—*V. F. Wasleski, Manager, Kansas City Branch, The Truscon Laboratories, Inc.*

THOSE TERRIBLE HADS!

DENVER, COLO.—Referring to Liberty's May 21 Short Short, Encounter at Noon, by Lyon Mearson, we read: " They had had moments together," also, " There had been dreams that had had to be beaten out," etc. If this young couple ever had had a real had they never would have forgotten it. Would it be too much brain fag to substitute some other word in place of one of the terrible hads? For instance: " They once had moments together." We old-time editors murdered many a sprouting " journalist " for less.—*Albert E. Hayes.*

WHAT WOULD A MONTH OF PRAYER DO?

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—I now wonder if you realized the potent power, the small leaven, in the first article published in Liberty about answer to prayer. Do you realize that these articles are the greatest single constructive thing that has hit America since Washington prayed at Valley Forge? Do you know the inspiration they bring to millions every week?

What would take place in the United States and the world if the United States could be persuaded to live one month by prayer and the observance of the Golden Rule?—*Mrs. Zoe Johnson.*

OLD JOKES ARE SO STUBBORN!

HOUSTON, TEX.—In listening to some of Hollywood's radio comedians I have noticed some of the jokes being used over and over again by different comedians. Does this mean some one is selling them secondhand jokes, or could it be some of those jokes are so stubborn that it is hard to get them over the first time? — *M. H. Cowan.*

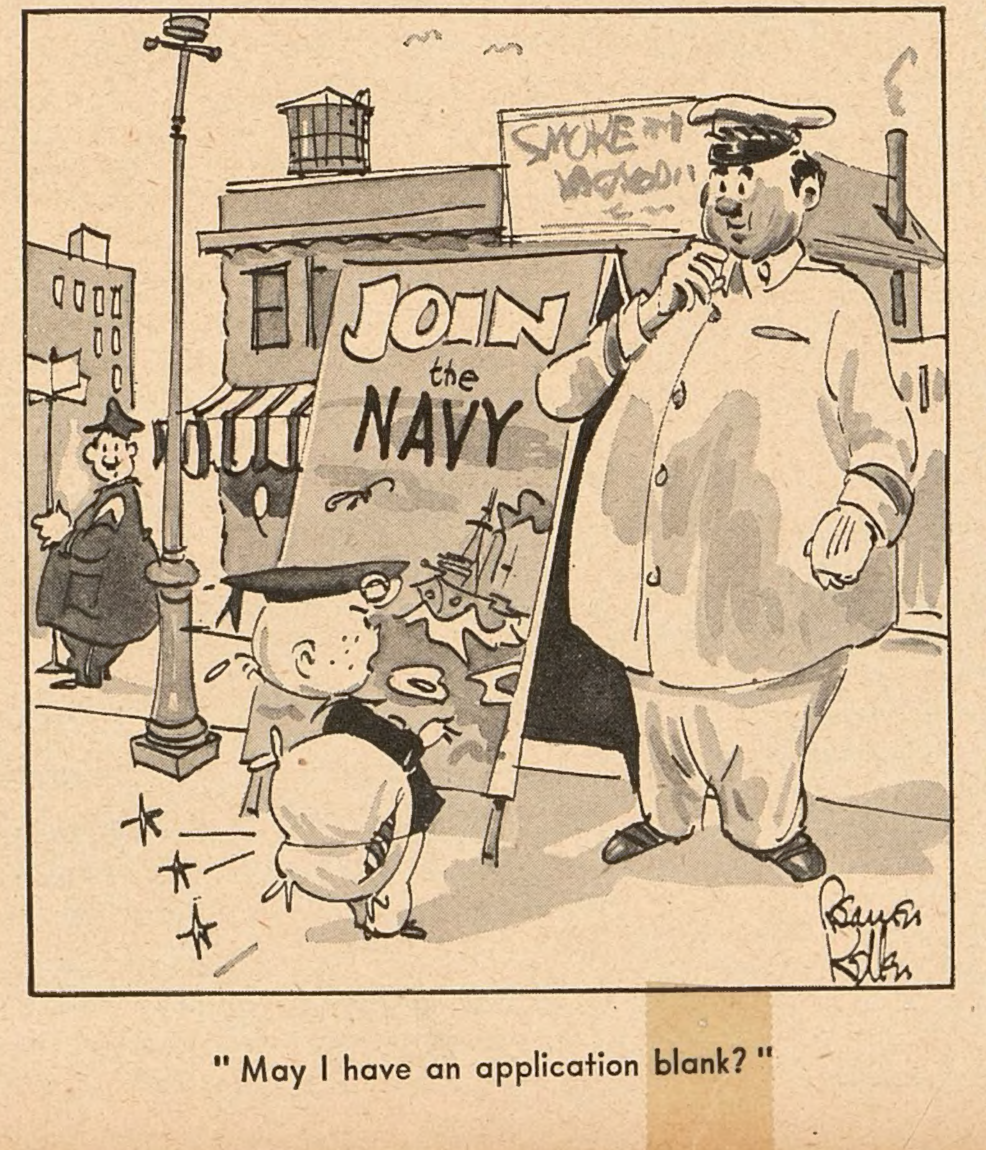
WHAT'S A MISPLACED DECIMAL, ANYHOW?

ALAMOGORDO, N. M.—The critic of Mauston, Wisconsin (May 21 Vox Pop), with the bewhiskered cognomen knows his decimals.

What I meant to say (March 26 Vox Pop) was that " winning a contest is a matter of one tenth of one per cent brains and 99.9 per cent luck." If the mathematical genius with the unpronounceable name has played tag with contests as I have for over twenty years, he will agree that my figures are not far from correct.

Anyhow, what's an omitted cipher or a misplaced decimal point between confirmed contest chasers—eh, Mister Kwiatkowski?—*A. P. Nutt.*

"HARDTACK"



" May I have an application blank? "

Is Hitler in Love with a Jewess?

SOUNDS LIKE A silly question but it really isn't. . . . In Liberty next week you can read the whole story of the curious romance that has blossomed between the Jew-hating Fuehrer and the beautiful Leni Riefenstahl. . . . Will anything come of it? . . . Well, you can guess about that for yourself after reading the article. . . . We have discussed it with Germans on both sides of the Nazi fence, and all of them, well informed as they were, said they understood the story was true. . . . In making your own guess you will merely be joining a great national pastime. . . . That of guessing about propaganda. . . . It is so widespread now that people think everything they read is propaganda. . . . In the last week we were accused of being a Communist and a Fascist. . . . This is not a rhetorical statement but an actual fact. . . . Here is one sample of deep, profound guesswork which appeared recently in the Daily Worker: "Within the past two weeks there have appeared articles in Liberty Magazine and photoplays in Life Weekly which must have warmed the hearts of foreign fascist propagandists. Mr. Fulton Oursler, Macfadden's editor of Liberty, glorifies Mussolini and Hitler in his latest two issues. Mr. Oursler told Mussolini that only the reds in the United States opposed recognition of his rape of Ethiopia. Interesting, since the United States Government, expressing the sentiments of the American people, has officially refused to grant recognition to that brutal conquest of a weaker nation. And Life glorifies the 'less war-like aspects' of the Italian Fascist dictatorship in its latest issue. Like glorifying the charming home-life of a rattlesnake. WHO IS PAYING FOR PRO-FASCIST PROPAGANDA IN THE UNITED STATES?" . . . On the same day, a super-patriot of the Fascist type made the statement that we were in sympathy with the Communist Party and were running a "Red" magazine. . . . Meanwhile, Liberty will continue to represent that *liberalism with common sense* which gives both sides of every question. . . . It is in that spirit that we shall publish next week an extraordinary interview with former President Herbert Hoover. . . . In this remarkable and exclusive article in which the former President unburdened himself to Will Irwin, Mr. Hoover defines liberalism and common sense from his point of view. . . . Perhaps you will decide after reading the article that it is really an answer to the series of articles, PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S OWN STORY OF THE NEW DEAL, which Liberty published in the spring. . . . This is not an article intended for Republicans only. . . . Nor for Democrats. . . . It is for liberals with common sense. . . . That is why it appears in Liberty. . . . Another outstanding feature will be the start of a new novel, LOVE DURING BUSINESS, by Margaret E. Sangster. . . . The whole issue bristles with excitement. . . . Katharine Roberts tells of tragedy in Madeleine Carroll's girlhood and how she had to learn to laugh. . . . There will be three good short stories: LOVE COMES TO SAMMY GLICK, by Budd Wilson Schulberg; ANGELA, by John Erskine; and WE TWO ARE THREE AGAIN, by Audrey D. Mountain. . . . Our hands are up to Jack Lincke, author of Are We Selling Our Supremacy in the Air? which appeared in the April 30 issue of Liberty. . . . By an accident, we failed to print with his article the statement required by Navy regulations as follows: "The opinions or assertions contained herein are the private ones of the writer and are not to be construed as official or as representing the opinions of the Naval service at large." He also requested that his rank be designated as Lieutenant, Junior Grade. . . . To add gall to wormwood, we unwittingly gave him the rank of Lieutenant, boosting him one step above his rightful rank. . . .

* * *

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty—*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

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FOR TWO

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*3 ozs. Hiram Walker's Gin**
Whites of 2 Eggs

Put ingredients in shaker, adding egg whites last. Shake well with cracked ice, strain into glasses and fill up with carbonated water.

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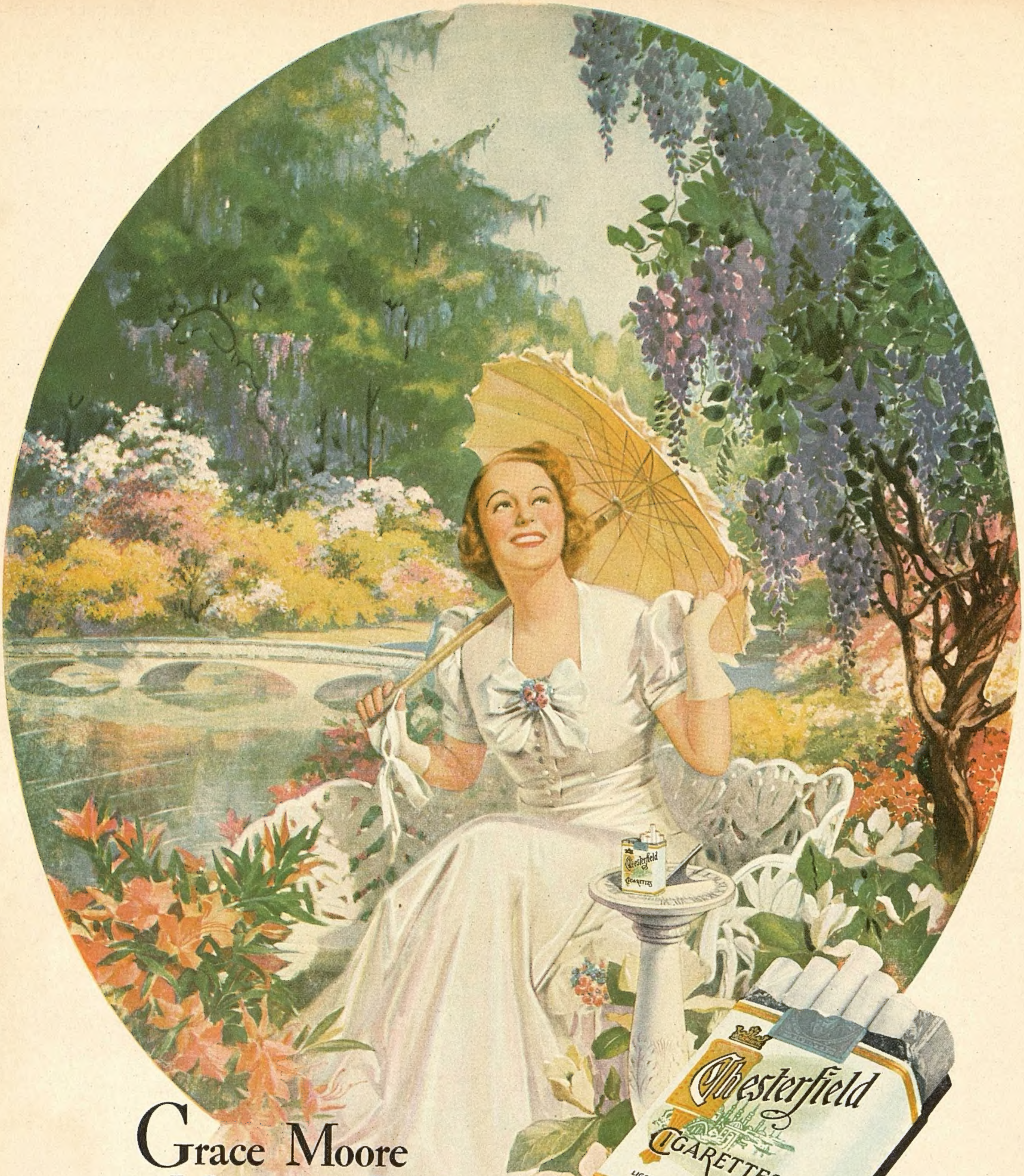
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